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Liberty

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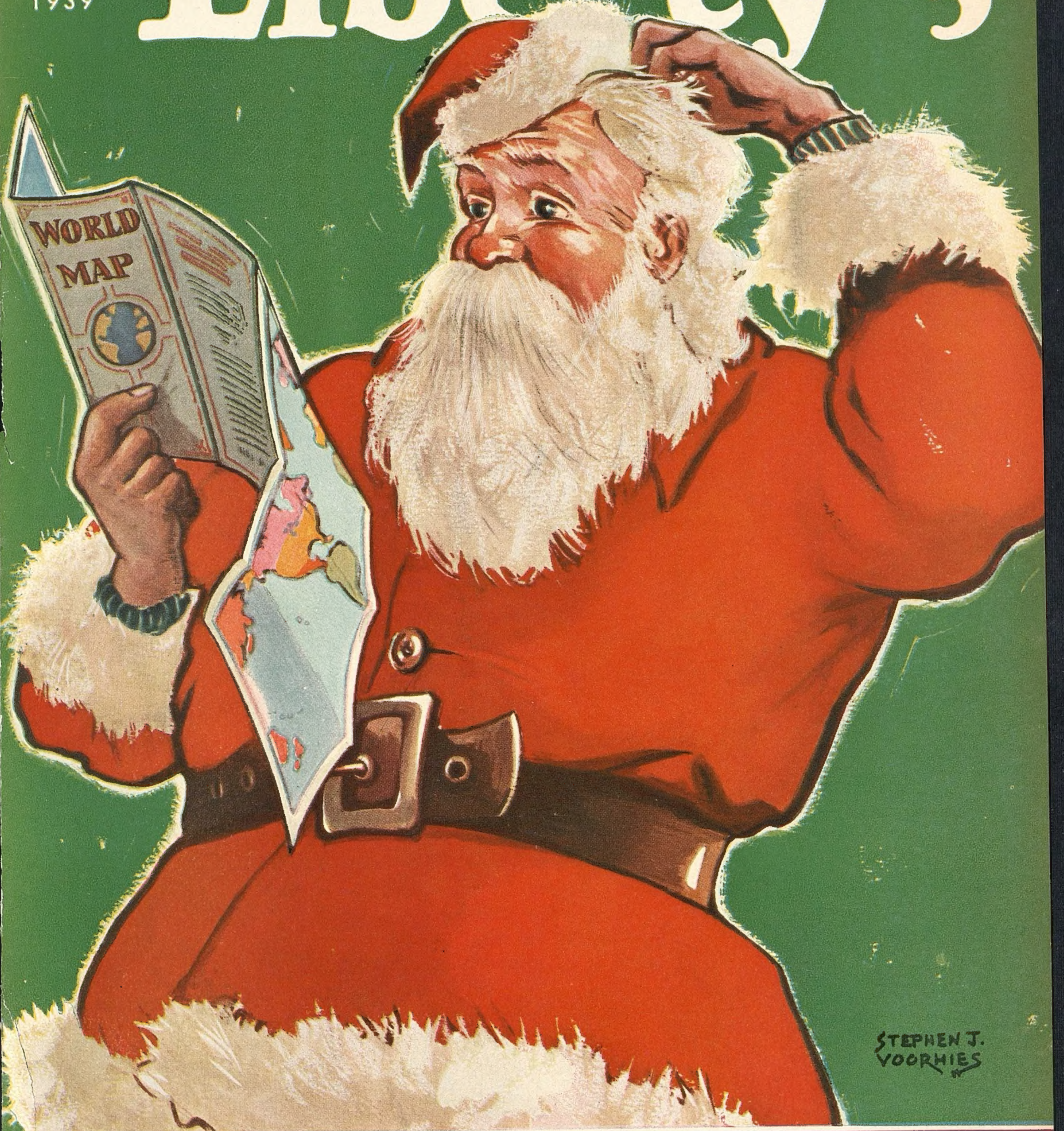
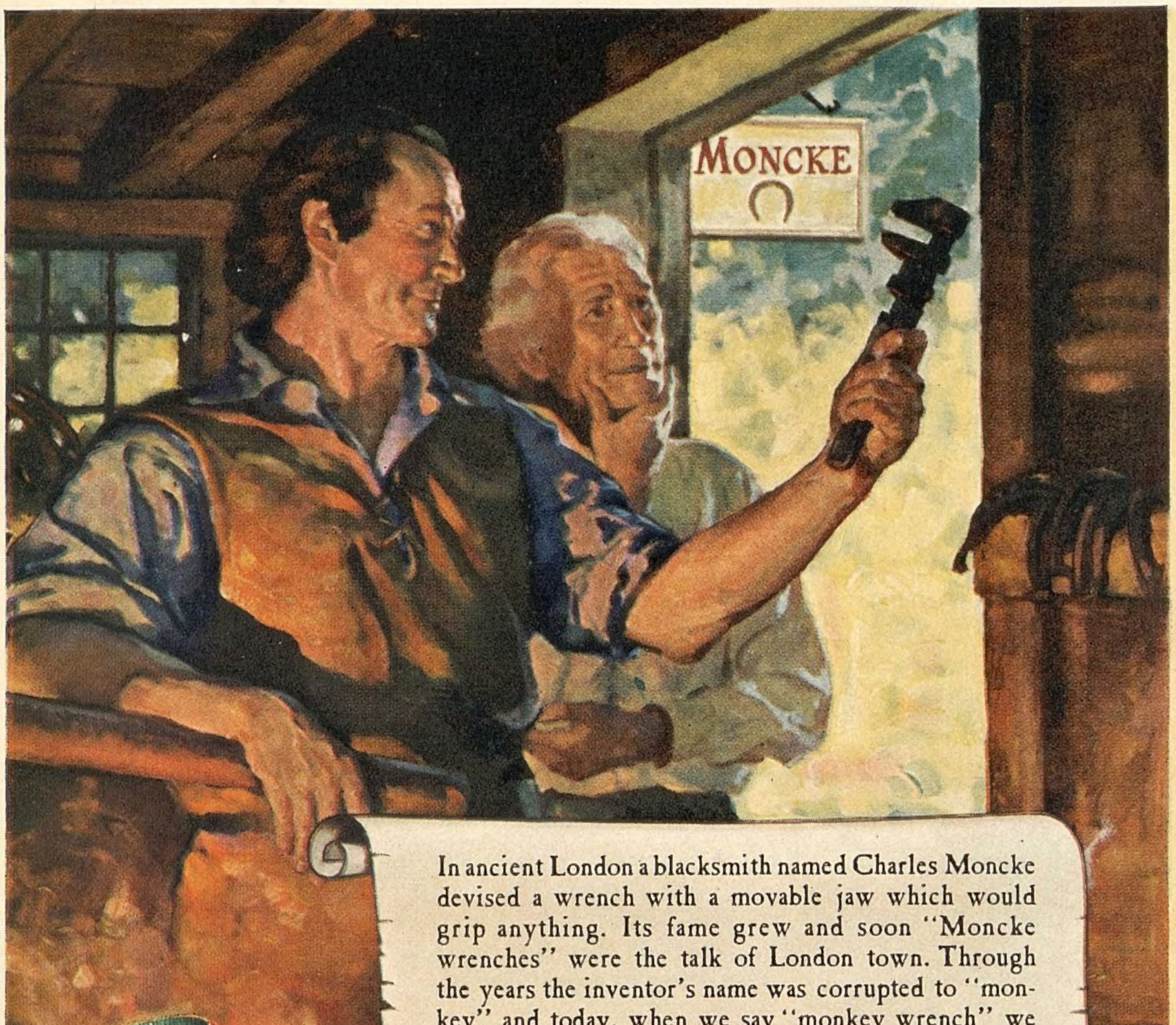

WORLD
MAP
STEPHEN J.
VOORHIES

THE WORLD AFTER THE WAR by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

FLYING TO KILL: The Story of BISHOP, White Knight of Canada

MY PLANS FOR THE FUTURE by JOE LOUIS

WHY IS A WRENCH CALLED A "MONKEY" WRENCH?



In ancient London a blacksmith named Charles Moncke devised a wrench with a movable jaw which would grip anything. Its fame grew and soon "Moncke wrenches" were the talk of London town. Through the years the inventor's name was corrupted to "monkey" and today, when we say "monkey wrench" we honor Moncke even though we are not aware of it.

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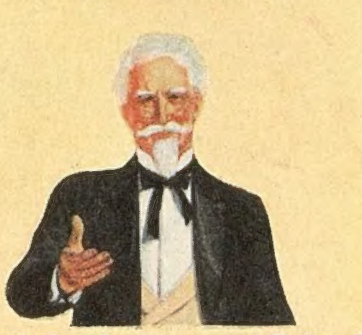

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DECEMBER 23, 1939

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

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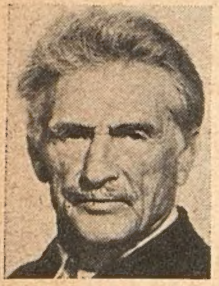
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

CHRISTMAS IS HERE... LET JOY BE UNCONFINED



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

Be jolly, be gay, have fun all the way . . . that's the Christmas spirit. A good time for everybody!

Eat, drink, and be merry! But, remember, overmuch eating or drinking benumbs the senses, dulls appreciation.

Let gladsomeness reign supreme. Throw gloom out altogether. Shut the door on such an unwelcome visitor.

And forget Old Man Depression. He's been nagging our footsteps throughout the years. Refuse to be annoyed. Have time only for celebrating with gleeful acclaim.

That which is grim and unpleasant . . . put far in the background. Encourage good-fellowship. Be cordial, be friendly. A feeling of gratitude should be profoundly appealing. Our hearts should overflow with appreciation—for we are Americans! Indeed what a sacred privilege!

Many will find a little stimulant is not out of place, although alcohol is not necessary for a fullness and abundance of joy. The inspiration of this great day here in the United States should bring joys supreme, overflowing spirits.

Our troubles—throw them aside. It is time to cut up high jinks. Let the goose hang high . . . be a boy or a girl again, regardless of age. Dance and sing in time with a gleeful refrain. Give free vent to rampant, overflowing spirits.

And in the homes that Santa Claus visits there should be stockings hanging over the fireplace . . . all different sizes . . . Tommy's, Mary's, Jimmy's, and Jane's. How gleefully we go about filling them until they bulge with goodies!

And if there is a glittering Christmas tree . . . good cheer and happiness should be there in abundance.

And when the little ones come creeping down the stairway on Christmas morn . . . tear-dimmed eyes cannot always be restrained. What a thrilling occasion in such a household!

On Christmas morn a spirit of thankfulness should reign supreme. If the joints have become stiff from lack of use, creaky with age, even then the spirit of youth stirs emotions on this gladsome occasion.

Wear a smile and don't let it come off. A hearty laugh with a loud refrain is quite appropriate . . . even giggling girls can be commended, for this is Christmas Day. Gloomy experiences—they must be forgotten.

And if you have money, spend it freely. Remember, it is better to give than to receive. But a liberal spirit, a cordial welcome, a friendly greeting . . . such spiritual beneficence is worth more than money. And if money is scarce, then broadcast good cheer, cordial friendliness. Invite all your friends to have some happiness with you.

This is the time dignity should be cast aside. Rheumatism, dyspepsia, or gout often accompanies this spinal stiffness.

A riotous holiday—that's the idea, and even rowdyish deviations can be forgiven.

The routine of daily duties . . . forget them. Be cordial—be hospitable. A charming manner is certainly appropriate.

Christmas is for merrymaking. . . . Sing hosannas . . . shout with joy, hurrah and more hurrahs. This is a time to make merry . . . the holiday season . . . the Christmas attitude.

And Liberty wishes each and every one a happy Christmas and a joyous, successful New Year!

Bernarr Macfadden

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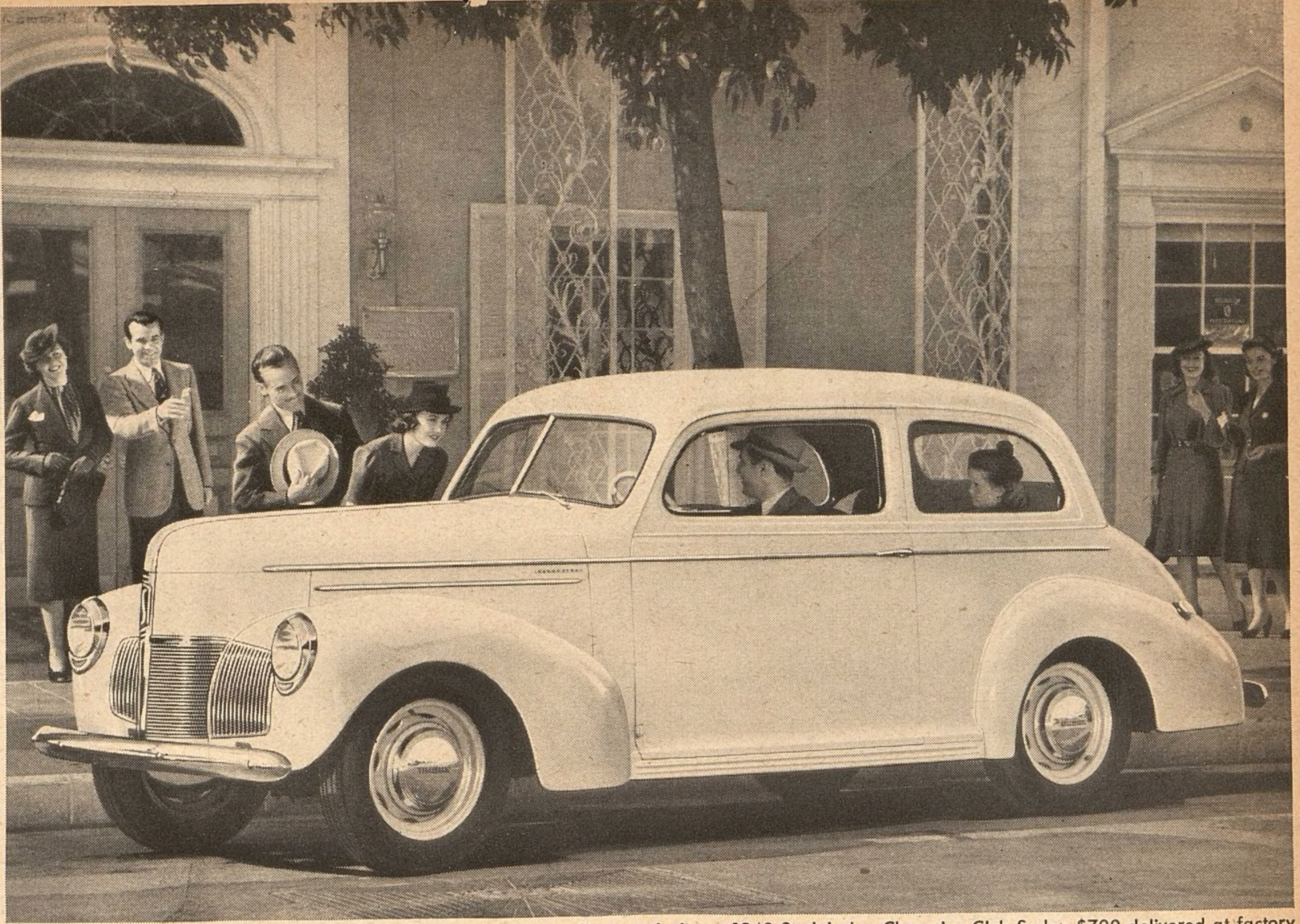

Illustrated above: 1940 Studebaker Champion Club Sedan $700 delivered at factory

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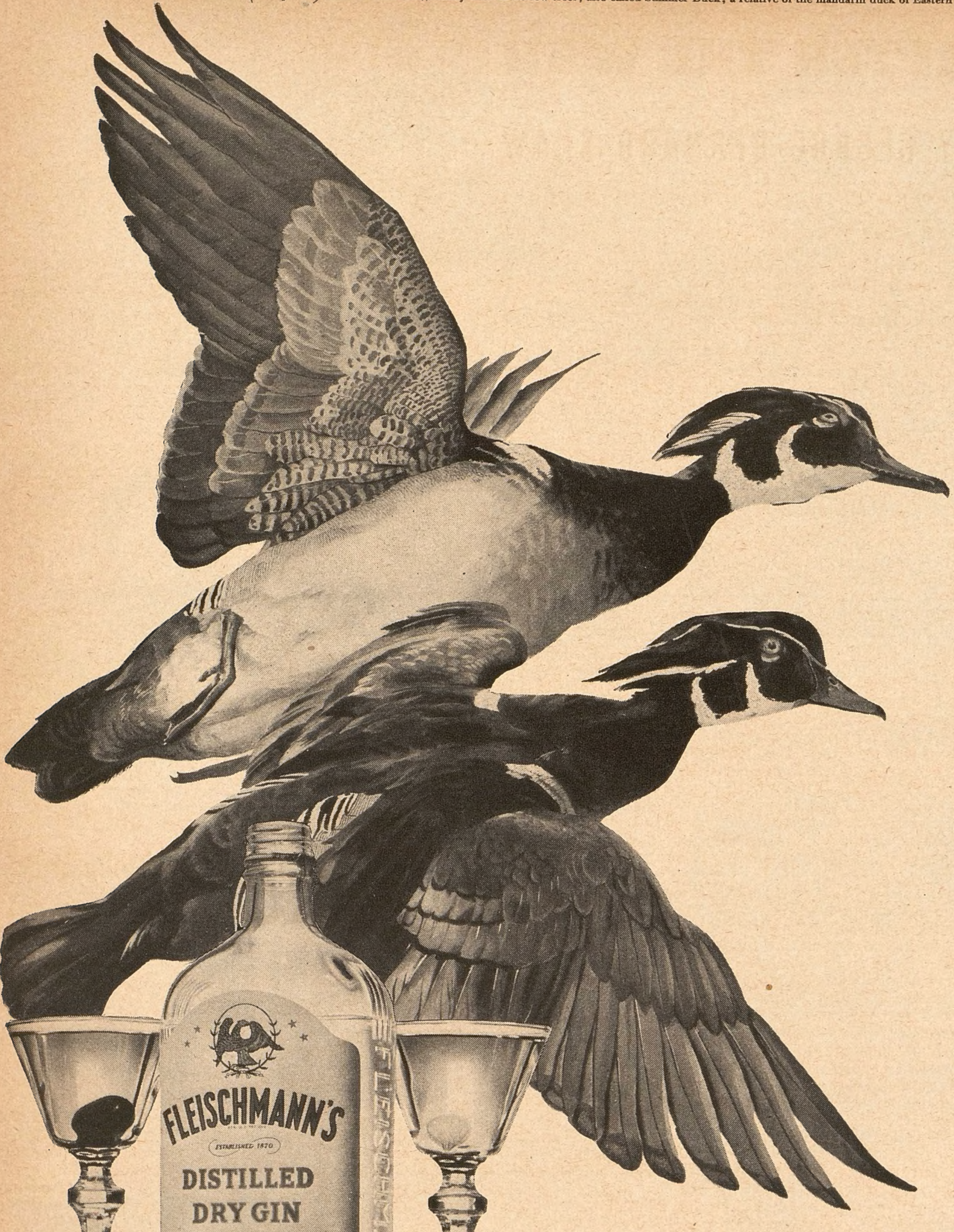
Wood Duck *(aix sponsa)* **Northern America; usually nests in hollow trees; also called Summer Duck; a relative of the mandarin duck of Eastern Asia.**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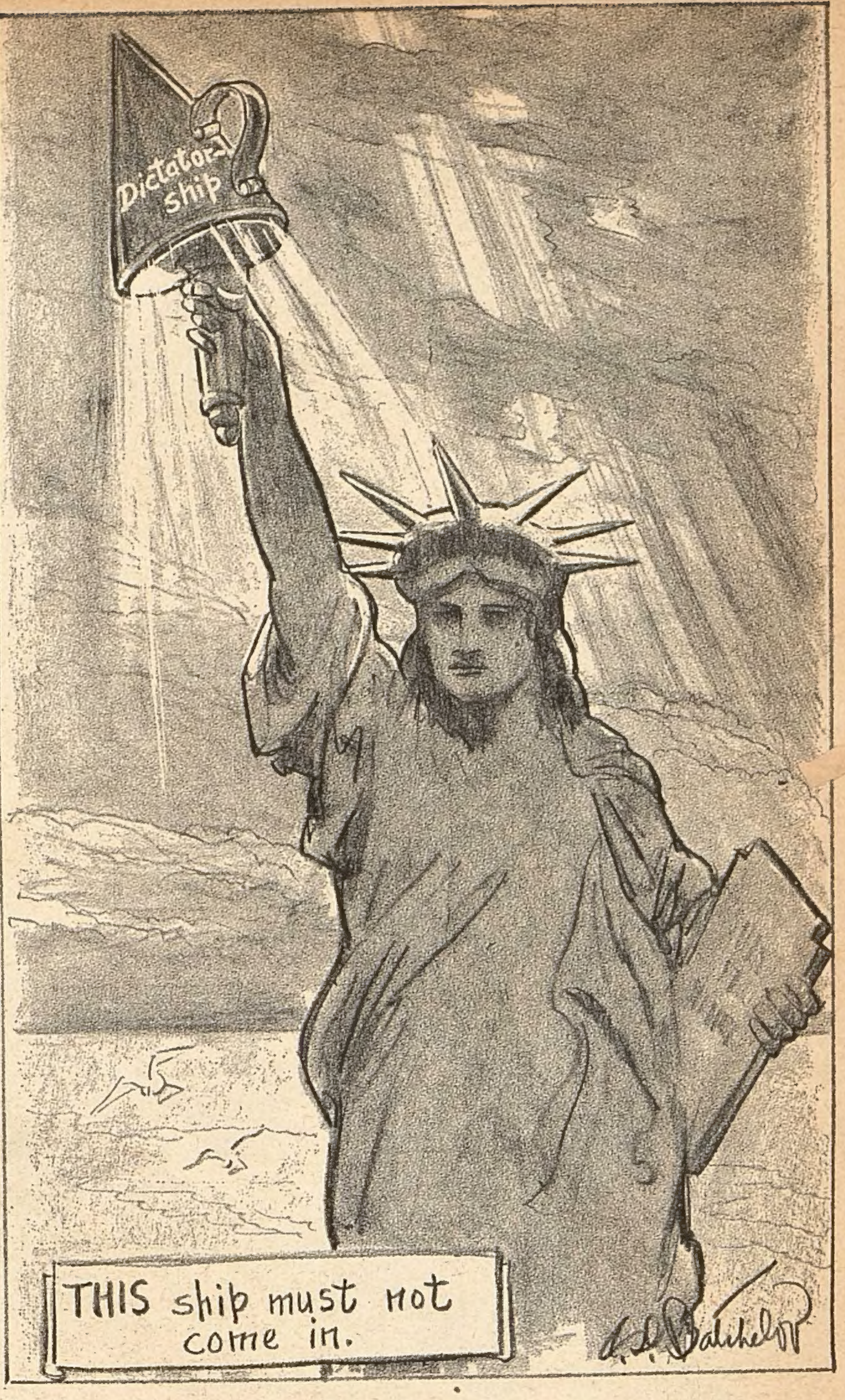
THE WORLD AFTER THE WAR

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 40 SECONDS


Dictator-ship
THIS ship must not come in.

Will this conflict be another waste of powder? An eminent Briton looks into the future

I AM asked: " How shall we rebuild the world after the war? " And you might be justified in saying that we shan't rebuild it but shall just muddle along. However, the fact is that rebuilding the world is a job for which we are hardly qualified. If we were, this war would not have occurred. When we have knocked down our houses we can rebuild them; that is about as much as we can claim.

Do we get a hint at a more definite answer from the fact that the 1914-18 war was fought to make the world safe for democracy and England a land fit for heroes to live in? Well, the idealists among our soldiers may have believed that this was what they were fighting for. They do not believe it now.

As for whether or not a war makes "lasting differences," and the possibility that we might go back to live on the edge of the crater, you need not worry about lasting differences. Suppose we kill twenty million of one another! The world will get on quite well without us.

It is true that the last war did make a tremendous difference to Europe. Direct results of it were the establishment of National Socialism in Germany, Fascist Socialism in Italy, and Soviet Socialism in Russia, and the restoration of Poland. Naturally it is a matter of opinion whether any one of these changes was to the advantage of the particular area concerned or of Europe in general.

War always does things—big things. But they are never the things the warriors intended. This war may do very surprising things; so we had better be careful.

As for the distrust of parliamentarism, which it is urged was growing before 1914, and grew faster because of the war, read what Dickens wrote about our parliamentary system in Little Dorrit nearly a hundred years ago. He began as a Parliamentary reporter, and knew what he was writing about. Read what I have written about it, or Wells, or Russell, or anybody who has made a serious study of it. But our governing oligarchy has not time to read or think.

And what do you mean by parliamentarism? The House of Commons takes thirty years to do what a municipal corporation or borough council does in half an hour. We shall not remedy that by sending Hitler to St. Helena.

It may be said that during the last war we enlisted the services of business men, and found them most unbusinesslike; and that at present we are relying on bureaucrats. But that gives no indication of what we may do in peacetime. Nobody becomes a bureaucrat in peacetime without some qualification. At present we have given powers to which no dictator pretends to anybody who offers to take them, including, so far, one burglar and one nonagenarian. This is not bureaucracy; it is blue funk. It will soon reduce itself to absurdity.

We may be scolding profiteers, as we did in the last war. But as for us being as ill-mannered as the French, who are sending their profiteers to prison, and the possibility that after the war there will be a control of prices, the answer is simple. Our capitalist system is a profiteering system; and if you stop profiteering you break the system and stop production. If the State needs cheap goods it must produce them. The State can practice Socialism, but it cannot impose it on capitalism.

As for the National Register, the enrollment of civilians for national service, the institution of military conscription, all these things taken together by no means imply that all British citizens will in future be regarded as national assets, and that in consequence there will be drastic legislation for the abolition of slums and the improvement of working conditions. Registration or no registration, we are a nation of snobs, governed, consequently, by an oligarchy. As the oligarchy lives very comfortably on the rent of the slums it has no immediate interest in abolishing them.

And now we come to what you regard as the most difficult question of all—you doubt if any man can answer it: Is there any likelihood that the present catastrophe will lead to the establishment of an effective international tribunal?

It may be held that the 1914-18 war was a sharp enough lesson, which seemed to have taught us something. It is true that we went to Locarno and shook hands with some emotion. It is also true that Locarno came to nothing, nothing but this new war.

War, by itself, can produce nothing better than a twenty years' armistice, with another war at the end of it. What do you expect?

For the rest, go and see my play Geneva. To take a leading case, when Hitler made the mistake of his life by plundering and exiling Einstein, there was no international policeman to run him in. Unless the war produces an international policeman it will be waste of powder.

THE END

FLYING TO KILL

The Story of

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART ONE—AN ACE IS BORN

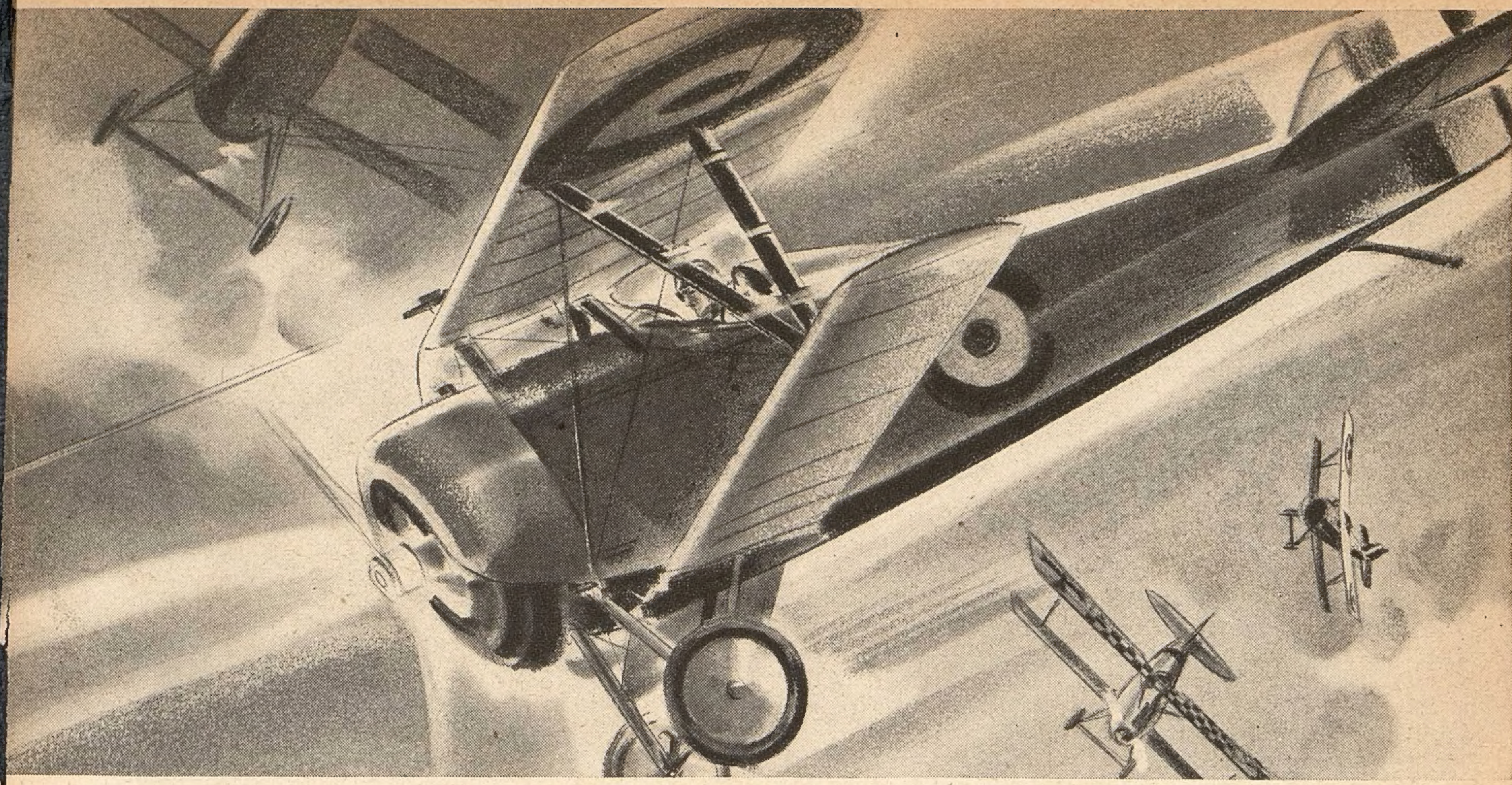
Sky colossus in '17, nation's air leader in war today! Here's a saga of high adventure

BY ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE KOTULA

WHEN the hoofbeats of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse resounded across the seas last September, the eyes of the Dominion of Canada turned to a handful of men. One of these men was Billy Bishop—or, rather, Lieutenant Colonel William Avery Bishop, Victoria Cross, Distinguished Service Order and Bar, Military Cross, Distinguished Flying Cross, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre with Palm. Then, out of the semi-obscurity of private life, a smiling blond almost legendary figure was plucked by the Minister of National Defense to be the Honorary Marshal of the Royal Canadian Air Force, and hearts beat faster from Quebec to Vancouver, from Toronto to the Hudson Strait.

"Bishop flies again!" was the phrase that echoed throughout the Dominion. A great country girding for the ordeal of wiping Hitlerism from the earth was speaking of the man who, in the opinion of numerous impartial historians of the last World War, was the colossus of the skies. Here had been a boy who, just turned twenty, had enlisted in the cavalry, gotten himself transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, and in an incredibly short time participated in upward of two hundred major air battles. His official record is seventy-two planes shot down, but the unofficial though nonetheless certain fact is that Bishop sent well over a hundred enemy sky fighters to their doom.



ISHOP, the White Knight of Canada

What an inspiration, then, today, to young Canadian manhood is this handsome man of forty-five, of medium height, with taffy-colored hair and closely cropped mustache, and with eyes that match his light blue marshal's uniform! Yes, only forty-five, and in that tanned face not a single trace of the inferno of a quarter of a century ago, when he flew, sometimes ten hours a day, to kill—or be killed.

A fabulous huntsman of the blue who fought to the death; who gave no quarter, and who asked none; who surrendered himself to the furies and shot down twenty-five enemy craft in ten days.

A twentieth-century knight who knew his greatest fear when, in Buckingham Palace, he walked toward the King to receive the Victoria Cross and heard his boots squeak. That was Billy Bishop!

In his study in the Laurentian Hills on the outskirts of Montreal there is a bullet-punctured windscreen from the warplane of the White Knight of Canada. Another knight put the puncture there—Baron Manfred von Richthofen, the Red Knight of Germany. There were two historic duels between these two, whose lives strangely paralleled each other, except that Bishop lives to fly again while Richthofen looks on from Valhalla. A piece of Richthofen's plane—the color of blood—hangs in the Bishop study, too. "He was a great fighter—and a gentleman," says the Marshal.

Today Billy Bishop, as he is affectionately called in the news rooms of the great Canadian dailies, is up there at the back door of heaven for a good percentage of hours out of each twenty-four; not stalking, maneuvering, and diving, now, with his right index finger on a Lewis gun's lever, but en route to the key points of the Dominion where the youths of the Royal Canadian Air Force — "my baby" — are being taught the art of aerial combat.

Each boy in the Canadian corps is going to have a real bag of aerial tricks as part of his equipment before he looks upon the second western front. Bishop will see to that. Too many of his young friends twenty-odd years ago went down in flames. "Replacements of men and planes were coming up to the front so fast," the Marshal told me, when Liberty sent me to the Dominion to get the story of the White Knight at first hand, "that the boys frequently didn't have the opportunity to get the feel of their ships and, in consequence, were often shot down the first hour. That won't happen again!"

The man who was one day to be feared by every enemy on the western front—except Richthofen—was born in Owen Sound, a peaceful and deeply religious little community in the lake and hill country of Ontario. Bishop's roots went back to England on both his father's and mother's sides. His dad was a prosperous lawyer. There were lawyers, statesmen, engineers, and architects—and soldiers—in the family tree.

He was a thoroughly normal boy, perhaps a little more given to devil-raising than the average kid. He had one brother, Worth, ten years his senior, and a younger sister. Worth was studying to be an engineer; but Billy at the age of ten, attending public school in Owen Sound, hadn't the faintest idea as to what he wanted to be. He did have a somewhat restless nature, and never particularly distinguished himself in the classroom. When he polished off his homework in a hurry, that merely meant that he wanted to join the "gang" early enough to get in some doorbell ringing before bedtime.

It was when Billy was ten that he first laid eyes on quite the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He announced to his amused parents that he was going to marry her some day. She was a picture in white organdy, with laughing dark eyes and raven hair. Her name was Margaret Eaton Burden, and she was the granddaughter of the Canadian department-store magnate, Timothy Eaton. Miss Burden was five, going on six.

With her family, she came up summers from Toronto to Georgian Bay, on which Owen Sound is situated. Billy was an outdoor boy, and he used to point out to her gaily colored birds that a little girl never saw in the city. She talked about him so much that the two families eventually became acquainted. Fall came, and she went away. But she didn't forget, and neither did Billy.

When he was twelve, he entered Owen Sound Collegiate, which took youths from his age up to seventeen to fit them for the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario. He saw quite a bit of little Miss Burden again during the summer. She was going on eight now, and had a mind of her own. She knew that Billy Bishop was going to be her hero forever and ever.

At seventeen Billy entered Royal Military College. His father thought the boy might take up civil engineering. Although on the slight side physically, he played baseball, football, and basketball, and was a fearless horseman. It was at this time, too, that he went in for hunting. He was a crack shot, and he had a pair of eyes that could, naked, see distant objects discernible to other eyes only through field glasses.

Billy never cared for girls—except one, the little girl of the white organdy. She was now growing into quite a young lady, and whenever he could he would visit her parents' home in Toronto.

TRUTH to tell, he wasn't so much as undecided as to what his future would be after his first year at R. M. C. He hadn't even thought about it. In his second year, though, civil engineering began to cross his mind. He couldn't imagine being a prisoner in an office. There was adventure—and danger—in engineering.

His adventurous spirit was coming into full flower as 1914 dawned. Then, just when he had completed his third year at R. M. C., the Four Horsemen thundered over Europe. Canada went to the colors when Germany's Kaiser plunged the civilized world into a nightmare.

Margaret Burden was worried. What girl wouldn't have been? But she smiled bravely during Billy's first visit to the great house at 494 Avenue Road, Toronto, after the Dominion had declared war on Germany. "Of course you're going to enlist, Billy," she said quietly. "I would expect it of you—and I know it's what you want to do anyway. I just pray that the war will not last too long."

The recruiting officer glanced twice at the twenty-year-old Bishop when Billy walked in and asked to be taken into "whatever outfit is going over first." Not so much his fighting blood as his sporting blood was aroused. Danger of all sorts; the challenge to the huntsman.

He got in all right, as a lieutenant in the Missisauga Horse of Toronto. One night, months after he had enlisted, he called at the home on Avenue Road. A sleet storm was pounding Toronto. It was January, 1915. He left a ring that night. Margaret Burden had promised to become Mrs. William Avery Bishop—some day. The Missisauga Horse were sailing on the morrow.

The boys had a fifteen-day trip over that was malodorous if uneventful. Six hundred and ninety-odd of the seven hundred horses aboard got seasick. Then England, and more training camps, and mud, mud, mud. Mud up to Billy Bishop's ankles and sometimes halfway to his knees. The lads came down with flu, and a lot of them dropped off like flies. And not even in France yet! Would they never get to the front?

One day the young lieutenant gazed wistfully at a trim little Royal Flying Corps scouting plane that soared into the gray mists above the training camp. Suddenly he came to a momentous decision. He determined to apply for transfer to the Royal Flying Corps. What difference did it make that he had never even been up in an airplane? It wasn't, in fact, flying itself that caused him to decide; it was just that flying represented the most complete escape from a life of being bogged down and made helpless in mud and slime.

Bishop had a long row to hoe before he was to fulfill his dream of solo exploit in the skies. He had, as he says, the stomach for flying—that is, just sitting in the back, observing, with some one else at the stick. The very first time he ever left the ground, he knew the sky was his destiny. It was love at first flight. An old training bus that couldn't make much more than fifty miles an hour, and which, when climbing, shook and rattled like a slow freight on a tough grade, was where the Canadian youth won his first insignia of the Royal Flying Corps—an O with one outstretched wing attached, which meant he was a full-fledged observer.

Reconnaissance work entailed enormous risk and no glory. On his first flight over German territory as an observer, Bishop got his first bird's-eye view of the war. He had photographs of enemy terrain, taken the day before, and it was up to him to look down and see that everything was still as it had been. Back of the lines, the artillery was preparing to smash spots in the subjects of those pictures.

Other British machines that set out at the same time—just after dawn—were doing bombing, artillery, and photographic work. The young man from Owen Sound thrilled as he looked back over his own lines and saw the big long-range guns talking crimson language.

THE new observer was up more than an hour that first time. The crate he was in rolled around. The going was rough. And the "Archies" in the German lines weren't making things any better as they sent up exploding shells and black shrapnel puffballs. The pilot could see the puffballs coming, and therefore had one chance in ten of getting out of the way if the aim was good. It was pretty good once, for a ball all but lifted Billy Bishop and his maps right out of the back seat.

The pilot kept looking back at him and grinning—no use trying to talk—and when they came in, he shook hands with him. "Congratulations, lieutenant," he said. "You didn't get the wind up." They called the jitters, or worse, getting the wind up.

In the months that followed, Lieutenant Bishop did bombing and artillery work. He began to get himself talked about. He never got the wind up. He was known as the man without nerves. But he grew moody and dissatisfied. This business of sitting in the back seat while somebody else handled the stick wasn't up his alley. There was no sport in dropping a few hundred pounds of explosives on chaps who didn't have a chance to defend themselves. It was too easy. It lacked challenge. There was nothing of the hunt about it. But take a job in one of those trim little scouting planes that got into wing-to-wing duels—well, *that* was really something that would test a man's mettle.

He had plenty of chance to lay his plans to get through the red tape of promotion. His pilot inadvertently saw to that. The ship was landing one day when it struck something rough, and Billy Bishop's knee was reduced to pulp. He astonished everybody by insisting upon limping around on a crutch, and eventually wound up in a hospital for many maddening months. That was in the spring of 1916. He wrote to Margaret Burden of his impatience to get well and take up soloing.

WHEN the smashed knee was mended, Bishop got the good news. His superiors had been thinking things over. A man so immune to getting the wind up should make a good solo flyer!

Truth to tell, he got off to anything but an auspicious start, and his letters to Miss Burden at this time were anything but encouraging. He told her that he was "ham-handed"—gripped the stick too tightly. Then he went to the other extreme—grew timid-handed.

But he was a glutton for work—and flying was his work. At length he was permitted to make his first flight behind the lines. It was passable. More training flights followed, and one day he was given two wings to wear over his left breast. Now he was a full-fledged member of the Royal Flying Corps. Whereupon he was sent from France to London, to guard the mouth of the Thames. He wrote Miss Burden that the inactivity there palled on him.

The youth from Ontario wanted to get to the front. In February, 1917, Baron Manfred von Richthofen, the Kaiser's deadliest ace, had bagged twenty-five enemy ships, and Bishop wanted to get into action like that. And so, on March 7, when he was twenty-three, he landed at Boulogne, France, and joined Squadron 60 of the Royal Flying Corps.

Captain Albert Ball, reigning ace of the R. F. C., was attached to Squadron 60, and forthwith became Bishop's hero. Alongside of Ball's name on the Headquarters blackboard was the figure 29, far and away the highest score of any aviator behind the Allied lines.

A dark, handsome, and strange young figure was Captain Ball. He seemed obsessed with the idea of killing as many Germans as possible. He was moody and at times antisocial. He would retire to his quarters and play a phonograph. Not jazz stuff. Beethoven and the other music masters. Whenever possible, he had his room filled with freshly cut flowers. The flowers and the music inspired him—to map plans for the morrow's kill.

As he is today—Lieutenant Colonel William Avery Bishop, V. C., D. S. O. and Bar, etc., etc., Honorary Marshal of the Royal Canadian Air Force—and (at left) as he was in 1917.

It was Ball who told Bishop about Richthofen's Flying Circus; of how the Head Hunters—members of that scarlet-shipped Circus, usually five or six in number—used to delight in hiding in the clouds and pouncing on an Allied lame duck. Billy Bishop's teeth clenched hard on the stem of his pipe when Ball told him about that five-to-one business. "I won't be flying entirely for sport now," he said. "I'll be *flying to kill*, too."

"Yes," said Ball. "You've got to get them—or they'll get you. It's that simple."

The brand-new French single-seater Nieuport scouts, the Allies' answer to the German Albatros, were coming up right then, and Bishop got one of them. It wasn't as big or fast as the Albatros, but it was capable of quicker maneuvering. A Lewis gun, fitted above the upper plane, fired over the propeller. The sights were directly in front of the pilot's head, so that he could take aim without changing his position in the seat. To fire, all he had to do was to press a lever on the control stick.

Bishop's first patrol was almost his last. He went out with five others, bringing up the rear. He knew right then that he wasn't cut out for formation flying. He was either right on the tail of the ship in front of him, or lagging far behind. Then he became fascinated by the panorama below him, and when he looked up again the five ships supposed to be in front of him weren't there. They had made a left-hand turn and were almost a mile off, and far to the rear.

He turned and streaked for them. He noticed that, as he did so, they turned as if to come back for him, then resumed their original course. Back at the airdrome, Ball said to him, "The Head Hunters almost got you. Five of them were coming down from the top side of some fluff. They thought you were a loner—then they saw the rest of the patrol turning around and they beat it."

In the middle of March, 1917, the Germans were retreating from the Somme and falling back on the Hindenburg Line. Bishop was preparing for his first life-and-death struggle. A fast friendship was growing between the maestro of the skies and the fledgling, and Ball used to take Bishop into his quarters at night and draw diagrams for him, showing which way to move when trapped, just like a football coach mapping strategy. One of Ball's favorite stunts when greatly outnumbered was to stick so close to the tail of one particular enemy machine that the rest would withhold their fire for fear of downing their comrade. Then, the moment another of the pursuing machines became separated from the rest, the Englishman would pour lead into the craft immediately ahead of him, then go after that other and repeat the performance until he saw a chance for another kill, or for escape. The result of all this was that Billy Bishop could do just about everything except make that Nieuport of his talk by March 25—the day of his first battle.

The German retreat is well under way, and the fixed battle lines have all but vanished. Bishop and two other men from Squadron 60 go out under a low ceiling in the afternoon with instructions to proceed beyond the German lines to serve as a forward wall for some reconnaissance ships. Just about where the enemy line begins to take form, the weather clears, and the three R. F. C. men find themselves drenched by brilliant sunshine. They climb to nine thousand feet, and continue straight ahead, at a hundred miles an hour, deep into enemy territory.

Soon, from a huge bank of fleecy vapor at fifteen thousand, six German scouts—not of the Flying Circus—roar down from the rear. The R. F. C. leader waggles his wings in signals of instruction to Bishop and the other pilot behind him. The boys are trapped unless they use clever strategy. This calls for continuing straight ahead, to lead the Germans to believe that they can make a surprise attack from the rear.

Coming down on an angle and at frightful speed, they are within three hundred yards of their game when the R. F. C. ships, traveling considerably slower, suddenly go upward into inside loops. The Germans find themselves shooting at vanished targets, and they are going too fast to quickly change their course.

As they begin to level off, they find the Britishers coming down *on them.*

The last German machine has become separated from the other five, and the R. F. C. leader signals Bishop to take care of that one.

Bishop's first fight!

The ship he's after is a checkered Albatros. Through his mind flash visions of the awful havoc wrought by the "sausages" that have snuffed out defenseless lives in the London night. He thinks, too, of that five-to-one business. And there comes, for a fleeting instant, a picture, sharp and clear, of Margaret Burden of Toronto. One mistake here, and there will be no wedding day with her!

Bishop is suddenly afraid—afraid of gnawing fear itself—as he surges after his quarry. He finds himself within fifty yards of the wings bearing iron crosses. Through the sights he can see black and white checks. He presses that lever on the stick, and he can see the tracer bullets going home.

The Albatros turns over on its back and seems to fall out of control. Captain Ball has warned Bishop about this. The Germans have a trick of appearing to be done for, spinning down from great heights—and then streaking for home. So Bishop takes nothing for granted. He dives after his prey. Sure enough, the Albatros begins leveling off two thousand feet down.

The Canadian goes flashing after it. At not more than fifty yards, he again sees black and white in his sights. He presses the lever once more. The Albatros goes into another spin. Still suspecting a ruse, Bishop, half crazed with fury now, plummets after it. Down! Down! Down! He is easily hitting two hundred.

Two thousand feet down, and the German plane is still falling, careening crazily far to the east and traveling faster than Bishop, who levels off after the second fusillade. Suddenly it becomes plain to him that the Albatros is doomed. But he waits—until he sees it hit the ground and burst into flames.

He is now within fifteen hundred feet of the earth. He doesn't know that the Nieuport scouts have never been tested for leveling off from a power dive like this. He does level off, though, with both wings intact. He breathes hard and smiles. The figure 1 will go alongside of his name on the blackboard tonight!

DEATH reached out for Bishop many times during the next fortnight, but couldn't quite touch him. The Head Hunters almost got him a few times—almost. He shot down several more planes. Ball witnessed some of the scraps, and thoroughly approved. "The chap's either part fool," the British ace remarked, "or quite the bravest man I've ever seen."

It was on Easter Sunday that Billy Bishop really got started. Alone and with flying coat over yellow silk pajamas, he climbed to fifteen thousand feet.

He glances toward the east. One enemy single-seater. Fair game. He plays dumb and lets the enemy get on his tail. Then a quick loop, and he's right behind him. Several rounds, and the German is done for.

There's a balloon over there, a mile away. The ground crew see Bishop streaking for it. They work frantically to pull it down. The bag is only three hundred feet from the earth as the Canadian gets over it. "Onions"—flaming white missiles—come up as he dives. Throttle wide open, he's coming almost straight down. He presses the Lewis lever at fifty feet. His wheels just miss the top of the crumpling, smoking bag.

An Albatros scout has arrived too late to save the balloon—but now it is right on his tail and he sees it just in time. He'll try something new, something Ball has taught him. He'll make a loop, but will come down *under* the Albatros. Up he loops, just in time to dodge a drumful of lead, and when he completes the circle he's fifty feet below—and there's the black belly of the Albatros in the sights!

The Nieuport quivers as the Lewis rattles. A burst of flame from above—only twenty feet above—from the belly of the Albatros. Bishop's top plane just misses its ground wheels as it goes into a swirling, flaming dive.

Fifteen minutes later he's at ten thousand feet, five miles northeast of Arras. There are two enemy single-seaters far in front of him. After them! Presently he's so close on the tail of one that the other doesn't dare fire. Then the other makes a mistake. He gets out in front and fifty yards beneath. Bishop remembers a diagram of Ball's. He lets the first ship have a drumful, then dives and writes his name on the second one.

HE now feels exaltation such as he has never known. He goes stalking, stalking. Ah! Three more checkered birds of prey over toward Vitry! He gets up behind the rear one before they know it. The Lewis speaks with authority again. There were three. Now there are two.

The first ship has not yet hit the ground when Bishop is on the tail of another. He chases this one in crazy circles for three minutes. Then he suddenly notices that the third fellow is nowhere around; has fled to cover. So he writes his name in lead yet again, and swirls alone, triumphant eagle, as he sees a mass of flames careening down.

He has cleared the sky. Six ships and a balloon bagged. The hunt is over for the day.

Ball saw Bishop looking at the blackboard that night. "One of these days," he told him, "your name's going to be first."

"I'll never pass you, captain."

"Yes, you will. I won't be around long. I can't last at the rate I'm going. They're bound to get me soon."

On Easter Monday the Canadians swept over Vimy Ridge. For days after that, youths like Bishop in the air corps were up sometimes as much as eight or ten hours. On the ground, behind the lines, the ever-present specter of Death quickened life. Deep friendships hastily took form. And when the ominous words "Did not return" were scrawled alongside of a name on the blackboard, Bishop's heart would harden. He would hurry out to his plane for target practice. He had obtained a linen target three feet square and placed it in a field. He would go up and dive down on it, firing always to within a hundred feet from the ground. Thus the youth from Ontario sharpened up his firing eye—and this was, in some ways, more dangerous than combat. Sometimes he leveled off so close to the ground that his wheels touched.

Early in May, about six weeks after his first victory, he had the figure 15 alongside of his name, which was right below Captain Ball's. One sunset, when he came in, he saw that his own name now headed the list. *Richthofen's Flying Circus had gotten Captain Ball.*

Bishop's china-blue eyes were misty as he dropped on to a bench under the blackboard and held his head in his hands. He wrote to Miss Burden that night:

> They have killed my dear friend—Richthofen and his scarlet gangsters. They are going to pay for this, Margaret!

AS the sun was dying one day, Bishop was up with one other machine—the C. O.'s. That morning he had participated in nine engagements in an hour and forty-five minutes, without a decision. The Flying Circus had at last struck below the belt. Several of its members had crossed the British lines, when Squadron 60 was known to be engaged elsewhere, and dropped maiming missiles.

Over to the north were five specks. Scarlet!

Bishop and the major headed straight for what they knew was going to be a two-to-five hell. They shot up to fifteen thousand feet, then turned, and were presently "sitting" over the enemy.

Margaret Burden's fiancé began a dive. As he got within a thousand feet of the blood-colored machines, the leader left the rest and was presently off by himself. As Bishop went closer, he saw the man in the cockpit waving to him. Closer still, he noticed for the first time something that set that machine apart from the others of the same color. Flying from rudder and wing tips were the streamers of the leader of the circus—the renowned Baron von Richthofen!

For the true, breath-taking story of their first epic combat—White Knight vs. Red—and of a display of knightly chivalry by one of them, look in Liberty next week. You'll find also the even more electrifying story of Bishop's first victory won by a bluff, against one-to-five odds; his challenges to the Red Knight's brother; and—his letters to his sweetheart!

One night of victory. Champion Louis with managers and trainer after the Tony Galento battle.

One night of defeat. Louis at the end of the fifth round of his disastrous bout with Max Schmeling.

My Plans FOR THE FUTURE

A champion outspokenly ponders the dangers that face him—and Galento leads them all!

BY JOE LOUIS

as told to GENE KESSLER

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

"THAT Galento is dangerous for two rounds," spoke Trainer Jack Blackburn. The bandages were in place on my hands. The silk robe hung loosely over my shoulders. I began working my arms vigorously, warming up in the dressing room under the Yankee Stadium. Outside thousands were screaming in excitement. It was time for the main bout.

"Then I'd better jab him away for a couple of rounds," I said.

So I went into the ring to knife Tony Galento's round face with left jabs—to spear him off balance and outbox him for two rounds. That proved a dangerous mistake; one which backfired with so much explosive it came within a painful few seconds of costing me the world's heavyweight title.

Now, I always looked upon ol' "Two-Ton Tony" with what the sports writers called contempt. He was just a tough guy with a beer paunch and a whisky punch and needed barroom to swing his Sundays. He, to me, was built up on popovers and an inflated ego plus a strong pair of lungs. I had regarded him as a disgrace to a grand sport, a bad influence on young Americans.

Then the gong sounded, and this short thick man waddled toward me, crouching low. My left whipped into his face. It seemed easy enough. I flicked another jab; another and another. They didn't jar Galento off balance as I had expected. It was like spraying the man's face with fine water. He quickened his steps, pushed me back into a neutral corner, and swung with all his 233 pounds behind a left hook. I ducked just enough to catch the full force of the blow on my right temple. The ring became a blur. I was boxing on instinct now, covering up and punching back to keep the desperate Galento from landing one more solid punch, and considered myself fortunate when the bell rang.

It was as plain as the nose on Ernie Lombardi's face that no one could hold Galento off with left jabs. I'd have to hurt him with my heaviest sledges. Instead of being a barrel of blubber, as I had expected, Two-Ton was a keg of dynamite.

So I let Tony lead in the second round, then drilled inside his arched left arm with straight rights to the chin. I threw five of these Big Bertha socks in succession, and on at least three of them I leaped off both feet, hurling all of my 200 pounds behind the blows. They were punches which had sent Max Schmeling to a hospital, had flattened Jim Braddock, Max Baer, and Primo Carnera. Each time one landed solid I expected Tony to drop. But the man is inhuman to punishment. He never took a step backward. Then, next time I crossed a right to his button, I followed through with a left hook. I don't believe I ever executed a more perfect punch. My leverage was just right. This one-two bombardment dumped Galento on the canvas for the first time in his career. I walked to my corner fully expecting to have the gloves ripped from my aching hands. I didn't think it humanly possible for any man to get up after those jolts. But I no sooner wheeled around than Galento was climbing up on his short thick legs and moving toward me like a lumbering train.

In the third round I was pouring heavy leather into Tony again, when he backfired with sudden blindness and scored a knockdown. My smashes didn't seem to dent his chin. I was puzzled. What else could I do? Maybe a left hook to the body? I hesitated as I stepped in with this punch, and ran into one of his lefts while off balance. I picked myself out of the resin, knowing full well Galento still was mighty dangerous.

There was only one thing I could do to keep Galento from knocking my head off, and that was to drive straight rights inside every lead he made with his swinging "night stick," which is the pet name for his left hook. This I did until the man finally was cut down in the fourth round.

I HAVE related details of last summer's fight because they best illustrate how much misery the future holds for me in the way of opposition. The foe a champion least expects to conk him often proves the most dangerous.

Recently a man came into the dressing room of a Chicago gymnasium where I was working out and asked, "Joe, are you going to keep the championship for another ten years?"

"No," I said hastily. "I wouldn't want to be king that long."

And I meant it. Keeping a world's ring crown is no easy job. You must be keyed up all the time. You have to keep in fighting condition, and that means hard work every day.

Before I won the title I had made up my mind to defend it twice, then retire. But I was born to fight, I guess, and as long as I can retain my best fighting form I'll keep right on as a chin hunter. Already I've defended the championship eight times; which my managers, John Roxborough and Julian Black, tell me is a record. Maybe after another year, if I run out of opponents, I'll change my mind and hang up the gloves; but right now I'm looking forward to some tough battles. One thing I'll guarantee the fans: I won't go soft on this job.

I know I'm a better fighter today than when I was just a hungry kid fighting my way up.

Then I was green, but I could throw my hands faster than the big slow men they put in front of me. Now I have learned a lot of boxing tricks. I can maneuver opponents into openings and make every shot count. And I'm continuing to improve.

Yet I do not expect to wear the crown any ten years, or even five, because no man can win them all. There are several opponents in sight, any one of whom has a chance to beat me. If one of them does, then I'll try and regain the championship, which would be a new thrill. I came back and knocked out Schmeling, only man to beat me since I turned professional.

As I look over the field of contenders, I see future opponents in this picture:

1. Tony Galento. . . . He is the most dangerous man I will be called upon to face during the next year, because he proved he can take my best punches and counter with dynamite. Also, Tony has earned a return match by knocking out Lou Nova.

2. Bob Pastor. . . . He went twenty-one rounds before I knocked him out, and proved to me that he is the best boxer of the contenders.

3. Lou Nova. . . . He still is young and should improve during the next year. Lou showed in whipping Tommy Farr and stopping Max Baer that he belongs as a contender. He should shake off the Galento setback and come back stronger than ever.

4. Arturo Godoy. . . . I meet him in New York in February. He is another Argentine with the Firpo swing-man style. He was good enough to win two decisions over Galento, which means he is plenty dangerous.

5. Johnny Paychek. . . . Late in developing, but his record of twenty-eight straight victories must be recognized. He was a hard puncher in the amateurs, and now seems to have developed as a good boxer.

HEAVYWEIGHTS are up one day and counted out the next, so it is hard to pick out many future opponents who will stand up. Therefore I will try to look into the distant future and name some youngsters as potential foes. In this class there are three outstanding hopes who give promise of annoying me some day. I list them in this order:

1. Pat Comiskey. . . . He has natural punching ability, pitching a deadly straight right hand. Pat is improving so rapidly that I expect him to be a standout threat by 1941.

2. Billy Conn. . . . A classy boxer good enough at twenty-one to win the light-heavyweight title, and he still has growing pains. Not a kayo puncher, but a boxer of the Gene Tunney type who will be mighty hard to outscore if he packs on twenty more pounds.

3. Buddy Baer. . . . Always a dangerous puncher for two rounds, Buddy may rush to the front as a threat, now that he's married and has some responsibility instead of his brother's shoulder to lean upon.

There are a number of other promising youngsters worth watching, although not as sensational. Among these are Bob Sikes, a rough, tough fellow with a punch who is champion of the South; Buddy Knox, who still is young, although he has been fighting for some time and may arrive as a contender yet; Clarence Brown, Willie Snell, Altus Allen, and Leroy Evans, colored youths with natural boxing and punching ability; Tommy Tucker, clever and smart enough to advance with experience; Bill Poland, who can take it and punch back with "birdie socks"; and Alex Kettles, who is a natural puncher.

Perhaps the man who will beat me hasn't drawn on a boxing glove—or maybe he's in the amateurs. Georges Carpentier once said: "It takes three years for young fighters to learn how to see inside the ring." How true! Sometimes it takes young heavyweights more than three years before they gain the proper co-ordination and are able to throw punches or duck without mentally diagraming their moves.

GALENTO spent ten years clowning around before he became a serious contender. Then he got down to training, threw plenty of misery at me, and knocked out Nova. Jim Braddock was twelve years in the ring before reaching the king row. I could name others. I point out these cases to show why a man like Paychek can finally find himself and move up as a challenger. Johnny is twenty-five and was a flop when he first turned professional. Then he went out into Iowa and started at the bottom, gained confidence and momentum, and polish as a boxer. He rolled up twenty-eight straight and beat Maurie Strickland, who was considered a real test at the time.

Nova at twenty-three is a man still on the improve, who can take a hard punch and fight back with the best. He also uses his brain inside the ropes and can be expected to improve.

People ask me what an opponent must have to beat me. I always reply: "A high hard one to my button."

Since it took a hard puncher, Schmeling, to beat me, I guess my most dangerous contenders are the boys who pitch dynamite. Yet the boxer always has a chance to outpoint me. Pastor proved that a fast, smart boxer who keeps on the move will give me—or any other fighter—plenty of trouble. For this reason I must list Conn as a future threat.

I'd hate to meet up with a man as fast, clever, and smart as Pastor who could punch like Galento. Possibly young Comiskey, or one of the other kids I have listed, will Pastorize his boxing and knock the crown right off my head. If he does, you can bet I'll climb right back in the ring and try to win it back . . . something no other heavyweight champion ever did.

But right now I'm concentrating on the defense of that bauble against Godoy in New York in February and against Galento next June—a couple of G-men of the ring who are tough enough to be playmates for that gorilla the late Arthur Brisbane wrote so much about.

THE END

TO BE ACCOUNTED FOR

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

HE met her first at the ultramodern chromium-glittering Mayfair apartment of Carleton Trevor. He had not seen the latter since Oxford days; called on him one evening, a few days after his appointment to the London consulate; and was shocked when he saw the other's purple-veined, alcohol-sodden, prematurely aged face that stood out above the immaculate white of his evening-dress shirt like a flabby blotch—rather a diary of the deeds its owner should not have done.

It embarrassed Prince Hossayn Abdelkader deep down in his meticulous Arab soul. It saddened him, in a way. He felt tongue-tied; and Trevor was amused.

"I know," said the Englishman, "what's biting you. Expected to find me the same clean-limbed, clear-eyed, pipe-smoking undergrad, all for cricket and football and Merry England—that it?"

"Not exactly. But—oh . . ."

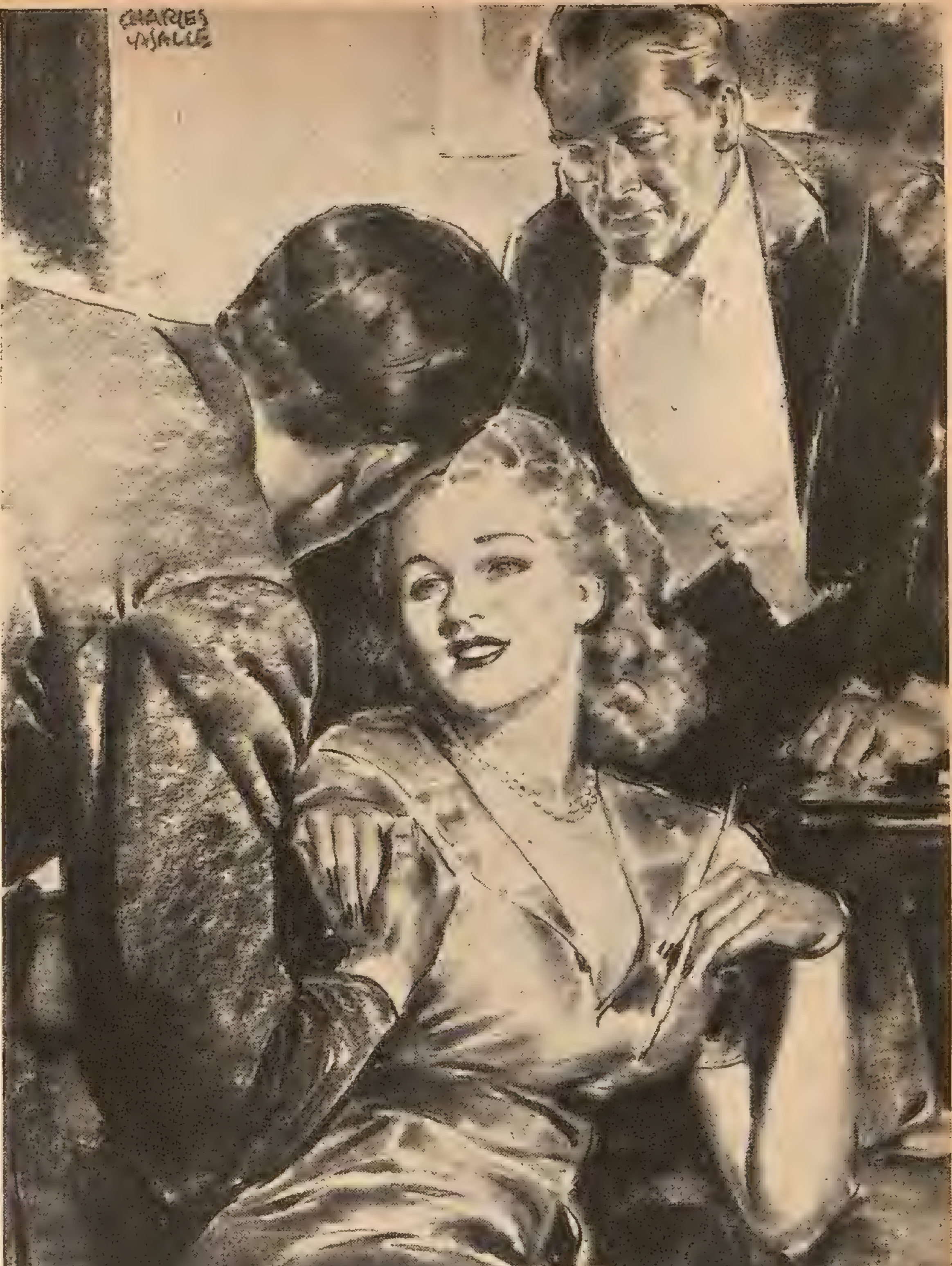
"Something like it. Well—since those innocuous old days a whole lot of water has passed under the bridge and a whole lot of excellent vintage champagne down my gullet." Trevor spoke without either bitterness or regret. Pleased he seemed with himself and his philosophy; grossly surfeited with the good things of life. "I do look a bit florid—don't I? An aura about me of silks of China and French perfumes and jewels and unsalted caviar." He laughed. "Can't help it, my dear fellow. That's me."

"The whole of you?" the Arab asked gravely.

"The *blooming* whole. You see—I'm all in favor of lovely baubles. Baubles made of gold and pearl. And baubles made of soft white flesh."

"Different from what you were at Oxford."

"Quite." Trevor lit a corona-



He got up to go. Carolyn said, "Some day you must tell me about the Orient."

A flaming tale of sudden love, a woman's guile, and a dark and sinister revenge

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

corona. "And you, I fancy, are just as you used to be? Full of high idealism?"

A SILENCE fell between the two men. The years of the past, the years when he and Carleton Trevor had been friends, stared at Hossayn and grimaced.

Years of Oxford youth. Fair years. Good years of decent young enthusiasms, decent young ambitions, decent young falterings and gropings and uncertainties. And now—oh yes!—staring at him, staring out of the past like sardonic, obscene gargoyles . . .

Hossayn gave a shudder. He did not know what to reply; and once more the other was amused.

"Each to his taste," he remarked. "You're satisfied with your own life—aren't you? Not yet thirty, and already consul general of that brand-new Iraq kingdom of yours. Going some! And picked for a big job back home—if one is to believe the papers."

"Yes." Hossayn spoke not without pride. "Minister of Foreign Affairs, if I make good."

"You'll make good—never fear. You're so blinkin' shortsighted that you don't even recognize temptation when the painted hussy comes your way. Very well. Go ahead. Live your life as you like it—and like it as you live it. But kindly grant me the same privilege!"

"And yet . . ."

"Oh"—a little impatiently—"don't preach virtue to me, or I'll put you in a class with my revered and reverend uncle, the Bishop of Ilchester. He's another one of those masterful, swaggering, bullying moralists, topheavy with self-righteousness and greasy with the oil of purity. Virtue may have its rewards, but so has . . ." He interrupted himself, laughed, as the door opened. "Rise and turn, old fellow," he went on, "and bow your prettiest to Miss Carolyn Wilton."

SHE had come from the inner room, dressed in a loose negligee of soft clinging wistaria charmeuse, her bare feet in gold-threaded French slippers. If the situation was embarrassing to Hossayn, it was not to her. She looked at him and found him not bad-looking — narrow-hipped, wide-shouldered, his skin dead-white, his features hawkish. He looked at her and found her amazingly lovely—with her high-bridged nose, her red, adventurous lips, her broad forehead, the tumult of her short dusty-gold hair.

She acknowledged the introduction with a smile. She sat down. And she proved both her position in the house and her utter lack of self-consciousness when, on the butler appearing with the cocktails, she gave him a message for her maid:

"Tell Katie to put out my black velvet dress for tonight and the ermine wrap."

Then she turned to the two men, speaking lightly of this and that and the other thing. And not long afterward Hossayn got up to go.

She said, "Some day you must tell me all about the Orient. I find it *so* thrilling."

The words were ordinary enough. Hossayn had heard them many a time in Europe, with just that faintly rising intonation, from the lips of romantic debutantes, smug matrons, and intellectual spinsters; had heard them—and casually dismissed them. But somehow tonight, as he bent over Carolyn Wilton's slim hand, then straightened and looked at her, the words seemed to be endowed with a different meaning, a personal meaning; seemed to hold at their core the significance of an intimate and vital message. And when he returned to his consular office near the Asia Docks—he had purposely chosen his quarters there to be close to the people of his own country, his own Arab race and Moslem faith, stevedores and waiters and small tradespeople who lived thereabouts and whose interests he was serving—he told himself, with a queerly chilly finality, that he was in love.

Throughout his life, as he had lived it heretofore, his brain and not his passions had ruled him; he had always treated the softer emotions with scornful disregard. Now, when love had come to him suddenly, violently, unreasonably, he suffered all its extremes. His thoughts wantoned with his fancies. His past existence seemed but a record of trite drab memories.

THAT night was the first since his arrival in London which he did not spend in work for his government or in researches among the leather-bound tomes, books mostly on economics and international law, that crowded his shelves. He sat down at his desk and, being a versifier of sorts, began writing an Arabic poem:

Death will come to me because I cannot forget a certain girl.
Night tossed a handful of golden stars
Into a blue pool—and called it her eyes.
God wrote a new moon into the heavens—
And called it her forehead.
The velvet of Damascus is woven from her hair.
Her feet are small and sweet as little sins.
Her hands . . .

He interrupted himself. He tore up the page. He walked up and down. He thought of his great-grandfather, Prince Murat Abdelkader; of the Persian slave girl whom the latter, when he had been well advanced in years, had bought, after much haggling, from her previous owner, the Sultan of Muscat.

He smiled ironically; and early the next forenoon, having telephoned to make the engagement, he met Carleton Trevor at the Savoy Club, sat down, and said:

"I'm in love with Miss Wilton . . ."

For once, the other found himself startled out of his usual saturnine placidity.

"You—wh-what?" came his stammered query.

Calmly the Arab repeated his statement, adding:

"I think you ought to know."

The Englishman had regained a little of his equanimity. He hid a carefully prepared yawn behind a shaking hand.

"Don't tell me," he suggested. "Tell her."

"I can't," was the even reply, "as long as she lives under your roof."

"Jolly nice of you to be so concerned about my honor."

"I was not thinking of your honor. I was considering my own."

"These delicate points are beyond me. The fact of the matter is that you want me to give her up—eh?"

"Unless you are in love with her."

"One isn't in love with that sort of woman."

"I am."

There was a pause. Then Carleton Trevor broke into disagreeable laughter.

OF course you realize," he asked, "that I'm putting up for her—financially?"

"Oh, yes," said Hossayn. "But I'm a very rich man. I shall give her double whatever you give her."

Again the Englishman was startled—startled, now, in his conventional Western morality which he had thought scotched these many years. Momentarily he felt conscious of a sullen anger as he looked at the Arab; crystallized in his heart, for the least fraction of a second, all the hatred and contempt which Occident and Orient have felt for each other since the world was created from a mote of star dust. Involuntarily he clenched his fists. A curse was on his lips, an insult.

Then he controlled himself.

"That's all very well," he remarked. "Very sporting—and all that sort of thing. But, really, you can't buy a woman. I mean, not exactly. After all"—with slurring, malicious intent—"you aren't in Bagdad."

"Nor do I intend buying her."

"But you told me . . ."

"I shall simply pay for her apartment, her food, her clothes, her luxuries . . ."

"As I've been doing heretofore. So I don't see . . ."

"Wait! There'll be no obligations. Once she is free from you, she can choose what man she chooses, what man she loves—you or me."

"Or perhaps a third man?"

"Perhaps. I hope she'll choose me. If she does, I shall beg her to marry me."

"Are you serious?"

"Very. But—I repeat—there'll be no obligation on her part. Not the slightest. I trust you will make that last point quite clear to her."

The other frowned.

"D'you expect *me* to tell her?"

"It would be more fair all round—don't you think?"

As before, instinctively Trevor clenched his fists. Then he laughed.

"I'll do it!" he exclaimed. "I'll talk to Carolyn." He rose. "By the way—know anything about women?"

"Not much."

"I, on the other hand, know a lot."

They were silent. They looked at each other; looked away. There was between them a delicate equilibrium of brittle artificial courtesy which one fleeting negligible or wrongly interpreted word might have destroyed; which might have crystallized, in both, the ancient bitter enmity of West against East and East against West; might have caused these two immaculately clad gentlemen to fly at each other's throat, primevally clawing and biting.

They were careful not to speak this word. They smiled, politely and falsely.

"Yes," the Englishman resumed. "I know a lot about the female of the species. I've learned—from Carolyn and from other women. Want me to teach you?"

"Don't bother."

"No bother. It'll be a pleasure. Listen! Here begins the first lesson." Trevor paused. "Woman is rather a tangled sort of trinity. One third of her is angel, one third devil, and the last third . . ."

"Yes . . .?"

"The last—and vital—third is whatever man chooses to make of her."

"I don't understand."

"I didn't think you would," was Trevor's dry comment.

He left the Savoy Club. Twenty minutes later he told Carolyn Wilton, who was stretched out on her couch playing with an Angora kitten.

She laughed.

"D'you know, dear boy," she said, "I've an idea it'll be rather interesting. . . ."

ON Monday of the following week she moved into a smart little Curzon Street house. It reflected her own taste in pink-and-white boudoir, in toilet articles of tortoise shell and gold, in a profusion of pillows of orchid satin covered with rose-point lace. And it held a flavor of Hossayn's soul in the deep-toned Kermanshah rugs on the floor and in the tulipwood cabinet filled with mellow things of Asian lands; twelfth-century Moorish pottery, a miniature copy in enamel and silver of the Tamamushi shrine, three Sassanide plates of robin's-egg blue, and a collection of exquisite and fragile porcelain of the days of Harun-al-Rashid that glowed with rust red and apple green and imperial yellow.

She broke one of these, a few days later, by accident.

She noticed the fleeting expression of almost physical pain that came over Hossayn's eyes as the small vase crashed on the floor.

Thereafter she broke several more—by way of experiment.

She stopped breaking them when Carleton Trevor told her that any Bond Street jeweler would give her the pick of his emeralds for the collection; and she was very angry—not at herself but at Hossayn.

"Silly ass—the Arab boy friend!" she said. "You know, he never let on that those things are valuable."

"You didn't expect he would, did you?" replied Trevor, smiling darkly. He paused. "There's a new supper club on Whitehorse Street. The Supreme—wrongly called. Shall we dine there tonight? It's such gorgeously bad taste. You'll simply adore it, my dear."

HE took her out frequently—quite as frequently as Hossayn, who raised no objections. For he lived up to the literal meaning of the agreement. An agreement, to him, was a stout and rectangular entity which permitted of no evasions or interpretations. Carolyn was under no obligation. It was her right to choose—him or Trevor or a third man.

ACHMED ABDULLAH

noted for his novels, plays, and short stories, is the only English writer ever crowned by the French Academy. Of Russian and Afghan blood, he was educated at Eton, Oxford, and in Paris, and served as an officer in the British-Indian cavalry. He now lives in New York.

Of course there was his hope, his longing, that he would be the chosen. And he spoke of it one day to Mustaffa Yar, the priest of London's single little mosque that catered to the religious needs of the humble Moslem workers and shopkeepers who lived near the Asia Docks. Hossayn kept up a certain friendship with him—for reasons of Islamic politics and, too, because the other was a scholar well versed in the Arabic classics.

Mustaffa Yar took no personal interest in Hossayn's affairs. He neither pitied him nor sympathized with him. "Let each man brush away the sand from his own threshold," was his tolerant maxim. But, being a wise priest, he was a clever politician. He believed that church and state must stand and fall together. And he knew that these last few weeks, around the Asia Docks, gliding Oriental tongues had been busy swapping salty scandal anent Carolyn Wilton and Hossayn—and that, given the latter's official position, was bad. It was dangerous. So he decided to be outspoken.

"Is it true," he inquired, "that you intend marrying the woman if, belike, she should choose you?"

"Yes."

The priest sighed.

"May I be frank?"

"Why not?"

"Then," brutally, "the woman is evil. I have heard—tales."

Hossayn smiled.

"Evil," was his calm answer, "is merely a point of view. Besides, I love her."

"Love—bah!" Mustaffa Yar exclaimed angrily. He pointed through the open window whence, beneath a sunset of dirty crushed rose-pink, hiccuped the thick sensuous symphony of the Asia Docks, with the voices of men and women mumbling haltingly, passionately, and a street organ gurgling some cloying ballad. "That sort of love—down there! Love of the senses, the flesh! It is a lie, a snare, an infidel act! To find happiness there is like dragging for the moon reflected in the water!"

"Even that is possible—to love. Indeed, there is nothing which is impossible . . ."

"To the human body?" sneered the other.

"No; to the human soul. You see—my love is not altogether of the flesh."

Hossayn spoke the truth as he saw it.

There was indeed in him, in that illogical counterplay of moods and forces which is meant by love, a great longing for Carolyn Wilton. But this longing was tinged, was even overwhelmed, by a delicate spiritual quality.

It is true that, when he saw her, he read in her violet-blue eyes—and reflected within himself—the suggestion and promise and hope of infinite dreams, infinite thrills. He was both too honest and too natural to deny it. Yet even more strongly was there in him the desire to read the mystery of her woman's soul. He tried to fathom this mystery; and—perhaps because there was little to fathom except a glittering shoddiness—he did not succeed. So he swayed emotional incoherence into intellectual coherence, thereby proving that he knew nothing about women—either good women or bad.

He gave her costly gifts. He composed subtle and charming Arabic poems to her which he translated, word for word, into careful English—and she would listen, reclining on a couch, yawning a little, her eyes half closed, her white pleasurable hands toying with the Angora kitten. All his thoughts he devoted to her, all his time, while the gossip and scandal of it drifted through the reeking streets that coiled about the Asia Docks.

THEY talked of it, one night, in the back room of a restaurant which was for Arabs only—though, ludicrously, the sign above the door proclaimed:

PAT O'BRIEN'S OLDE ENGLISHE FOODE SHOPPE

"He neglects important business," severely remarked Kasim Hydar, the paunchy shopkeeper, who for weeks had endeavored to reach the consul general to ask his assistance with the customs clearing of a shipment of Levantine medicine that, according to the narcotics squad, contained more opium than was reasonable.

“Over two months now my nephew has been in jail for the mere matter of stabbing a Greek sailor,” sighed Arslan Djelali, the ship chandler. “And his mightiness does not reply—though I've written him innumerable times.”

“In the days of the Turkish sultans,” said Shukri Nazir, the stanch old Tory, “he would have been recalled and properly punished.”

“Aw,” came the crude comment of William Gladstone Mohammed, London-born and bred, “wot d'ye expect? He's nuts about that yellow-haired dame.”

So, rightly, they complained. For, these days, Hossayn was seldom to be found in his office. His mail was unopened, his files dusty and untouched.

The love of Carolyn Wilton was in his blood. The mystery of her woman's soul was, enigmatic and unriddled, in his own soul. Nothing else mattered. Behind him lay life as he had woven it himself, close to the loom of his racial and religious traditions and prejudices. Beyond it lay a new life, throbbing with a puissant and seductive rhythm—the future with her, if she chose him.

It was utterly inconsistent with his principles as he had fashioned and obeyed them in the past. Nor did he stoop to pretense or argument or excuse. He hardly knew what was happening to him; knew only that daily, nightly, a tempest of desire took him bodily, literally by the shoulders, and pushed him toward the small house on Curzon Street.

There he would sit, looking at her, a tumult deep in his heart, while his words would be polite and coherent and slightly chilling. For he was conscious of a certain fear—the fear that she might say no if he brought it to a point.

Carolyn Wilton, on her side, surrounded him with an adroit wiredrawn net. She did not care for him. Not in the least. He was not her sort, as she put it to herself. But she had no intention of letting him go. Not only was he extravagantly generous without ever trying to interfere with her freedom—too, he amused her with his stilted courtesy that was—oh—in such contrast to the passion in his eyes. And she was curious to find out what he would say, how he would behave, when, finally, his passion got the best of him.

CARLETON TREVOR looked on and watched and smiled and said never a word—except one evening of late winter as he and Hossayn walked down Bond Street together.

“How're you getting on, old fellow?” he asked.

“Getting on?”

“I mean—with untangling that tangled trinity called woman.”

“I never think about woman in the abstract. I am too busy thinking about one woman—Miss Wilton.”

“Oh—you still call her *Miss* Wilton?”

“Indeed,” said Hossayn coldly.

Trevor laughed.

“Didn't I promise to give you a few pointers about the female of the species?” he demanded. “All right. Here begins the second lesson. God hates a coward. And woman, for once, is not contrary. She does too.”

And again he laughed, then slapped the other heartily on the shoulder and walked off, swinging his cane.

THEN spring came, singing its topical song, flowing like a clear stream over the heart of Hossayn, charging it with a great tenderness, leaping into his blood with an impetuous yearning like the yearning of all creation, enwrapping him with the haunting and dream-colored mystery of love.

He feared no longer. He would ask her. Let her choose. Today. Now.

And deep within him he felt, knew, that she would choose him—inevitable it seemed to him, like the mating of fire and wind—and a song was in his heart as he turned up Curzon Street, entered the house where she lived, and found the hall door ajar—the maid had stepped out to mail a letter.

He passed soft-footedly through the outer hall. Near the threshold of the small salon he stopped.

He saw Carolyn Wilton stretched out on the couch, Carleton Trevor in a chair quite close to her. He heard her voice:

“Lost *all* your money?”

“Most of it. I thought you ought to know.”

“Don't you worry about me, darling. Hossayn will keep on footing my bills.”

She sighed. In her heart, too, spring—a fair imitation of it—trembled and danced, clouding her usual practical intuitions.

She asked, “How proud are you?”

“Don't know the meaning of the word. Why?”

“Because—you see—since you *aren't* proud, I'll support you . . .” She interrupted herself; went on quickly: “At least for a while—until . . .”

“Until my rich aunt dies. I know.”

He took her in his arms. She sighed again.

“You do know how to kiss,” she whispered.

“Better than the Arab boy friend?”

“Why—he's *never* kissed me. Never as much as tried. Isn't he a scream, darling?”

She laughed. Her laughter was harsh, strident.

And then Hossayn left the house, unnoticed, and returned to his office. He beheld the files of government reports, dusty and untouched, the heap of unanswered correspondence; and he thought of her laughter—and he was conscious of a thick, murderous surge of hate. It receded almost immediately.

He shrugged his shoulders.

“Allah, Allah!” he whispered. “The time I have lost!”

Chilly-eyed, he turned a page in the book of his life. This chapter—he reflected—was done with.

HE mentioned it only once, some days later, to his cousin, Ali Mehmet, an attaché of the Iraq legation in Paris, who had come to London to help him straighten out the accumulated consular affairs.

“Life,” he announced in his slightly didactic manner, “is the moonlight which is near. It is also the rain which is near. I do not bother about the moonlight that floods a far garden.”

“Suppose,” suggested the other a little maliciously, “that the far garden has once been yours—a most precious belonging?”

“What of it? Only a fool tries to strip two hides off one camel.”

Ali Mehmet smiled. He pointed at Carolyn Wilton's miniature that, framed in exquisitely carved gold, stood on the desk.

“Why, then,” he demanded, “do you . . .?”

“Do I keep it where I can look at it? I adore beauty. Consider our great-grandfather. When he was well past eighty, he bought, paying her weight in silver twice over, a Persian dancing girl—for no better reason than that her feet were narrow and her eyes steel-gray.”

“And then, because she laughed at his white beard, he had her sewn in a leather bag with a scratching cat and thrown in the river. You are, I take it, less savage than our revered great-grandfather — or, possibly, more decadent?”

“Possibly,” agreed Hossayn.

He lit a cigarette. He moved the miniature so that the sunlight struck it, accentuating the loveliness of the face. . . .

And when, during the following week, Carolyn Wilton died of a mysterious poison, Scotland Yard, unable to discover its nature, dismissed the case as accident or suicide—it was doubtless a coincidence that, twenty-four hours before her death, Prince Hossayn Abdelkader replaced the exquisitely carved gold frame around her miniature by one of plain black ebony, saying to his cousin, Ali Mehmet:

“It is better taste than gold—don't you think?”

“Yes,” agreed the other. “After all, we come by our good taste honestly. Consider our great-grandfather—and the little Persian dancing girl.”

And Arab smiled slowly at Arab.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ MY LIFE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HAVELOCK ELLIS. Houghton Mifflin Company.

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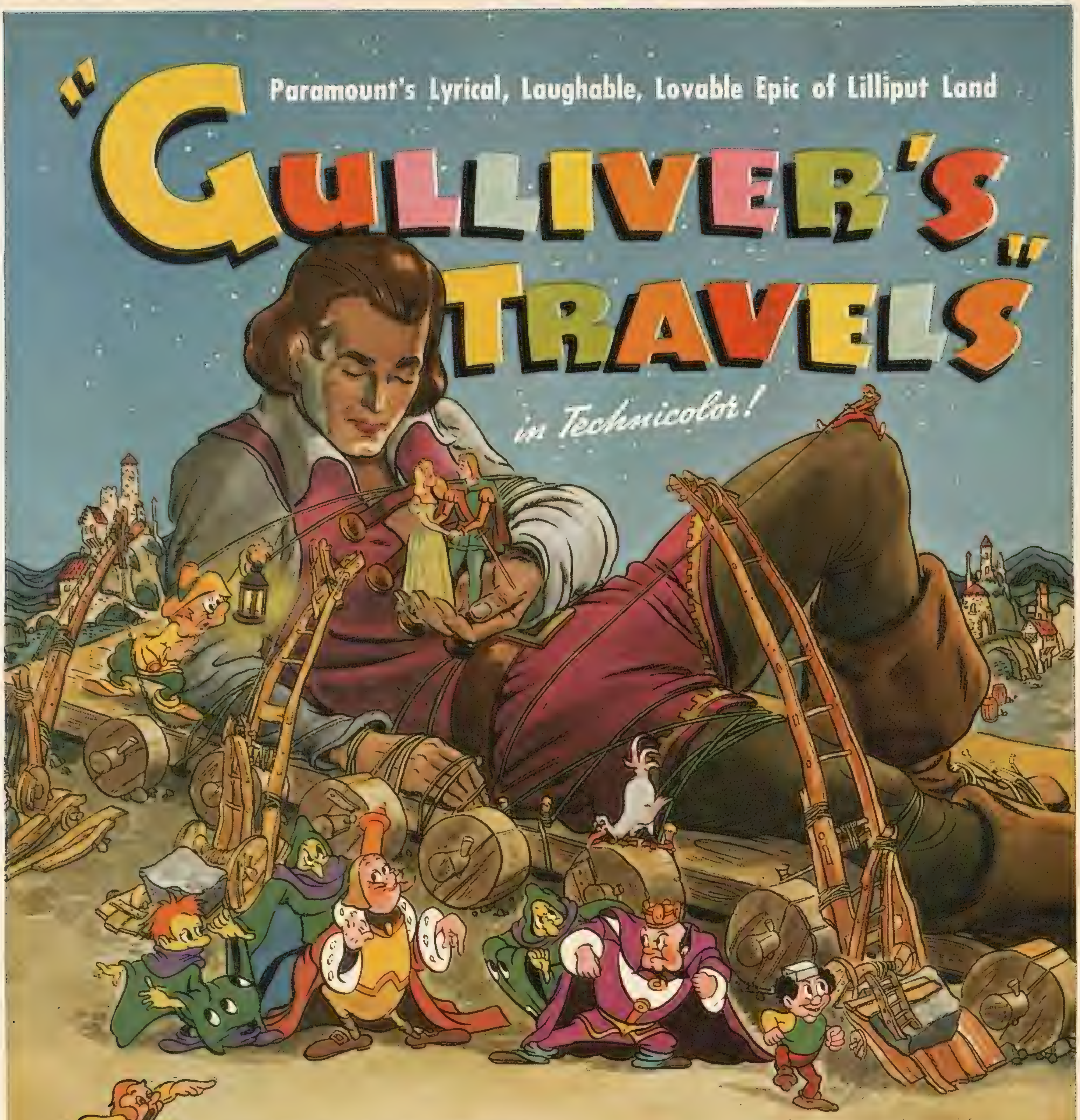
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"IT'S A HAP-HAP-HAPPY DAY"—Words and Music by Al. J. Neiburg and Sammy Timberg & Winston Sharples

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READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

OFF THE RECORD

Liberty's Short Short

BY JOHN LYNCH

THE day before, we drove out, the five of us, and sized up the layout. The Crestwood Club was a big house in a grove of trees about a quarter of a mile back from the road. A high wall ran all around the grounds. There was only one gate.

That scared Pete. "Jeez, Slats," he said, "if they block that entrance, we're sunk."

"They won't," Slats told him. Then he turned to Tony. "Tomorrow night you park here. When the lights go up the second time, let that crock roll down the hill. And be sure it crashes into that culvert. See?"

I got out the binoculars. I could see the telephone wires leading down one corner. That was what I was looking for.

Max Wilson thought he had the place perfectly protected. There was two State Troopers there every night, and only members or the hired help could even get in past those gatemen. They had been on the door in Max's old speaks, and they never went wrong on a face.

But Slats found the way. He found it in a society item that said that John Howell would entertain at the Fletcher party after the show at Crestwood that night.

Sticking up the world's most expensive night club on its anniversary night ought to bring more than birdseed. It was our first job east of Cleveland. Grogan in Chicago knew us, me in particular. But the bulls in New York didn't have a darned thing on us. It was a perfect set-up.

AT ten thirty we parked the car off the road a half mile from the gate and walked back toward the club. We climbed over the wall and got right up close. When the lights went down for the first number on the program, we got up on the terrace, right outside the French windows that led into the main dining room. Our hats are pulled down, and we got handkerchiefs around our faces.

A babe who was singing gets a good hand, does another number, and goes off. Then the lights come on again. The M. C. introduces John Howell. He's the guy that's going to help us, only he don't know it yet.

Howell sits down at the piano and imitates some opera stuff. It sounds to me just like what I heard at the Hippodrome the time Tony drug me there with him. But the customers like to die laughing. In the second half of his act, he puts on different kinds of mustaches and glasses and starts imitating Frogs and Wops and Heinies and Englishmen, and he sure is funny.

The lights go up again. About thirty seconds later we hear a gosh-awful crash from the road. Like Slats had figured, the two cops kick the starters on their bikes and roar off toward the gate. By the time they get there, though, Tony's on his way back to town.

The other three step inside then, and I fade. I hear Slats' voice, and one dame gives a little scream. I head right for the telephone wire and cut it. Then I head back to the front door.

I ain't there two minutes before this Howell guy comes sprinting downstairs. He don't even see me, but I step out and stop him. "Hold it, buddy," I says.

He looks at me funny. "What is this?"

I motion with the cannon in my pocket. "There's a stick-up goin' on inside, and if you don't want to wind up starin' at grass roots from the bottom, do what I say. Go to your car. I know which one it is." I've already spotted it in front of his apartment house in New York.

I make him get behind the wheel, and I slide in beside him. The motor is going and the car is in front of the door when the boys come out and pile in. Slats is carryin' a tablecloth full of stuff.

"O. K.," I tell Howell. "Head for the entrance, and don't try to tip off the gateman. He won't try to stop you. He knows your car."

Slats asked, "Get the phone, Joe?"

"Yeah. How you make out?"

"O. K."

We're at the gate by then, and the guy in charge just waves his hand at Howell. We was all sittin' kind of low.

"Turn left," I say. Left was toward our hack and away from the wreck.

Howell shifts into high and says, "You boys certainly figured the job out nicely, but how'd you happen to count on me?"

"We read the society news," I tell him. "If you're goin' to put on your act twenty miles away tonight, we figure you'll leave right after you're through at the club."

"Smart," he says.

I make him stop where the jaloppy's parked, and the boys pile out. I pull my roscoe. I says, "I'm afraid Mr. Fletcher's guests ain't goin' to be entertained tonight." I slaps him over the conk with the butt, and I bet we're in New York before he comes to.

Well, there it is—the perfect job.

We lay low for a while, though, living separate. Then, when the heat's off, we all go down with Slats to a fence he's contacted.

This fence's front is a cigar store on Second Avenue, and we're all in the back room with the guy. Slats dumps the ice on a green-covered table. We ought to get a hundred grand out of it easy.

Then, all of a sudden, the room is full of cops. They had the bracelets on us before we even know what is happening.

When they're booking us, Slats asks the sergeant, "How'd you get us, anyway?"

The bull jerks a thumb at me. "Joe, here, has had tails on him night and day for two weeks, but we were waiting to get all of you."

"I thought you didn't have no record in the East," Slats barks at me.

"I ain't," I tell him.

"No," the bull says. "Grogan out in Chicago sent his picture on to me. Sent some dope on you other boys, too."

He goes out and comes back in a minute with a portable phonograph. He puts a record on. "Here's the saddest music you'll hear for a long time, Joe," he says.

It's my own damned voice that comes out of the thing. "Hold it, buddy," it says. "There's a stick-up . . . and if you don't want to wind up starin' at grass roots from the bottom, do what I say. Go to your car. I know which one it is. . . . O. K. . . . Head for the entrance, and don't try to tip off the gateman. He won't try to stop you. . . . We read the society news. If you're goin' to put on your act twenty miles away tonight, we figure you'll leave right after you're through at the club. . . . I'm afraid Mr. Fletcher's guests ain't goin' to be entertained tonight . . ."

The bull turned it off. "We had copies made of the record and shipped them out over the country. Grogan heard it and sent us your files, Joe.

"You boys were clever. But next time, Joe, don't talk too much. Especially to an impersonator as clever as John Howell."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

THE shelter where Mary lay was built, most probably, of olivewood or cedar. Probably parts of the walls were thatched, like the roof, with twigs and coarse grass interwoven. No doubt the shepherds brought her ewes' milk to drink, and a flat loaf of unleavened bread such as the Arabs eat today. It must have been cold there, that December night nineteen hundred-odd years ago, just as it is cold at night in Bethlehem now. Snow may have fallen, as it often does at this time of year. Mary would surely have been wrapped in sheepskin and rough black felt of the same sort still worn by poor people in that region of the world."

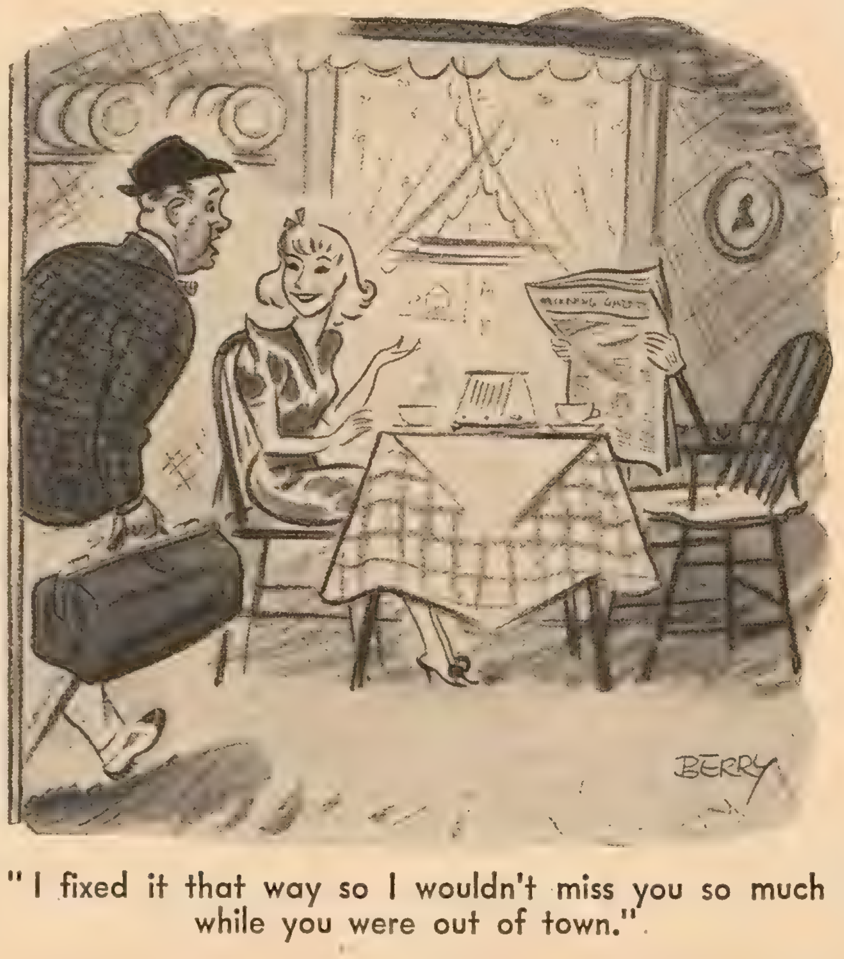
I quote from a vivid word picture given to me by Sholem Asch—one of our greatest living authorities on the history of life at the time of the birth of Christ. Mr. Asch's new book, The Nazarene, transcends all prejudices of creed or race. Scholarship comes first when humanity's greatest events are concerned. I asked Mr. Asch for more details. He said: "The garments that clothed her were made of hand-loomed linen, closely resembling our modern hop sacking. It is unlikely the shepherds took any money for their care of her, but if money appeared, it was in the smallest denominations of iron or brass coins, size of your fingernail, bearing symbols of palm leaves, grapes, or sheaves of wheat. But there is little chance that Joseph had any money. He hired himself out as a carpenter's helper to pay for food at the inn, where there was no room for the Holy Family because all the people of Judea had been summoned, in a crowd, for the Roman census, which was, of course, a tax-collecting procedure."

"There was no room!"

On December 25 people everywhere in the world will celebrate the Christ Day. The story of His nativity will be retold in many tongues. Perhaps the circumstances of His own birth, as told Him by His parents, stirred Him first to that pity He lavished so freely upon all for whom there is no room in a crowded world.

Now, at a time darkened by dreadful shadows, we need more than ever to retell this beautiful story in every home.

☆ Christmas candles wax ever prettier in new variety. Along with fruit-shaped candles from California, we now have birch-log candles, and water-lily candles to use as floating illumination for an all-white table scheme. . . . More scientific is the latest electric lamplet, no larger than a cigarette, from which comes light as bright as *twenty-five million* Christmas candles. But I am glad to say that novelty is not on the market yet. Like many new wonders, its serviceability remains to be tested.

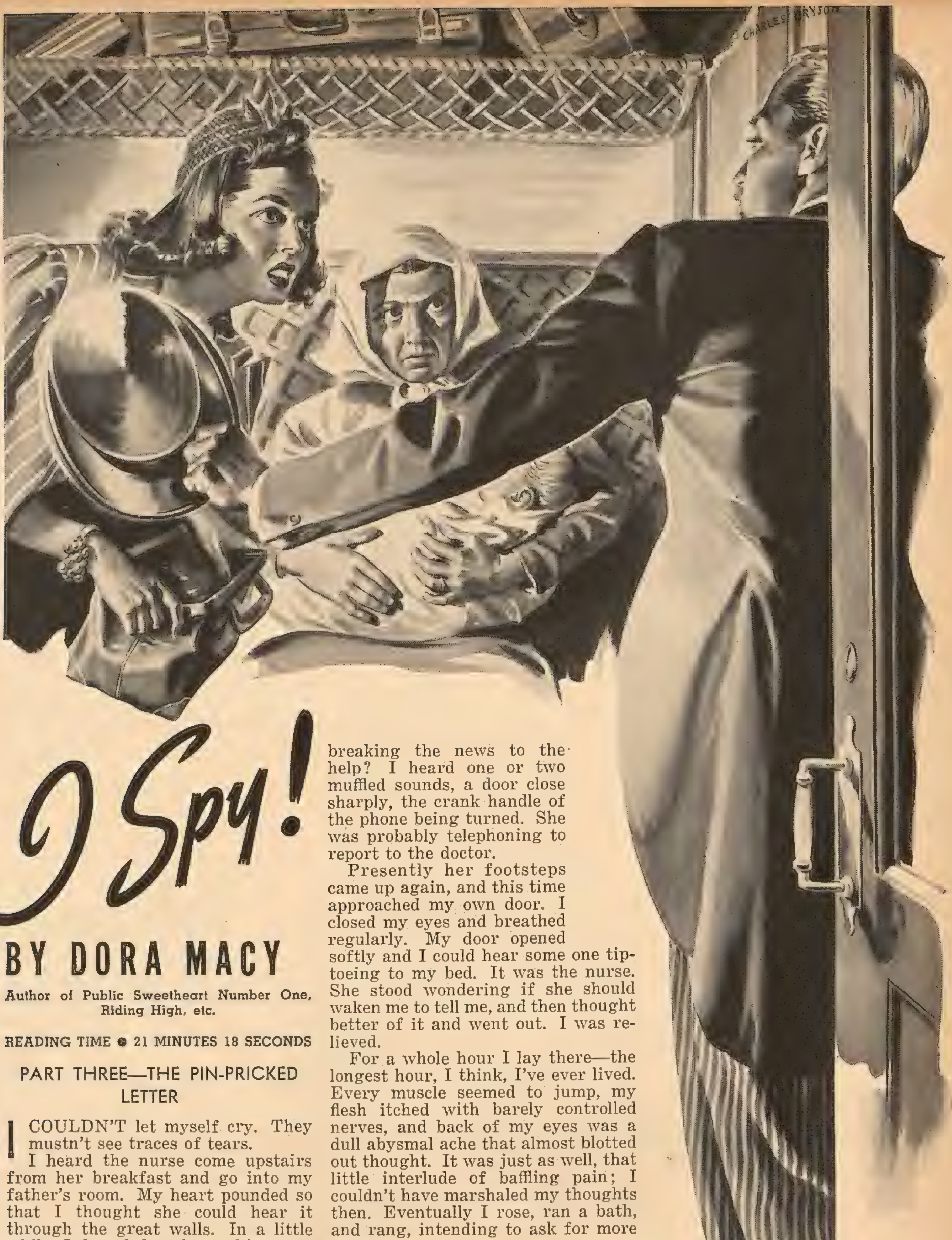


"I fixed it that way so I wouldn't miss you so much while you were out of town."

☆ Superb carols are sung in private on Christmas Eve at the New York studio of Lauritz Melchior, Metropolitan Opera star. He and his wife, Maria, give an annual Christmas Eve party for singers stranded far from home. This year *Stille Nacht* will be chorused there by the famous voices of Elisabeth Rethberg, Friedrich Schorr, Ezio Pinza, Herbert Jannsen, Melchior himself. Don't you wish we could all tune in? . . . Days before the party, Melchior invades the kitchen to prepare almond-paste portraits of his friends. All lights except those on the Christmas tree are turned off when the illustrious company starts singing. Fire may break out on the tree; but nobody fears it, since Melchior has more than once demonstrated his ability to extinguish the blaze with one quick *pouf* from his tremendous lungs.

☆ Last-minute Christmas-book suggestions: Beverley Nichols' town gardening book, Green Grows the City. (Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc., $2.50.) . . . The Book of Indoor Hobbies, by Emanuele Stieri. (Whittlesey House, $3.) . . . The Bible Cross Word Puzzle Book, by S. K. Davis. (Two volumes, $1 each, published by Wilde.)

☆ Here's a *Wartime Christmas Cake* harking back to our own Civil War days. I'm told it was first baked, seventy-three years ago this Christmas, to send to a wounded officer hospitalized in Washington. You'll find the recipe unusual, rich, and festive, and the cake delicious. . . . Start by mixing ingredients together in the following order: 1½ cups slightly warmed molasses, ½ cup butter combined with ½ cup lard, 1 cup quince or peach preserve, 1 cup finely chopped nuts, ¾ cup shredded candied orange peel, ½ cup shredded candied lemon peel, 3 cups seeded raisins. Now stir in 5 cups sifted flour to which you have added 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon allspice, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, pinch of salt, 3 level tablespoons baking powder, 2 well beaten eggs, and, last of all, 1½ cups thin apple sauce. Stir vigorously for 5 minutes. Grease a deep cake pan; line with greased and floured paper; fill with cake mixture; bake 1½ to 1¾ hours in slow oven. After cake has cooled, spread with white frosted icing; decorate with nut meats and candied orange peel. Let stand 24 hours before cutting.



"Mrs. Potter wants you at once!" He bowed stiffly to the native mother and stood back for me.

I Spy!

BY DORA MACY

Author of Public Sweetheart Number One, Riding High, etc.

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

PART THREE—THE PIN-PRICKED LETTER

I COULDN'T let myself cry. They mustn't see traces of tears.

I heard the nurse come upstairs from her breakfast and go into my father's room. My heart pounded so that I thought she could hear it through the great walls. In a little while I heard her leave his room again and go downstairs. I strained every nerve to hear. Surely she was breaking the news to the help? I heard one or two muffled sounds, a door close sharply, the crank handle of the phone being turned. She was probably telephoning to report to the doctor.

Presently her footsteps came up again, and this time approached my own door. I closed my eyes and breathed regularly. My door opened softly and I could hear some one tiptoeing to my bed. It was the nurse. She stood wondering if she should waken me to tell me, and then thought better of it and went out. I was relieved.

For a whole hour I lay there—the longest hour, I think, I've ever lived. Every muscle seemed to jump, my flesh itched with barely controlled nerves, and back of my eyes was a dull abysmal ache that almost blotted out thought. It was just as well, that little interlude of baffling pain; I couldn't have marshaled my thoughts then. Eventually I rose, ran a bath, and rang, intending to ask for more tea.

There was a long delay before my bell was answered, and then it was

Swiftly now a bewildered girl with a deadly secret plunges into a strange maze of mystery and terror

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

HESTER DILLON is the twenty-year-old daughter of an American military attaché in his country's embassy somewhere in middle Europe. In 1934, Arthur Forsythe, who had fought in the World War with Colonel Dillon, becomes his secretary, and Hester, full of romantic dreams, adores him one moment, and thinks him too old and staid another. But Arthur falls deeply in love with her.

The girl is secretly worried when the secretary reveals that her father was engaged in espionage work during 1917-18. Certain signs make her fear that both men are in the same business now. When they are transferred to a post in a country rife with conspiracy and suppression, Hester grows still more apprehensive, and welcomes an invitation to Baroness de Laume's house party in France. At the last moment Colonel Dillon's duties prevent him from going. Not liking the set-up at all, Arthur nevertheless drives Hester part way on her journey.

They stop at an inn for refreshment. Almost immediately two officers arrive and begin to insult Hester with foul language and epithets. Then Arthur's eyes get queer. Evidently his drink has been drugged. But he rallies enough to slip Hester a fountain pen, whispering to guard it with her very life, and attacks the offensive officers. Police enter and arrest Arthur for drunken assault, and in the excitement Hester loses her purse with the pen in it! However, it is returned, and she is compelled to complete her journey alone.

Her enjoyment of the baroness' party and ball is ruined of course, and when word comes that her father has had a bad fall, she decides to fly back home at once. Henri Croillard, whom she meets at the chateau, is most sympathetic, and Hester feels herself fascinated. He assures her of mysterious protection.

Arriving home, she finds her worst fears confirmed. Her father is dying. He hardly has time to warn her about "bacteria bombs," that he fears Arthur is "lost," and that she must go right back to the United States, before he expires in her arms. But to others she reveals nothing of what she suspects or knows. She intends to carry on!

---

answered by the nurse. Her face was distressed; she genuinely regretted breaking the news. I crossed to her quickly and grasped her arm.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked.

"Yes," she nodded, and put her arm around me. "Poor little child, you must be brave."

"My father?"

"He died in his sleep," she said. "I discovered it when I came up from breakfast."

I could give in to my emotions now. I could moan and cry, and what a relief it was, after all the unnatural suppression of my grief!

The nurse gave me aromatic spirits of ammonia in water, and it did help greatly. She started to put me to bed, but I protested. I wanted to see my father. Over and over I kept saying, "I wish I had seen him, spoken to him! Oh, father!"

The nurse went with me to his room, but when I knelt beside the bed and pressed his dead hand against my cheek, I asked her to leave me alone with him.

Poor dear hand that would never again caress me. Poor dear father, who had been ruthlessly killed off because of work which he considered good. What was that work? Desperately important surely, if they would go to these lengths to eliminate Arthur and then father. Something vital, and fearful too, if Henri, in another country, should know all about it and be able to promise that agents around me would help.

But how would I know them as true agents or representatives? How would I ever know they weren't falsely trying to befriend me only to betray me? How did I really know—in spite of my great attraction to him, that Henri was friend and not foe? In the meantime, how should I behave all alone—not knowing whom I might safely speak to or advise with? How could I bear it? If I only had Arthur—good old warm-hearted pal and friend, who loved me and could guide me! Surely he'd be released soon—even if he were deported in disgrace. We could go back to our own country, figure this out together, and perhaps settle down in loving peace in a home of our own.

But until I saw Arthur and knew he was by my side, where was I going to get the courage? All my silly resolutions of the morning seemed too much for me. I was too young and too much alone, too surrounded by danger. I could go back to the States—even alone—and settle down quietly in some peaceful place, far away from all this entanglement and intrigue. I could lead a simple normal life on what little my father had left me.

But I knew I wouldn't. I knew, as my tears wet those dead fingers, that I wouldn't. I couldn't. Most of my youth I had lived in European capitals, in the shadow of world politics. I was the daughter of a man who had literally given his life for his country. The man who loved me had given more than his life for his country, and was suffering for it now. And, what is more, how could I live peacefully in some little quiet place in the States after meeting Henri and knowing what I knew about him?

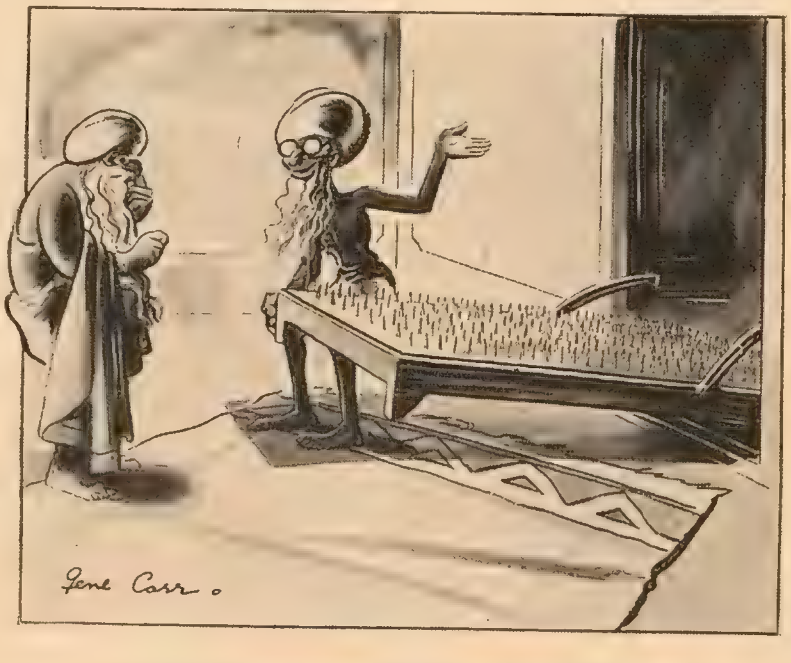
Because I was in love with Henri. I knew it, and I was convinced that he was doing a very great work, which I wanted to know more about and wanted to be a part of, because my father must have been a part of it. How I wished I had been able to tell father about Henri—to tell him that I had found the man I could love. I felt guilty thinking such thoughts, because dimly I was afraid of Henri. It had a strange quality, that fear. It was the fear of being dominated, possessed beyond any will power of my own—like a strong magnet.

I was fairly calm when the nurse came back and pleaded with me to go to bed. She wanted to give me a sleeping tablet, but I refused. I just wanted to lie and stare blankly at the ceiling and try to figure, in a strangely calm mood, everything I intended to do.

What about the fountain pen? I had intended to give it to father. There was no one else here—surely not the chargé d'affaires—to whom I would entrust it. Should I attempt to get in touch with Henri, and tell him about it—let him handle it?

Hardly. What did I really know about him? His personal attraction and his actual work were two different things. I had no right to give the pen to any one without Arthur's permission or knowledge. All I could do was wait—until I found out when Arthur might be released, or when I might see him or write him.

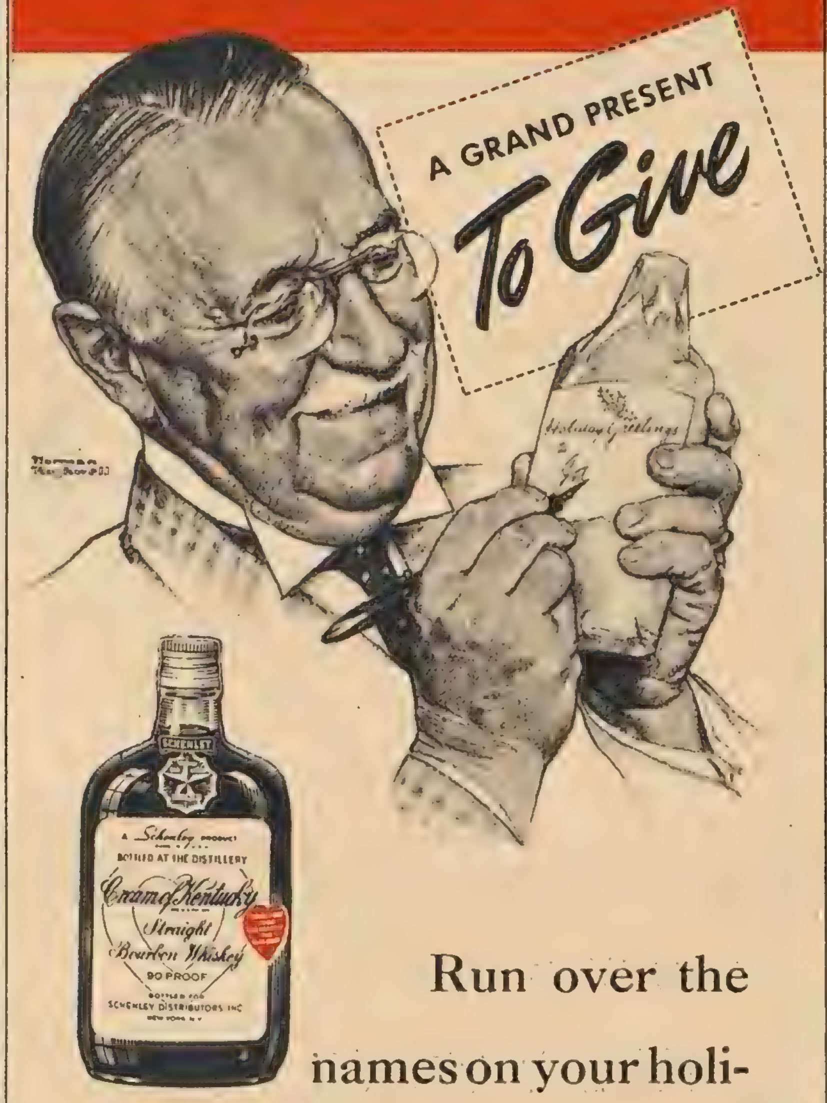
The whole household was sympathetic. The servants seemed to weep more than I, and they were very kind to me. It was a weeping country; I had always said that about their music and their literature. Now the servants seemed grateful for a reason to cry, and their somber drama was a strange relief to me. The doctor came back and pronounced death due to heart disease. I pretended to be very naive. I agreed with the doctor that my father had been overworking for years, and I didn't feel he was as strong as he thought. They all seemed to breathe a sigh of relief that I took it that way. The American doctor didn't come, but I didn't question this.



"See! The whole thing lets down and becomes a bed."

(Continued on page 26)

There's a DOUBLE *reason why you'll like this* "DOUBLE-RICH" *Bourbon!*

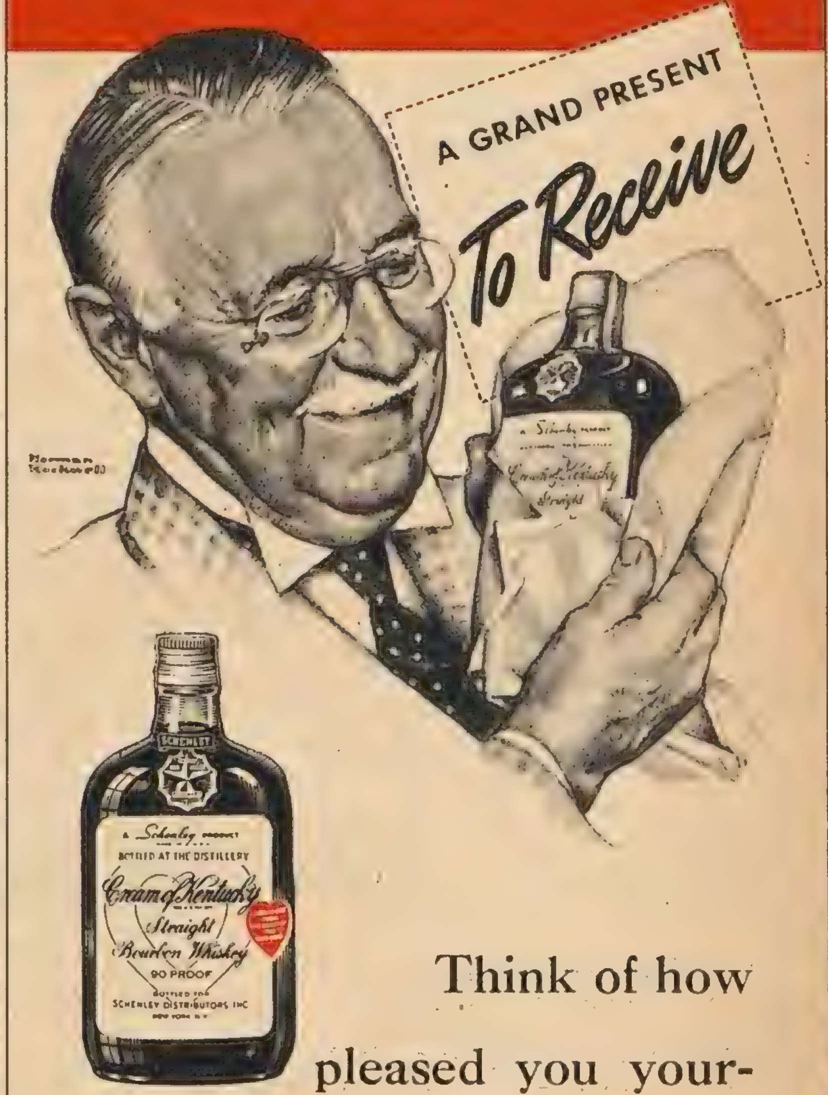

A GRAND PRESENT
To Give
Holiday Greetings
SCHENLEY
A Schenley Product
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS INC
NEW YORK N.Y.

Run over the names on your holiday shopping list... and just *think* of the number of friends you could delight... by giving them a bottle of the world's favorite straight Bourbon!

SCHENLEY'S
Cream of Kentucky
STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the Mark of Merit

There's a DOUBLE *reason why you'll like this* "DOUBLE-RICH" *Bourbon!*


A GRAND PRESENT
To Receive
SCHENLEY
A Schenley Product
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS INC
NEW YORK N.Y.

Think of how pleased you yourself would be . . . to open a holiday package and find that a friend or someone in your family had given *you* the "makings" of *"Double-Rich"* drinks!

SCHENLEY'S
Cream of Kentucky
STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY

Copr. 1939, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

(Continued from page 24)

Cyrus Potter, the chargé d'affaires who ran the embassy in the ambassador's absence, came to the house and took care of all details. It was arranged that father's body would be shipped back on a United States battleship. He would, of course, have a military funeral back home.

He had a right, that chargé d'affaires, to go through my father's desk. He had a right to take official papers, of course. I wouldn't have dared to question him anyway. Nor would I have dared to have talked to him in that house of what was on my mind. He tried to be very kind, but he was a difficult man at best. He realized, he said, that I was alone in the world now. He would arrange for me to sail home on the same battleship. I thanked him as best I could, and asked him, meaningly, for an appointment to talk to him in his office. He stated a time with barely controlled irritation.

It was a good thing there was so much to do in the next few days. Father's body was removed to an undertaking establishment. All the wives and daughters of officials came to call and most of them were very helpful. How seldom do people think of these voluntary exiles who spend their lives in one country after another, battling strange customs, native servants, difficult climates, and pinchpenny economies in the face of having to put on a serene show worthy of their government. These women were wise in the ways of alien lands, of living private lives publicly—and without their kind offices I doubt if I could ever have muddled through those days.

A high official of the government called on me to express his country's sympathy. It was being arranged to have a guard of honor accompany the coffin to the boat. I thanked him, while I wanted to cry out in protest. A guard of honor indeed! They could murder my father and give him a guard of honor to escort his remains out of the country!

At the appointed time—after three postponements!—I went to see Cyrus Potter. The visit was all-important to me. I had rehearsed and schemed for it all the wakeful hours of the nights. Nobody was going to overhear me, so I insisted upon writing what I had to say and handing him the piece of paper. He was more than a little impatient with my show of secrecy. Yet, strangely enough, he tore up my paper and also wrote his answer. His mouth contracted angrily as he wrote; but I noticed his harsh eyes avoided mine. I think I can remember his scrawl, word for word:

"Ridiculous, and never express such a suspicion to any one else. As a matter of fact, your father's activities had been questionable for some time, and his affairs would not bear looking into. I warn you, you might bring dishonor on him if you start an investigation."

I read it and stared at him with disbelief and loathing. He flinched under my look. I didn't know until years later, when he sought me out to ease his conscience, that at the moment that man's heart ached for me. The service to one's country often demands cruel measures. He couldn't permit me to go about stirring up inquiries that might disturb diplomatic relations, and to forestall that, he gave me to understand that my father's memory might be grossly dishonored if there were too close an investigation into his activities.

"I embroidered it, dear. It takes away the bareness."

But at the moment I could only bend over the page and write with a trembling hand:

"I don't believe a word of it, and you know you don't."

He shook his head angrily as he read it, but he wrote with determination under my writing:

"You are too young to understand, and I hate to add to your grief, but the whole situation is so wretched that perhaps this was his way out."

That stunned me. That left me helpless. He would dare to intimate suicide! This man had always disliked my father. They had never gotten along well together. . . .

But I had one more question to ask him, and that was why they had called in a native doctor instead of the American doctor who always attended father. When Mr. Potter told me my father had asked for the native doctor, I couldn't believe it. I felt certain that he was lying to me, but how could I prove anything? Obviously I was going to get nowhere with this underling.

All I could do was control myself. No use making the scene I burned to give voice to. No use exploding. Might as well learn from the start the old, old difficult lesson of keeping emotion in leash. The oftener you can control a natural impulse, the quicker you learn to play poker-face. But I would make somebody understand some day.

There remained only one more thing I had to know, and it was important enough for me to kill the impulse to get up and run from his office.

"What is being done for Arthur?" I asked. "Where is he?"

I watched the chargé d'affaires as he tore all our scribbled correspondence into minute pieces.

"How can I get in touch with him before I leave?" I insisted.

"You can't," he shrugged. "He's being held incommunicado."

"But can't you get him out? Can't you do anything?"

"Why should I?" he said wearily. "If he was fool enough, hotheaded enough, to get himself in such a scrape as to be arrested for drunkenly assaulting an officer, then he must take his punishment. All that I can do is apologize to the government."

"But you know it was a frame-up," I said.

He shook his head with an exasperated smile.

"My dear young lady, you have about the most highly imaginative mind I have ever come across."

Futile! What use to tell him how it happened? He had his official story and he would listen to nothing else. Evidently nobody was going to lift a finger for Arthur; he was a sacrificial goat!

"How long a sentence will it be?" I mumbled, heavy-hearted. "When will he get out?"

"Four months," he said matter-of-factly. "At which time he will be deported. He has already been automatically dismissed from the diplomatic service."

I shook my head, stunned. There was no feeling at all, no heart in this man. Not in him or in the game he felt he had to play, whether he liked it or not.

I went back home feeling licked. Perhaps it would be different in Washington. Perhaps I would be heard there. There were higher people to appeal to than a mere chargé d'affaires.

But Cyrus Potter had given me to understand that my father's activities had been reprehensible. In fact his intimation had been that they were dishonorable. Getting routine information, however cleverly ferreted, was one thing for a member of a legation, but actual spy work of any sort would naturally be a grievous and serious charge. I realized I was in a situation. If my father and Arthur had been—as evidently they had—engaged in any such activities, naturally the government would deny any knowledge. They might even be accused of doing it for personal reasons; perhaps even suspected of selling information to other governments.

All this was serious enough to contemplate in relation to my dead father, but when it came to considering it in relation to Arthur, that was even more horrible. Arthur was living, and the suffering that might be brought to him made me panic-stricken.

There was a wire waiting for me at home from the baroness:

IF YOU WOULD FIND ME OF ANY
COMFORT DARLING CHILD I WILL SAIL
HOME WITH YOU IF YOU WILL MEET
ME IN PARIS IRENE DE LAUME

And I answered it gratefully. Glad, glad to have some friend to turn to, glad to go home with the companionship of a sympathetic woman on a regular ship instead of a battleship, the very atmosphere of which would aggravate my incessant thoughts.

I heard from Henri, too, later in the day, but the wire came from London, and said only "Deepest sympathy." Why didn't he say more? Why didn't he, too, offer to see me before I left? Was he afraid to say more? Surely he would get a further message to me some way.

I phoned the chargé d'affaires and asked him if I might change the plans, and got his permission to fly to France after seeing the coffin on the battleship. My presence at that ceremony seemed to be required. But I had something to look forward to now, and I turned to the tasks at hand with mounting excitement.

The night of my father's death I had gone through his office at home with infinite care. I wasn't allowed, of course, to go through his office at the chancellery. That was done for me, and what personal things he had there had already been delivered to me and boxed up. Also, they had delivered to me everything personal that he had kept in the embassy safe.

But I found nothing whatsoever to give me any knowledge of the secret father had obtained. I suppose I shouldn't have expected to find anything. Certainly he wouldn't keep it around loose. He would find a less accessible place to conceal it, or perhaps he had passed it on and kept no duplicates. Maybe his enemies had had access long before I. After all, they had practically had control of this house since my absence and father's accident.

Of one thing I felt certain: There was nobody here to whom I could entrust Arthur's fountain pen—nobody that I would speak to about it, for when it all boiled down, there was nobody I felt I could trust.

But I packed each thing with minute care, in case later it should prove important. I didn't want any one ever to say that through ignorance I had destroyed any part of a vital work.

Cyrus Potter had warned me that Arthur Forsythe was being held incommunicado. It would be foolhardy for me to attempt to get in touch with him, and I was smart enough, through great self-control, to hold my own council and make no inquiries about him. But as the day came closer for leaving the country and leaving Arthur behind, I was tortured beyond description. My heart yearned for him, and through very frustration I seemed distracted with the need of reaching him in some way and learning something of his fate.

I could never describe the relief that accompanied my receiving a message from him. I was returning from a duty visit to Mrs. Cyrus Potter's home, and was using a local taxicab because my father's car had been taken away that morning. As we rolled up my own driveway and the car slowed down, I noticed that the chauffeur turned and looked at me with a markedly eloquent stare. Slowly he climbed out and opened the door for me, and as I leaned forward to get out, he put in my hand a tightly folded envelope. I glanced at him, but his face was stonily expressionless as he held out his hand for the fare. I took his cue, paid him off, and went into the house without saying anything.

In my room, alone, I read the letter. It was written on a page torn out of a large book—laboriously written between the printed lines and along the margin. The words were pricked with a pin or some sharp point and printed with infinite care. Only by holding the page up to the light could I slowly make them out, and I found

What a blade, the Thin Gillette!
Gives quicker shaves, and cheapest yet—
No scrape, no smart. And listen, squire—
It gives you "umph" that gals admire!
Protect your skin from irritation caused by misfit blades
THIN Gillette BLADES
Gillette
4 BLADES 10¢
4 for 10c
8 for 19c
The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

myself trembling feverishly as I realized the message was from Arthur.

My mind galloped. That meant he had some friend in the jail—some one who would help him get through a message. Maybe there really were sympathetic agents, as Henri promised, who were watching over us and our interests.

I memorized the message, of course, before I destroyed it, but it is so long ago and I have memorized so many messages in code since, that I cannot repeat that message verbatim. Arthur began by telling me he was decently treated, and for me not to worry and to put no credence in horror stories. Also that he had hope of being freed before his full term. He had heard of my father's death and was taking this great risk to reach me. I must give the fountain pen to some one who would approach me before I had left the country. This person would speak a word so intimate to Arthur and me that I would recognize him without doubt. . . .

I frowned. What would that word be? "Pivot tooth," perhaps? Or the word "unromantic"? Oh, well, my heart would tell me when the word was spoken. There was so little time left to meet anybody; I was leaving very shortly. The letter went on to urge me to leave the country, to return to the States, to stay there, as far away from any official life or connections as possible.

I destroyed every trace of the letter. Any minute now I might meet somebody who would come from Arthur, or through Arthur, and to whom I must give the fountain pen. And, what was even more heartening, this person, being friendly, would bring to Arthur a return message from me. My heart swelled with affection and pity for him. I wanted to tell him how much I loved him. In that moment Henri and his strange fascination for me went overboard. I knew in my heart that Arthur was the right one—the good and true one—the one man for me. I could not wait to send word that I loved him without reservation, and as soon as he was out and free, I would marry him as he wished.

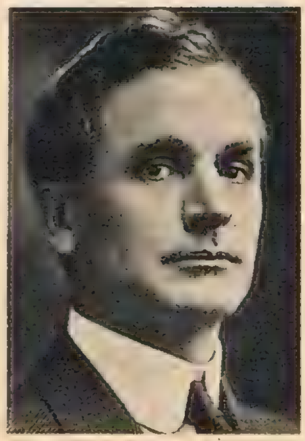
I CAN'T begin to describe the tedious farce of a ceremony preceding the shipment of my father's body. To me it was torture. It was an impressive and dignified ceremony, but I wondered what father would think of it . . . poor brave martyr. . . .

It was on the trip back from this ceremony that I got the message I had been waiting for. It came from a most unlooked-for source. I was traveling in a compartment on the train journey from the port back to the capital, with Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Potter, who of course had attended the ceremony. When I left them to go to the ladies' room, I was spoken to by a woman who was having difficulty with a wailing baby. She dropped the infant's bonnet as I passed, and I picked it up and handed it to her. She thanked me casually and spoke with weary chagrin of all the trouble the baby was causing. I offered to help and found myself sitting beside her, searching through her smelly bag for a pacifier while she held the infant. Then she leaned toward me as I bent over her satchel. She caught hold of my hand with a firm grip.

"*I will give you time to grow up!*" she said in broken English, stressing every word meaningly. My eyes widened. This, then, was the message that I would recognize from Arthur! I nodded without speaking, but she knew I understood.

"Put it, the object, in my satchel there," she said, and immediately straightened up to attend to her baby.

20 QUESTIONS



1—He was a captain of the Fourth Tennessee Infantry during the Spanish-American War, but even before that he had started the political career that finally gave him a Cabinet position. When this picture was taken in 1908 he had served in Congress for a year. Who is he?

2—What is a common characteristic of lichens, orchids, and mistletoe?

3—Where are the Andaman, Aland, and Aleutian islands?

4—What is the name for a book made of sheets each folded once?

5—When "the caissons go rolling along," what do they carry?

6—In what state is there a town named Santa Claus?

7—Did the United States acquire the Canal Zone by payment or seizure?

8—What is the definition of an encyclical?

9—Who are the presidents of Columbia University and the University of Chicago?

10—What anniversary of moving pictures is being celebrated this year?

11—Is "Jap mink" a type of mink or a trade name for another fur?

12—What is the primary function of an aileron on an airplane?

13—The mineral halite is more generally known by what name?

14—When was the United States' Open Door policy in China recognized by treaty?

15—What is the mathematical value to two decimal places of pi, denoting the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter?

16—Who served but one month of his term as President of the United States?

17—What is the most obvious characteristic of a Manx cat?

18—Who wrote the poem that starts, "'Twas the night before Christmas"?

19—What state was the last to enter the Union?

20—What cartoonist draws the Metropolitan Movies?

(Answers will be found on page 62)

I bent further over the satchel and prepared to fumble in my own purse for the fountain pen. At that moment I felt a hand at my shoulder. I looked up, to find Cyrus Potter staring at me most disapprovingly. He spoke with brisk, curt command:

"Mrs. Potter wants to see you at once!"

Then he bowed stiffly to the native mother and stood back for me to precede him to our compartment.

I was angry and thwarted, and wondered how on earth he had guessed, how much he knew, and how I could circumvent him and again get back to the woman.

Inside the compartment, however, it was obvious that Mrs. Potter had not sent for me. She was leaning back in her chair, a handkerchief over her face, napping. I glanced angrily at the chargé d'affaires, and took my allotted seat. He whipped out a notebook and wrote fast and furious, tore off a page and handed it to me.

"I am watching closely until you leave the country, because of suspicions that have come up. Whatever your connection with the woman I found you with, I feel compelled to explain to you that she is the wife of one of your father's chief adversaries, and obviously her posing as a peasant woman is a trap. I cannot warn you too sharply to have a care with whom you deal, and I plead with you to deal with no one until you leave this country. I have no wish to help or further your father's activities, nor to become involved with Arthur Forsythe, but I feel responsible for you until you are out of my jurisdiction. And I am far more your friend than you believe."

I glanced at him, my eyes filled with tears. Whom or what was I to believe?

WOULD you like a hand of Russian bank, my dear?" he suggested, and I nodded, unable to speak. I tore up his note into tiny pieces and, with a nod of permission from him, put the scraps into the cuspidor.

But while he was getting out a board and the cards, my heart was desolate. Was I again disobeying Arthur and failing him? Whom was I to believe? Was the peasant woman really a peasant or, as Cyrus Potter said, a fraud? Why was Cyrus Potter himself being more friendly than he would or could declare himself? Was he perhaps really sympathetic and saving me from a ghastly error? How was one ever to play this game when one couldn't know whom or what to believe? And then he said something else to me that made me more confused and bewildered than ever.

"If you have had any message recently that meant a great deal to you," he said while I was dealing, "please believe me, it was faked. When I told you Arthur was incommunicado I meant it—beyond any chance."

My heart chilled. Did he mean Arthur was—*dead?*

But when I turned to him, his eyes were lowered. He was busily dealing cards. He lit a cigarette and blew out some smoke with a heavy sigh.

"I know how you feel," he said softly. "You don't know what to believe. Shall we play a dollar a game?"

Is Cyrus Potter playing the enemy's game, or is he helping Hester in her plight? Has Arthur been killed? Can Hester hold on to that fountain pen? What and whose move is it on this chessboard of nations? Get next week's Liberty for clues and startling revelations in this great story of espionage and high stakes.

Why it costs Less to be generous this year

1. Every year you like to be as generous as possible with your gift-giving. And this year you can *outdo* yourself—without straining the budget.

For *this* year you can give every man on your list something he'll really prize . . . a Christmas package of Paul Jones.

At its new greatly-reduced price, Paul Jones is still exactly the same "expensive whiskey" that recently cost much more . . . still *DRY* . . . still *ALL* whiskey, every drop.

2. Then, too, this is the time of year when you enjoy being extra-generous with your hospitality. It's the time of year when you just naturally insist on serving a really *fine* whiskey.

In past years that always ran into money—but this year it needn't. For *this* year you can serve "expensive" Paul Jones at its new, low price. Your guests will hail its brisk, unsweet *DRYNESS* . . . its tangy, *all-whiskey* goodness.

3. Finally, now that everybody else is taken care of—there's *you*. During the holidays you certainly ought to shower a little generosity on *yourself*. And *this* year you can easily afford to.

You can put on your new smoking jacket . . . light up your favorite old pipe . . . and settle back with a grand *DRY* drink of Paul Jones. In fact, Paul Jones is now priced so low you'll resolve to enjoy it the whole year through.

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

BUY

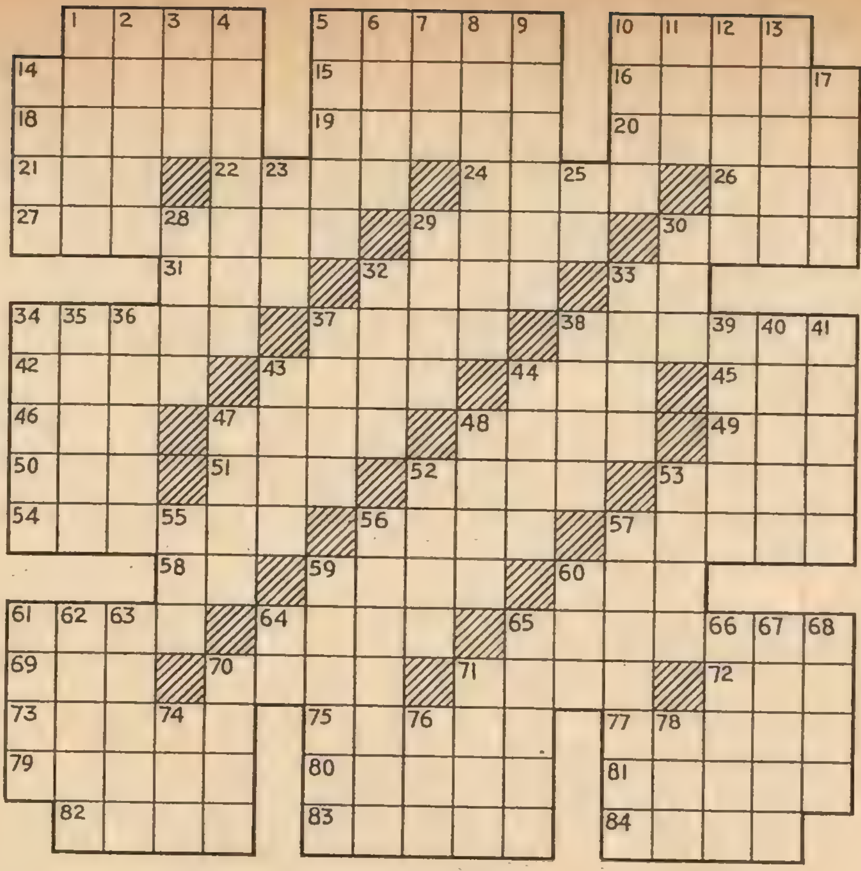
Paul Jones

AT ITS NEW LOW PRICE

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin



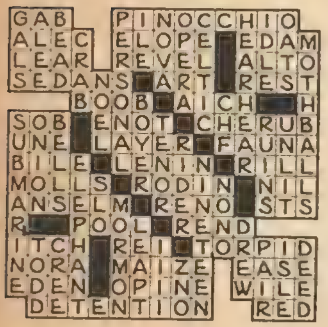
HORIZONTAL

1 Massive
5 Egg-shaped
10 Greedy
14 Pertaining to character of sound
15 Landed estate of a nobleman
16 Part of the lower jaw
18 Spring up
19 Exultant
20 Silly
21 Mass together
22 Ridge left by mowers
24 Among
26 Command to horses, etc.
27 Football teams
29 Long cut
30 Article of furniture
31 Purpose
32 Mineral
33 3.1416
34 Allied to the civet cat
37 Sinless
38 Sympathetic
42 Assert
43 Draw near
44 Distant
45 Tangled bunch
46 Established principle
47 Tree trunk
48 Muck
49 Commotion
50 Poem
51 Beverage
52 Christmas
53 Prevaricated
54 Patchy baldness
56 Leg covering
57 Perception
58 Us
59 At this place
60 Edict
61 Spoken
64 Breakwater
65 Intoxicates
69 Vitality
70 Prefix: half
71 Minstrel
72 Before
73 Foil
75 Bitter
77 Toil
79 Rosin
80 Himalayan antelope
81 Delete
82 Written title
83 Growing out
84 Sandy tract by the sea (Eng.)

VERTICAL

1 Hourly
2 Join
3 Talk (slang)
4 Ingredient
5 Auguries
6 Valley
7 Prefix: again
8 Entirely
9 Pertaining to sandy regions
10 Parched
11 Truck
12 Counterpart
13 Heaps of sand
14 Subdued
17 Inquire for
23 Conjunction
25 Pronoun
28 Vacillate
29 Cheap disposal of goods
30 Vague
32 Large book
33 Unadulterated
34 Kind of dance
35 Elude
36 Part of a rail
37 Cavity
38 Rabbit
39 With force
40 Knobs
41 Poem
43 Kind of nut
44 Tool
47 Ordered
48 Meditate silently
52 Time past
53 Provide
55 Implement for making holes
56 Musical instrument
57 Burdened
59 Respect
60 A humming
61 Above
62 Muddied
63 Divert
64 I
65 Legend
66 An Arabian beverage
67 Worn away
68 Withered
70 Dispatch
71 Child
74 Expire
76 Period
78 Part of to be

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.


GAB PINOCCHIO
ALEC ELOPE EDAM
LEAR REVEL ALTO
SEDANS ART REST
BOOB AICH H
SOB ENOT CHERUB
UNE LAYER FAUNA
BILE LENIN RILL
MOLLS RODIN NIL
ANSELM RENO STS
R POOL REND
ITCH REI TORPID
NORA MAIZE EASE
EDEN OPINE WILE
DETENTION RED

Last week's answer

Baby Ruth
Baby Ruth
CURTISS
Baby 5¢ Ruth
For "Between-meal" Food Energy
CURTISS CANDY
Baby Ruth
Baby Ruth
CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY
THE CANDY BAR THAT'S RICH IN
Dextrose
THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY

Baby Ruth Candy bars colorfully decorate the shimmering trees of Christmastide

Let this happy N·R·G·[energy] Help you trim your Christmas Tree

To the glamour and gaiety of Christmas, Baby Ruth adds delicious candy enjoyment. For these big pure candy bars are the finest kind of Christmas confections. And remember this, Baby Ruth is rich in real food-energy because it's rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Baby Ruth Candy is always a handy Christmas gift.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

49
NIAGARA FALLS GAZETTE
76
58

Bigger and better, year by year, grows the world-renowned Soapbox Derby. Here is the start of one heat in the finals at Akron, Ohio, last summer.

KEEPING *Boys* OUT OF CRIME

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Are we safeguarding the future?—Here's an enlightening look at some plain facts

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE best way to prevent crime is to prevent criminals. Who said that first, I do not know, but he must have been a close relative of the man who said that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Anyway, both gentlemen knew life.

That we have not followed their wise teachings is evidenced by the busy atmosphere of our courtrooms and the crowded condition of our jails; by the fact that a major crime—robbery, assault, burglary, rape, kidnaping, murder—is being committed in this country every twenty seconds.

And who commit these crimes?

Seventy per cent of the first offenders are under twenty-five; nearly 50 per cent under twenty-one. Nineteen-year-olds, " just at the age 'twixt boy and youth," lead all the rest.

Men and women who study these problems have known the situation for a long time. " Crime waves are made of criminals," writes one of them, " and criminals are made of boys." And not only boys. " Boys steal money. Girls steal for adornment," states one authority. " Girl criminals are nearly as bad as their boy friends," states another. Anyway, they are all young, and they are all going the wrong way.

The crime problem in America is a youth problem, but it is a problem *for* adult liberals with common sense.

First off, we must not underestimate what Pope calls " the pains and penalties of idleness." There is sugar-coated dynamite in a generation which, by its own confession, finds its chief preoccupations in drinking sodas and reading the funnies and gives as its only job " just loafing." Not all of the 40 per cent of those recently out of school and idle will commit robbery or rape or arson, but the dreams they dream will not all be wholesome ones. Some of them are bound to be, some of them *are* dreams of revolution. We have the young Nazi Bundists on the one hand and the young Communist Leaguers on the other. We have less frankly alien organizations like the American Youth Congress and the American Student Union openly advocating doctrines seemingly inconsistent with the American way of life. We find the combined membership in these bodies mounting into the millions.

" Youth organizations are springing up all over the country," states Mr. Owen D. Young. " I don't know how many of you are watching them, but they have millions of members. It was out of such material as this that Hitler made the new Germany."

The President of the United States foresaw this situation. That is why he initiated the Civilian Conservation Corps and the National Youth Administration.

The CCC, in its field, is a great success, but it accounts for only about a quarter of a million of the country's several millions of youthful unemployed. The NYA, so it is claimed, has fostered " isms " rather than discouraged them. Basically a sound idea, it has fallen into hands of men with basically unsound ideologies. The same is true of many of the white-collar youth projects of the WPA. The Federal Theater, now happily dead, was an outstanding example of a fine idea diverted to sultry ends, but there still exist, especially in the big cities, government-owned and taxpayer-supported relief projects whose beneficiaries are being encouraged by their leaders to bite the hand that feeds them.

The government at Washington was not alone in foreseeing that something must be done, and at once, to keep idle American youth from adopting revolutionary un-American ideas. Prior to the start of the National Youth Administration, Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, working alone except for the co-operation of the American Legion, made a convincing demonstration for the purpose of convincing the Roosevelt administration that boys, even idle boys, could be kept straight and healthy by American methods of healthful exercise and outdoor life.

(Continued on page 34)

Progress that is rooted in V

THROUGHOUT the whole line of General Motors new cars of 1940 the touch of progress is everywhere apparent.

It is seen in the smart new styling, in the stauncher, larger, quieter bodies, in the richer appointments, in the greater room and in luxury of finish.

It is seen also in the way these new cars handle and perform — in the smoother, more efficient engines, in the easier and more convenient controls, in the several features that insure greater utility.

You will want to see the special and entirely new model, available this year in several GM lines—the latest word, in both styling and equipment.

While these developments indicate progress, they do something more—they faithfully reflect other values in General Motors cars that are traceable to the resourcefulness and authority of General Motors engineering.

Typical of these values are such things as the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher, Safety *Plate* Glass in all window openings, Knee-Action, improved hydraulic brakes. Even the kind and quality of metals used reflect the superior merit built into these automobiles.

Thus the value of General Motors cars in 1940 is plain to see. But value is relative. It necessarily involves the price you pay and what that price includes. The full delivered prices of General Motors cars are clearly shown on "plainview" price tags that list every item incident to the transaction.

GM
YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE—YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE

Thus you see the value. Thus you see the price. The result is bound to be a clearer picture of the greater value in these General Motors cars of 1940.

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE . . AND YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE

Look at the 1940 cars offered by General Motors dealers and you will find in every detail of engineering and appointment plain evidence of their outstanding *value.*

Look at the "plainview" price tag on each car and you will likewise find every detail of the delivered price plainly shown.

It lists "PRICE OF CAR" which means the price the dealer charges you for the car itself including reimbursement for Federal Tax and his conditioning charge — "TRANSPORTATION CHARGE" which means a charge for transportation from the factory to you, based on rail rates — "OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT AND ACCESSORIES" which means the dealer's charge for any extra equipment or accessories that you may elect to buy.

Value is always relative, in anything you buy. It necessarily involves the price you pay and what it includes.

So examine the new General Motors cars. Then study the price tags.

In this way you can see for yourself what your money buys and the abundant measure of *value* in General Motors cars.

TO AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS

in the New-Fashioned Way!

Cruise to your merriest Christmas reunion by Super-Coach — the smooth, warm, friendly, *new-fashioned* way — saving money every pleasant mile, at Greyhound's low round-trip fares.

CHRISTMAS TIP! *Mail or wire Greyhound tickets to friends or family members. A grand gift — and you'll share in the joy it brings.*

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

New York City, 245 W. 50th St.
Cleveland, O., E. 9th & Superior
Philadelphia, Pa., Broad St. Sta.
Chicago, Ill. . . 12th & Wabash
Washington, D. C. . . . . 1403 New York Ave., N.W.
Detroit, Mich., Washington Blvd. . . . . at Grand River
Minneapolis, Minn. . . . . 509 Sixth Avenue, N.
Boston, Mass. . 60 Park Square
St. Louis, Mo. . . . . Broadway & Delmar Boulevard
Cincinnati, Ohio, 630 Walnut St.
San Francisco, Cal. . . . . Pine & Battery Streets
Ft. Worth, Tex., 905 Commerce St.
Charleston, W. Va. . . . . 155 Summers Street
Richmond, Va., 412 E. Broad St.
Memphis, Tenn., 527 N. Main St.
New Orleans, La. . . . . 400 North Rampart Street
Lexington, Ky., 801 N. Limestone
Windsor, Ont., 403 Ouellette Ave.
London, England . . . . A. B. Reynoldson, 49 Leadenhall St.

GREYHOUND *Lines*

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR COLORFUL BOOKLET!

Send this coupon to nearest information office, listed above, for colorful booklet full of pictures and travel facts about FLORIDA and GULF COAST ☐, COLORFUL SOUTHWEST ☐, CALIFORNIA ☐. (Please check the one desired.)

Name____________________

Address__________________ LI-12

(Continued from page 31)

Choosing Alabama for his experiment, Mr. Macfadden personally toured the state and arranged for the use of airports and other recreation fields. He soon had between 18,000 and 20,000 youths participating regularly. President Roosevelt, when Mr. Macfadden told him of the success of the plan, was enthusiastic, but the powers that be in the NYA would have none of it.

Deprived of constructive leadership of the American type, the boys enrolled in the NYA have too often been left an easy prey to the Workers Alliance and its Communistic allies. That American boys are just as ready as they ever were, however, to embrace American ideas and turn their energies to American objectives is illustrated by the overwhelming success of the Soapbox Derby.

On a boiling summer's day in 1933, Myron E. Scott, photographer of the Dayton Daily News—now known to boys from coast to coast as " Scotty " —observed a group of grimy-faced, perspiring, gleeful youngsters racing homemade midget automobiles made of soapboxes, fruit crates, wash boilers roped and wired to homemade axles with bumpy wheels. The cars went by gravity, not by gasoline. The kids were racing downhill.

The photogenic aspects of the scene naturally appealed to Scotty. The sociological implications came later, but they stuck. Before he knew it, he had sold his managing editor the idea of sponsoring a Soapbox Derby for Dayton and vicinity.

Instead of the hoped-for couple of dozen contestants, 500 junior automobilists and 40,000 spectators showed up for Derby Day.

SCOTTY knew he had something there. He also knew that, to realize its full boy-building possibilities, there must be national distribution of the idea. So he went to see his friend C. P. Fisken, a high official of the Chevrolet Motor Car Company, who was an expert on such things. Fisken promptly became the Derby's godfather.

" It's the Soapbox Derby against the soapbox orators ! " he exclaimed. " How can we have soapbox orators when thousands and thousands of boys are looking for soapboxes ? "

With the enthusiastic approval of President M. E. Coyle and Vice-President W. E. Holler of the motorcar company, Fisken started out to get the boys. Working in collaboration with the great newspapers of the country, he got 25,000 the first year. This year, the sixth, he had 50,000. One hundred and fourteen sectional champions competed in the finals on the specially built track at Akron. Clifford Hardesty, eleven-year-old sixth-grade schoolboy from White Plains, New York, won first prize—a four-year college course.

The Derby rules are as simple as the cars themselves: " You must be between 10 and 15 (inclusive) years of age on the day of your local race. Your car must not cost more than $10 nor weigh more than 150 pounds, and the total weight, including yourself, must not exceed 250 pounds. Your car must be boy-built—that is, no adult may do anything more than offer advice, although your pals of Derby age may help in the construction."

Here is a typical budget: " Wheels, $6.95; tin, $1.32; turnbuckle and cable for steering, 30¢; paint, 20¢; bolts, 25¢; lumber, 30¢; miscellaneous hardware, 25¢. Total $9.57."

Already the Soapbox Derby idea is coasting around the world. An international championship race is now staged each year at Akron in addition to the national. In 1936 a contestant journeyed all the way from Pretoria, South Africa, a distance of 8,000 miles, and finished third in a field of 116. In 1937, Canada and Hawaii joined up; in 1938, the Canal Zone. This last year, preliminary races were held for the first time in Australia and Great Britain; and one was scheduled for Prague before the recent Hitlerization. Denmark and Spain have also competed, and Portugal is already preparing for 1940.

THERE has been great improvement in the quality of cars produced by the youngsters over the six years. Who can doubt that there has been a corresponding benefit to the outlook and character of every boy participating?

" You need not win your race to get the greatest good out of your Derby competition," President Coyle told the youngsters. " Indeed, if you do your best and lose, and then resolutely plan better and build better for next year, you will have learned a lesson that will prove of far greater value to you than any material prizes awarded to the champion."

The great " Boss " Kettering told them:

" Everybody can't win in this race, or in the race we call life, but everybody can *learn.*"

Fifty thousand enthusiastic learners, aged ten to fifteen—that's the story of the All-American and International Soapbox Derby !

So, obviously, all we need to do is to offer our youngsters " temptations to right choices." But, since the numbers who need the temptations run into millions, we cannot expect a few public-spirited citizens and corporations to carry the entire load.

A good many of us thought that we had solved the unruly child problem when we founded the Juvenile Court. This institution, when supplemented by a clinic, often does excellent work. There are also isolated cases of Juvenile Court judges, working on their own, who have accomplished wonders, as for instance the especially gifted Judge Hartfield, who has gathered some two thousand citizens in the vicinity of St. Joseph, Michigan, into an organization of " good neighbors " to assist him.

The cold, hard, statistical facts about the Juvenile Court as a possible cure-all, however, are far from heartening. The Boston court is one of the oldest and most efficient, and it has the advantage of unparalleled assistance from the clinic of the Judge Baker Foundation, of which Dr. William Healy is the head. Yet a survey of one thousand cases handled reached this discouraging conclusion: "Eighty-five per cent of our juvenile delinquents continued their misconduct during a five-year period after the end of official treatment of the cases by the Boston Juvenile Court."

The famous Chicago educator, Francis Wayland Parker, was approached after one of his lectures by an anxious mother with the question:

"How early can I begin the education of my child?"

"When will your child be born?" he asked.

"Born?" she cried. "Why, he is already five years old!"

"My goodness, woman," he exclaimed, "don't stand here talking to me! Hurry home! Already you have lost the best five years!"

That other American educators are now belatedly following this advice is evidenced by the fact that there are now more than 800 so-called nursery schools where the scholarly life begins at two!

Schools by and large, however, have contributed surprisingly little to the cause of crime prevention and citizen-building; churches even less. Church membership may be greater than ever before; but church *attendance* has fallen off 27 per cent in the last ten years. Sunday-school classes in particular have been growing smaller and fewer, until it is impossible to dodge the fact that, except in a few outstanding cases, the local Protestant church is no longer an appreciable factor in molding the nation's youth.

This collapse of the great denominational organizations as educational influences has placed on the schools a burden they are little fitted to bear.

THERE are, of course, distinguished exceptions. The famous George Junior Republic still teaches good citizenship to bad boys. The Children's Village is another established institution founded on the principle of learning through doing. Newer counterparts are the Summer Camp for Delinquent Boys at Lake Greenwood in Ohio, which co-operates with a most exceptional Domestic Relations Court in Columbus; the Longview Farm at Acton, Massachusetts; the Starr Commonwealth for Boys near Albion, Michigan.

Similar in intent, although naturally featuring the elimination of physical as well as mental and moral defects, is the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School, a nonprofit institution for the very young, at Briarcliff, New York, on whose thirty-six beautifully wooded acres dozens of well fed and well trained youngsters romp and grow strong. They learn

(Continued on page 38)

Super Tender

FRANKFURTS...

a new "company" dish!

Frankfurts Mexican. *Simmer (do not boil) frankfurts for 5 to 8 minutes, and serve immediately. Mexican corn: Cook chopped onion and green pepper in melted butter until tender; add corn, chopped pimiento and seasonings. Heat thoroughly.*

You've never tasted frankfurts like these—so delicate they cut at a touch of your fork! And they're made of fine meats only

● Hostesses who've tried the big dinner-size Swift's Premium Frankfurts have "promoted" them to the banquet class of meats. These frankfurts have always been famous for their unique, appetizing flavor—but now Swift makes them *super tender,* too!

These plump, juicy links are now so delicate your fork practically falls through them . . . their skins "tendered" in fresh pineapple juice! (This method—patent pending—leaves no pineapple taste.)

Whether you're serving guests or just your family, nothing could be more satisfying than these frankfurts . . . bursting with rich juices, like a thick steak. Swift makes them out of *fine meats only.* And smokes them over real hardwood fires.

Try them soon—for a *different* dinner. But remember—be sure your dealer gives you *Swift's Premium.*

STANDARD SIZE →
Swift's Premium
Swift's Premium
←DINNER SIZE

Take your choice! *In addition to the big dinner size, your dealer has Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts in the standard size, equally delicious. But whichever you choose, look for the "Swift's Premium" seal of finest quality.*

Copr. 1939 by Swift & Company

SWIFT'S PREMIUM

Tender Frankfurts

Swift's spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country make many other "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" meat products, including Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Leona . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

"MOMENTS we'll never forget"...

SIX GREAT EXPLORERS *recall exciting episodes around the* WORLD

Vilhjalmur Stefansson

Among the greatest polar explorers of all time; his latest book is "Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic."

Sir Hubert Wilkins

First to explore Antarctica from an airplane; has led many expeditions into little-known regions.

*Harrison Forman**

Linguist, author, foremost authority on Tibet; designed film sets and costumes for "Lost Horizon."

J. Allan Dunn

Leader of many expeditions in the South Seas and the Orient; his books on adventure are widely known.

*Capt. Felix Riesenberg**

Master mariner in sail and steam; author of books on seamanship and many novels; pioneer balloonist.

Arnold Haverlee

Explorer, foreign correspondent, artist; has lectured at the Explorers Club and throughout America.

**Both Harrison Forman and Capt. Riesenberg, it is interesting to note, were born in Milwaukee (home of Schlitz).*

TRAPPED on an ARCTIC "EGGSHELL"

BY V Stefansson

Heading across ice-bound Dolphin Strait in the Arctic twilight, I saw a large black patch in the distance. Here was a mystery! Focusing my binoculars, I caught the reflection of a star—the black patch was open water! Immediately I lay flat and stabbed the ice with my hunting knife. It went through with practically no resistance; the ice was not over an inch thick. I called to my Eskimo follower; our sled was already settling in a pool of water. We were trapped on an "eggshell" of ice. Crawling in a circle, we inched our way, hour after hour, back to safety over this fragile film. Had the surface broken, we'd have been swept in under the ice, for the current in the strait flows like a mill race.

Facing COLD DEATH *in the Tropics*

BY Hubert Wilkins

The bitterly cold polar regions hold no freezing terrors equal to the chill I received one night in tropic Northern Australia. Reading by camplight under an upturned boat, all at once I felt two spear points against my chest, saw two pairs of naked feet. Savage mutterings literally "froze me stiff" with fear. The natives, mistaking this seeming calmness for an iron nerve, retreated in awe. Later, I came to know these wild people. But never did I quite lose my original fears—particularly after seeing how fiercely they attacked other trespassers. My "freezing" terror had saved my life!

The Husband-hunter of TIBET

BY Harrison Forman

"I like you. I'll take all four of you as husbands!" The speaker was Drolma, a daughter of Tibet; the objects of her affection, me and my three camping companions. It looked desperate for us. In Lama land, this statement was a marriage ceremony, even though she already had three spouses—who were probably on the warpath for us. Knowing the language and customs, however, we induced a nearby religious order to enroll her, thereby cutting the quadruple knot. Just then, rifle shots! Husbands One, Two and Three arrived, demanding vengeance. This time it took even quicker thinking, but goblets of beer brought a happy ending while Drolma's seven ex-husbands held an informal convention.

White Man's MAGIC *in* CANNIBAL LAND

BY J Allan Dunn

Deep in British New Guinea, where no white man had ventured afoot before, I faced death by hostile tribes. But white man's magic saved the day. I traced the tribal totem—a tortoise—on my arm with a stick of soap. Then I set fire to jungle bark-fibers with my burning-glass, rubbed the ashes over my arm, and lo, there was the turtle's outline, proving my kinship with the tribe. Soon I was pressing on, my most thrilling adventure now safely behind.

BLOWN *"Galley-west"* TO A RECORD

BY Felix Riesenberg

The thrill of my life? It came while commanding the *U.S.S. Newport*, a sailing vessel. Homeward bound from Teneriffe (off the African Coast), we hit a hurricane near Bermuda. Even with seasoned men I'd have worried; but my crew were boys learning to sail! Lives hung on my judgment. I weighed the odds, decided to "run for it" under close-reefed foresail. Through the storm's fury, my lads performed like veterans. The strip of sail held like a sheet of steel. In 48 hours we were safely 600 miles ahead. Our hurricane speed sent us into New London with a school-ship record of 26 days for the southern sailing passage — a feat that had been furthest from my mind as we fought for existence in the Atlantic!

SAVED *by a* CAMERA *"shot"*

BY Arnold H. Haverlee

How friendly that lone cabin in remote Lapland looked after my weeks of solitude! So inviting, in fact, that I couldn't resist photographing it. Crash! A bushy bearded

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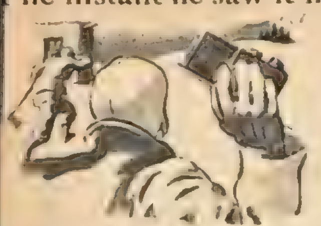
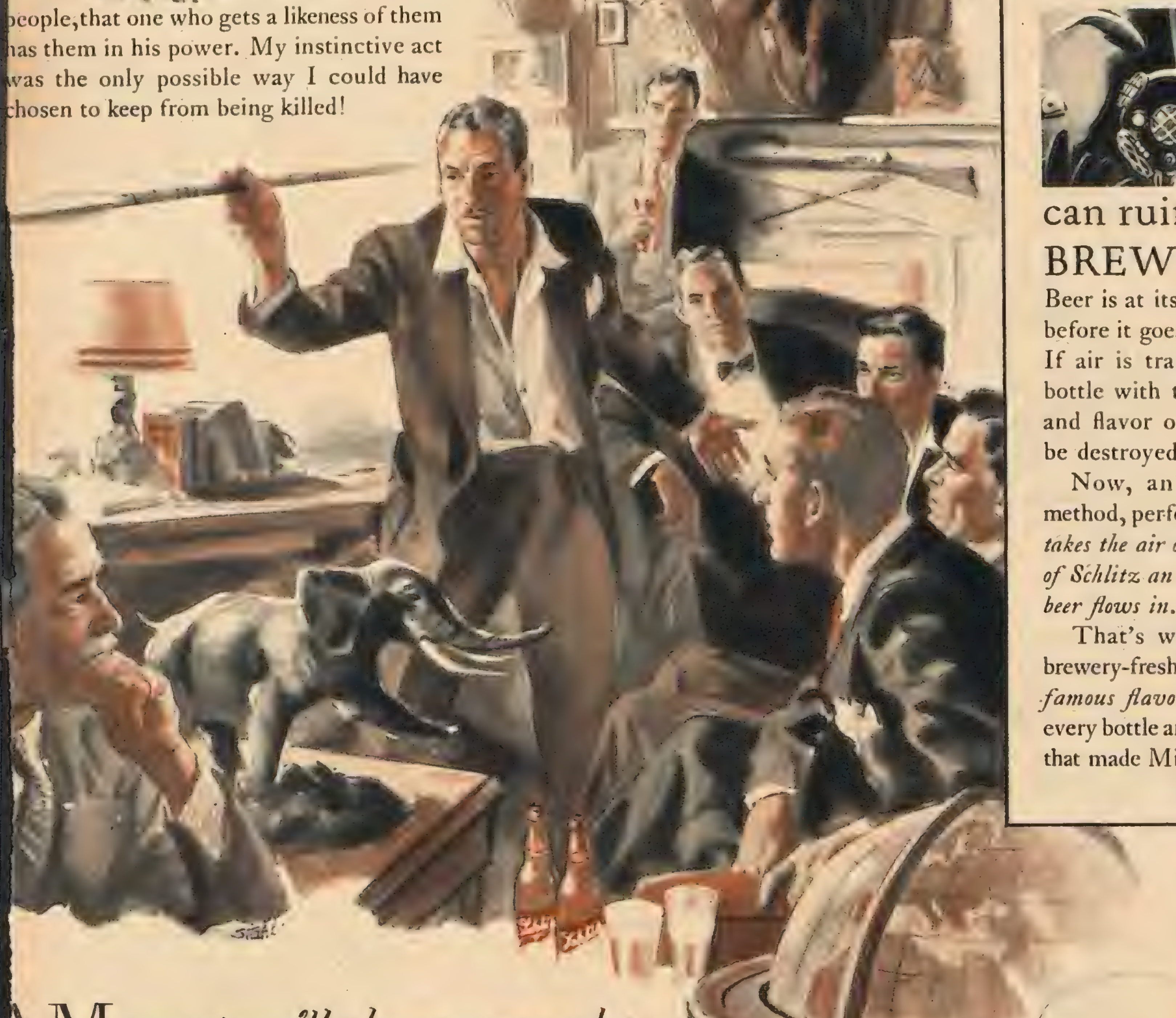
JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO.,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

alf-breed came leaping toward me, swing- ng a huge axe. I grabbed the handiest thing o throw in his face—it was my camera. he instant he saw it he screamed and ran into the cabin, bolting the door. I realized then that he shared the belief of some primitive eople, that one who gets a likeness of them as them in his power. My instinctive act vas the only possible way I could have hosen to keep from being killed!





The air
that sustains
LIFE . . .

can ruin the
BREW!

Beer is at its best a moment before it goes into the bottle. If air is trapped inside the bottle with the beer, the life and flavor of the brew may be destroyed.

Now, an amazing new method, perfected by Schlitz, *takes the air out of every bottle of Schlitz an instant before the beer flows in.*

That's why the original brewery-fresh goodness of *that famous flavor* is assured in every bottle and can of the Beer that made Milwaukee famous.

A *Moment you'll always remember*
ith pleasure . . . your first taste of
HAT FAMOUS FLAVOR *of* Schlitz

clusive with Schlitz,
e only beer can shaped
o open like a bottle,
ith any bottle opener.

A gathering of kindred spirits . . . plenty of he-man talk . . . and plenty of Schlitz. *There's* a combination for a perfect evening. *That famous flavor* is grand company around the world . . . the year around. Once tasted, its goodness is never forgotten. For Schlitz combines the keen tang of the hops with the bland mellowness of the malt, yet it is neither bitter nor sweet.

BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
Schlitz

HE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

WHAT TAKES YOUR BREATH AWAY?
ADAMS CLOVE GUM!
BY JOVE, BUY CLOVE!
2
CHIEF
2
Fraioli

Breath-taking is the word for Adams Clove Gum! This famous breath-sweetener is convenient to use even on short notice—when you unexpectedly meet your best girl, or your most important customer.

The flavor's superb! Satisfies your taste for real spiciness—makes your mouth feel delightfully refreshed.

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

ADAMS
CLOVE
CHEWING GUM

(Continued from page 35)

singing, too, and dancing and sketching and many another art and craft. Scholastically they maintain high public-school standards. No Macfadden Foundation boy or girl, on transferring to another school, has ever dropped back even half a grade or—of this you can be doubly sure—has ever failed to salute the flag.

"Boys and girls are not born bad," insists Mr. Macfadden, "nor are they born loafers or Communists. They just get that way."

Certainly perfect health and inspiring leadership are too good ways to keep them from doing so!

ALTHOUGH few public schools can offer recreational facilities comparable to private ones, steady progress is being made. Today, in most progressive centers not only are the schoolyards open but teachers, some of them specially trained, assist the children in their play.

There are encouraging signs, too, that public schools are also beginning to take seriously some of their other extra-curricular opportunities. Newark has its Binet schools and Chicago its Montefiore. Jersey City, which has not always appeared in the vanguard of political and social progress, not only supports such schools as these but has worked out a plan for impregnating the whole school system with scientific treatment of special needs.

Several equally progressive but not so wealthy communities have taken a big step in the right direction by employing a visiting teacher, who tries to bring about co-ordinated effort between the home and the school.

The Odd Fellows are sponsoring a nation-wide effort to do the same thing for the school and the church, the main feature of which is that public-school students are told off for one hour each week to the church of their choice for moral instruction. This plan, the brain child of Grand Sire Burton A. Gaskill, if generally adopted, might put the church back in the youth business.

Another promising effort is that of the aforementioned excellent Domestic Relations Court in Columbus, Ohio, which operates a Parents' School. The school undertakes to teach fathers and mothers better methods of care and discipline.

Lest we be too impressed with this listing of worth-while efforts through the schools, we should realize that the showing is really a pitiful one for an educational system involving 30,000,000 people.

The larger cities and some smaller ones have made real progress in supplying municipally owned recreation facilities. Cities spend twice as much for these purposes as they did ten years ago, provide twice as many outdoor playgrounds and indoor centers, and own four times as many recreation structures.

But in spite of all these elaborate provisions for public recreation, the cost of which to taxpayers is estimated at $40,000,000 a year, a pitifully small number of our young people become active participants.

Supplementing such municipal efforts there are, of course, the Big Brothers and Big Sisters, the Y's, the boys' clubs, and the Boy and Girl Scouts' organizations, all of which do a great work in their own fields.

The Big Brother and Big Sister plans would be ideal for grappling with the problem of juvenile delinquency, if only there were a sufficient number of public-spirited and suitably equipped men and women able and willing to give of their time and strength as generously as this work with individual children demands. The Y's get the majority of their young people altogether too late. Nineteen and the early twenties are the favored years for them. Theoretically, the boys' clubs and the Scout organizations are more promising; but even these fail to reach large numbers in the danger zones of youthful life.

The boys' clubs, investigation shows, "tend to get the good boys, while the bad boys remain away." There are exceptions, of course, notably the All Nations Boys' Club in Los Angeles, under the inspiring leadership of the great "Tommy" Thompson.

The Scouts' program, on the face of it, works best in the areas in which juvenile delinquency is already at a minimum. What the Scouts' organizations really accomplish is help in keeping clear of contamination those children who come from homes which combine a certain amount of refinement with solvency.

NOT that all the crimes of youth are committed by children of the poor! There were, for instance, those forty Pasadena youngsters from well-to-do homes who went on an all-night party, broke into a cabin and wrecked it completely to the tune of more than $1,500 damages. And there were the two Atlanta youths, one immensely wealthy, who robbed and killed a storekeeper "just for the thrill." By and large, however, it is the needy child who develops into the hardened criminal.

For the country boy and girl there is one organization, the 4-H Clubs, which seems capable of handling the situation. Already a million and a half of these 4-H youngsters—the H's stand for Head, Heart, Hands, and Health—are engaged in such practical pursuits as marketing $25,000,000 worth of cattle and crops. and canning over 8,000,000 jars of food, not to mention planting millions of trees, preventing forest fires, organizing bands and orchestras, and producing outdoor operas.

The motto of the 4-H-ers is "To Make the Best Better." There aren't any Fascists or Communists among these boys and girls. They are American.

The idle city youth's opportunities to benefit by country life are limited, what with the cost of transportation and of even the simplest living on the road. A promising effort to help solve this problem is the Youth Hostel movement, started less than five years ago by Isabel and Monroe Smith, two American young people who had had a chance to study the well established hostels in England and Germany.

The Smiths opened their first hostels in Northfield, Massachusetts. Now there are more than a hundred similar nonprofit establishments, scattered at intervals of ten or fifteen miles, so that boys and girls of very limited means may roam the countryside with the assurance that they will find at night a warm meal and a clean bed, both of which they will probably prepare themselves. Under the guidance of housemothers and housefathers, a swell time is had by all. Hostel loops have also been formed in California, Michigan, and Pennsylvania, and a cross-continent hook-up is expected.

On the problems of the city youngsters who still must stay at home, especially in congested metropolitan areas, *the* authority is the harassed policeman on the beat. In the front rank of police-sponsored groups are the boys' clubs of the Metropolitan Police Department of Washington, D. C. Since 1933, when the clubs were founded, juvenile delinquency in some precincts has fallen off 75 per cent. Spectacular, too, has been the success of the Police Athletic League of New York City, whose initials are PAL. It now has over 100 play centers, three quarters of which are in vacant stores and lots, and conducts hikes to the country and visits to museums and industrial plants.

"How much better it is," says J. Edgar Hoover, "for kids to spend their idle moments on a playground, with a policeman umpiring their games, or, for that matter, in a station house talking to Officer Jones or Officer Smith, than in a poolroom or a den of vice."

Readers of Liberty are familiar from recent reading with the work of the Boston Junior Police, organized by Police Commissioner Joseph F. Timilty. In Las Cruces, New Mexico, a Junior Patrol assists the regular police force in handling crowds and keeping down petty thievery. Las Cruces pays its junior patrolmen seventeen dollars a month.

The Junior Fire Fighters' Club of America is just what its name implies. Members take courses in fire prevention and receive Junior Fire Marshal badges. The Canadian Forestry Association has its Junior Forest Wardens, some 10,000 strong, who patrol the woods in red shirts and green berets and extinguish incipient forest fires. Even the Department of Sanitation in New York City has its Junior Inspectors' Club!

Altogether, the need of the moment is not more efforts, but a co-ordination of those already being made. The first man to see that need—he was also the first man to see the possibilities of police co-operation in the crime-prevention movement — was that great cop, August Vollmer, who throughout a good part of his career has combined the duties of a working chief of police with those of a professor of criminology. He founded in 1915, at Berkeley, California, the first Co-ordinating Council. Since then other councils have sprung up all over the country, and have reached their highest development in Los Angeles under Kenyon J. Scudder and in Michigan under Dr. L. J. Carr.

The Co-ordinating Council plan is simply the sitting around a table of representatives of schools, churches, charity organizations, clinics, juvenile courts, nursing associations, every conceivable youth movement, and, of course, the police.

The success of the plan wherever it has been tried, both on a city-wide and state-wide basis, has led to a demand for its extension to nation-wide proportions. So far, the response from those high in authority has not been what it certainly should be.

There are millions of youngsters in America today, there will be more millions in the tomorrows, who have plenty of reason to agree with Samuel Butler that "youth is, like spring, an over-praised season." From these millions come the Lepkes and Dillingers of the present. From them, unless we do something to prevent it, will come the Hitlers and Stalins of the future!

THE END

SING WHILE YOU CLEAN*
with quick, easy
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
Chases Dirt
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

* That's how you'll feel when you have Old Dutch Cleanser to help you. With a song in your heart, you'll achieve a sparkle in your home! For Old Dutch makes things shine without hard rubbing. Its ONE-TWO CLEANING ACTION—1, *cuts grease quickly;* 2, *makes all your cleaning easier.* See with what speed and ease Old Dutch leaves pots and pans, painted surfaces, floors, and porcelain enamel spotlessly clean and wholesome. There's no scratching. For Old Dutch is made with Seismotite. Order Old Dutch Cleanser today.

6 WM. A. ROGERS TEASPOONS

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This graceful A-1 PLUS QUALITY silverware harmonizes with other patterns and adds beauty and sparkle to your table. Start now to build a complete set. Coupon below brings you full information.

For Christmas gifts, give this lovely silverware in the smart "Croydon" pattern. Here's an opportunity to get quality at a big saving.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. S-535
221 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

I am enclosing_____ *windmill pictures* from Old Dutch labels [complete labels not required] and_____¢ for which please send me_____ Wm. A. Rogers Teaspoons.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Offer good only in U. S. and Canada and expires December 31, 1940

IN SPITE OF THE SPY

BY SENATOR W. WARREN BARBOUR

of New Jersey; member of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee

There's a war—but keep cool! Consider this sane and spirited plea for the virtue of common sense

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

MANY of us now middle-aging persons sheepishly remember the spy scares of 1914 to 1918, and pray that, no matter what emergency awaits us, the American people will have the good sense to spare themselves the jitters of espionage-itis.

A great many patriotic American citizens of foreign birth suffered in mind and pocket from our World War spy phobia, but the American government suffered most. Every municipal, state, and federal law-enforcement agency was bedeviled with complaints and suspicions, and thousands of hours of wasted effort were spent, to the detriment of national efficiency, investigating guiltless victims of unwarranted suspicions.

It seems to me that we are heading for the same sort of hysteria again, and that we ought to take a good dose of the tonic Common Sense before the nervous affliction gets too firm a grip on us.

Espionage is certainly on the increase in the United States. There are more spies, and more kinds of spies, snooping around in our country today than two dozen years ago, including propagandists and destroyers of industrial property by sabotage.

Not long ago, just before a destroyer of a new type was about to be given its test run by the navy, an empty milk bottle was found inside a steam pipe. Had the commander ordered full speed ahead, that pipe would have exploded when the steam struck the obstruction.

Some spy, disguised as a workman, had placed the bottle in the pipe, on purpose, of course. A penny milk bottle could have destroyed a million-dollar warship, cost priceless lives, and—mark this—the navy would probably have blamed the accident on the new design and discontinued using a plan which is providing us now with the world's fastest, hardest-hitting ships of their class.

How many of the "accidents" which have destroyed new military airplanes on test flights may not have been caused by a pinch of emery powder, a bit of rag, instead of errors of design or piloting?

American mechanical ingenuity has produced more new inventions and improvements in the instruments of warfare in the past two or three years than all the inventive geniuses of all Europe's fear-inspired nations put together. Because of this, spies have come to this country in such numbers that the work of the anti-espionage units has multiplied *more than thirty times* in two years. But trying to obtain those secrets is not a job that the foreign Powers are entrusting to beautiful blonde sirens or disguised delicatessen clerks. Spying is a highly technical profession. By the same token, spy-catching is an even more highly technical work.

Not long ago it was revealed that the government has co-ordinated its many counterespionage agencies, with the Department of Justice acting as a central clearinghouse for information. That is a long step in the right direction, for which much of the impetus was furnished by Liberty, the first publication to criticize the lack of co-operation between our governmental detective services.

The men in these federal agencies are all highly trained, each a specialist. The fact that not a single vital military secret has been stolen from the United States is proof of their crack efficiency.

They are not out to catch every spy and suspect. Only if their quarry is known to have come into possession of a secret and is about to send it out of the country do our counterespionage agents make arrests. A watched spy who does not know he is being watched can be made to work in America's interests. American agents have kept a dangerous prowler busy for months, more than once, following a deliberately laid scent to some apparently monumental discovery with which he rushed home overseas.

But when it is necessary to arrest a spy who has the real goods on him, what is the worst that can happen to him? In Germany, Russia, and Japan a convicted spy is put to death. In the United States, however, the maximum penalty is a fine of $10,000 and maybe all of two years in prison.

Wouldn't it be plain common sense to clap him behind bars at least long enough to make certain that he can't go home and describe from memory the secret he has stolen?

That is the object of the bill I introduced in Congress to make prison terms for convicted spies inescapable, with the penalty ranging from five to twenty years. The bill was adopted by the Senate and lies in the House Judiciary Committee for action by the other branch of Congress in the forthcoming session.

Incidentally, I deplore the false economy of a Congress which managed to spend $13,000,000,000 in seven months but refused to grant the $750,000 extra appropriation needed by Director J. Edgar Hoover's Federal Bureau of Investigation for counterespionage work.

If I had my way, the spy-catching agencies of the United States would be given all the money they asked for and the kind of law that would keep spies caught, and then let the public forget the whole business. But if the problem gets out of hand, due to Congressional indifference, then I fear that a false panic will grip the country again.

Of course not all the foreign agents in this country by half are prowling around after military secrets. The work of the spy has broadened vastly, and it is just as important to that nefarious occupation to hamper orderly industrial production as it is to steal our ideas.

Such activities do demand general public alertness. The "friend" or bench mate who says that what this country needs is a Stalin or a Hitler is a partner to the one who labors to learn what makes our airplanes superior to his country's. Those who preach race hatred, who stir up class antagonisms, are often enough paid out of the same foreign fund as the military spy. In routing that type of alien operator, we average workaday Americans have a job of self-defense to do that we cannot delegate to the F. B. I.

But let's keep our heads. Whether my name or yours is MacTavish or Krausmeyer, Cohen or Ruggieri or Szymansky, is not the test. It is the contents, not the label, that count in determining the true worth of anything or anybody.

THE END

Desperate HONEYMOON

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

THE red jaloppy was doing all right. "Long as we can keep her on these concrete roads where there's no shaking," said Ed, "she'll hold together. Bet she's doing better than thirty right now."

Lettie didn't bother to glance at the speedometer. She knew it hadn't registered anything but zero since they'd bought it yesterday. "Best little car we ever owned," she declared.

That made Ed grin. They'd been married two days now, and the seventy-dollar jaloppy was the only thing they'd ever owned in common, except the marriage license. Without turning his head he looked at her, admired her. Yellow hair, yellow as corn silk, blowing wild in the wind where the blue bandeau didn't keep it tied down. Eyes narrowed against the western sun. Freckled nose wrinkled with the squint. She was smiling, though, and she was aware of his gaze.

"Better watch the road, Ed."

"You're lots nicer to look at," he said. "You never looked prettier." And after a while, in a gentler tone, "Happy, kid?"

"You bet."

"Not sorry?"

"Oh, Ed! What's the matter with you?"

Her note of reproach made him sigh contentedly. He looked ahead again, the breeze sweeping through his dark hair. That August wind was hot with an angry, beating heat, but you didn't mind it much while you kept rolling. It brought pleasant farm smells across the flat country.

"Anyhow, it's a lot better this way than staying home on relief," Ed suddenly said. "This way we're going places. We ain't just standing still."

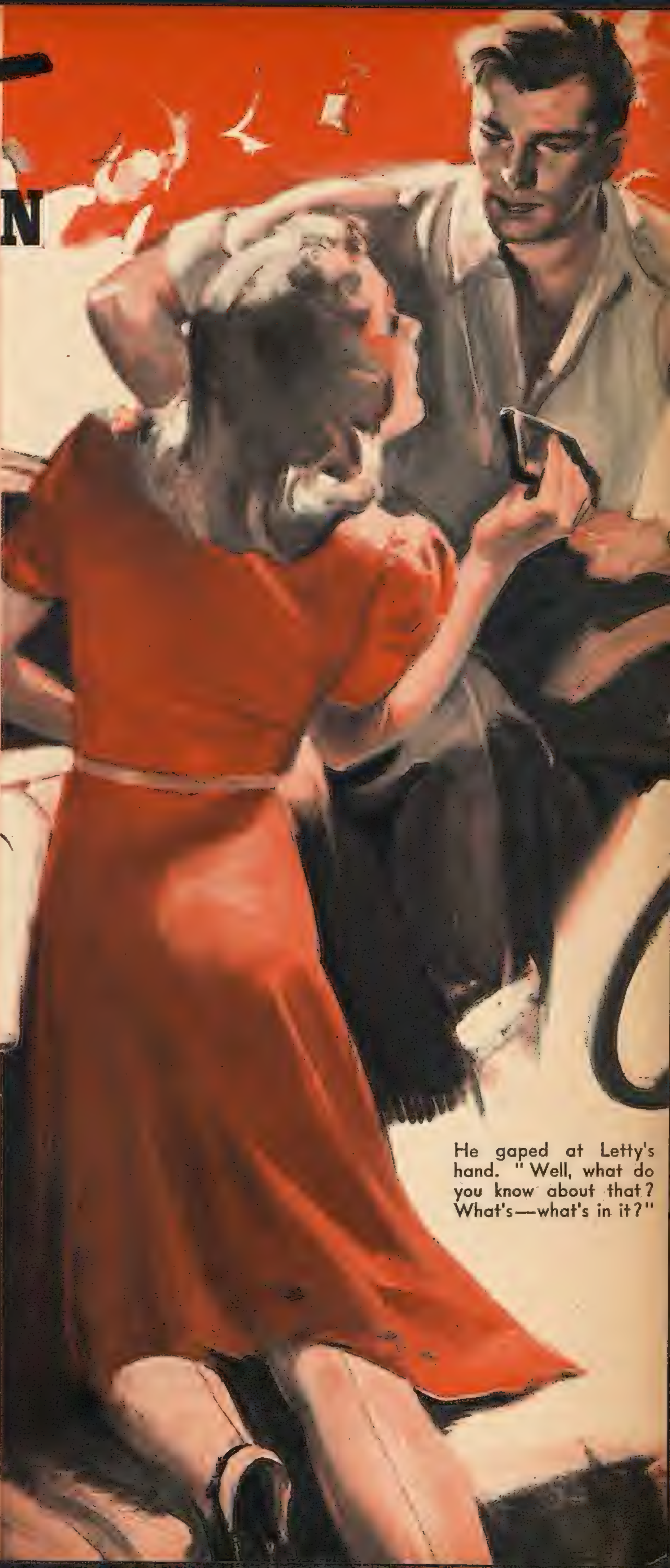
She moved closer to him, slipped her arm through his, and replied cozily, "You bet we're going places, Ed. We'll get along."

"There ought to be plenty jobs in Sun Valley when those hotels start

A heart-stirring tale of a boy and a girl . . and the courage that is America!

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO



He gaped at Letty's hand. "Well, what do you know about that? What's—what's in it?"

opening." He had said this a hundred times, a thousand times, in the past few weeks, and so had she; yet it was always comforting to hear themselves say it again. This was a prophecy that had to come true. "We'll get there early, too, before most of them," he went on. "I'll find work."

"I'm not worried, Ed," said Lettie, still squeezing his arm. "Honest I'm not."

After a time he frowned. "I wish, though, we had some more cash. Can't get very far on seventeen bucks."

Lettie laughed. "What are you scared about? We can eat an awful lot of hamburgers for seventeen dollars!"

"But we got gas to buy. This baby'll burn plenty gas in six hundred miles." He paused. "It's like I said before we started, hon. Sun Valley won't be opening for weeks. I got to find a few odd jobs on the way down. Anything that'll pay our way."

"I'm not worrying," Lettie confidently repeated. "We'll find 'em."

"From now on I keep my eyes open."

An hour later, when they were rolling past a golden wheat field where an old farmer and a younger man bent over a stalled tractor, Ed pulled the jaloppy to the side of the road. He got out, leaned on a stone fence, and called, "Hey, mister!"

The farmer, still bent, glanced over his shoulder. "Well?"

"Need any help?" Ed spoke hopefully. Once, for a couple of months after the mill closed back home, he had worked in Bert Seeman's garage and he'd picked up a little knowledge about engines.

The farmer wearily answered, "No, thanks. We're all right."

"How about a man to lend a hand with that wheat?"

That made the farmer turn and put his hands on his hips. He regarded the red jaloppy, the eager girl in it, and finally the boy at the fence. A tall boy with a serious face, lean, wearing an open-collared gray shirt and brown pants. He seemed tense, standing there; a little worried, too.

"We can handle her all right ourselves," the farmer said. "Don't need any hands."

Ed rubbed a palm on the rock before he nodded and swung back to the car. He shrugged when his glance met Lettie's. With one foot on the running board he called across the fence:

"Know anybody around here who *can* use a man?"

"Shucks, son," the farmer laughed, though there wasn't much humor in the cackling sound, "half this county's on relief right now. Ain't enough work for those who live here. Why would they be hiring outsiders?"

Ed had no answer to that, so he got into his seat, banged the door a few times till the lock caught, and drove on. "Guess it's the same everywhere," he muttered. "Just like home."

They were silent for a time, squinting against the sun and listening to the jaloppy's drone, listening to the hum of tires on hot concrete.

Maybe in the stillness their thoughts went back to Minton. But they didn't talk about it. The closing of the mill two years ago had been pretty bad for everybody. Ed and his pa had been thrown out of work, and so had Lettie's folks. For that matter, there had been twenty-seven hundred of them standing in wonder outside the shut doors. They'd all stayed on in Minton, accepting relief and hoping the mill would reopen. You heard all kinds of rumors: It would open in the spring; the building was being sold to a company that planned to make shoes; the PWA was going to use it for some new government project. . . .

Colin Allen

"Shucks—I missed the ship."

Well, maybe. Maybe some day. But you couldn't wait forever when you were young and restless and aching to be married. Of course folks told you it was crazy to marry when your families were on relief. How do you expect to get along, anyhow? You'd have to put in a relief application of your own, wouldn't you? And wait heaven knew how long! What was the sense of getting married like that? . . .

Ed dragged himself out of his reverie about Minton and smiled at his wife. It was a guilty smile, because newlyweds were supposed to think ahead, not backward. He asked, "How about pulling in somewhere for a hamburger, hon? Bet you're getting hungry?"

Lettie, about to reply, reconsidered. "I'd just as soon wait," she decided slowly. Then she spoke with more gaiety, straightening and tucking in wisps of hair. "Let's wait till we hit Dover. In Dover we can look into store windows."

He objected, "But look, hon. We won't hit Dover till four or five. You don't want to wait three hours—"

"What difference does it make? That is," she added hastily, "unless *you're* starved, Ed—"

"Me? Gosh, no! *I'm* all right."

If you ate at four or five, you could make two meals a day do very nicely. Nobody would want to be eating again at suppertime after eating at five. Still, Ed looked at Lettie doubtfully.

"You sure you're not hungry, kid?"

"I wouldn't even have thought about eating if you hadn't mentioned it," she declared. And then: "We still got a piece of that chocolate bar. Let's split it, yes?"

"Sure," said Ed. "Might as well, before it melts."

He drove slowly while they munched chocolate. No use hurrying now, anyhow, because he didn't want to reach Dover much before five. Lettie began to hum and to gaze around as if she'd never before seen such lovely sunlit wheat fields. Behind them a huge bus screamed a warning and roared past at sixty, and expressionless faces briefly stared down at them from windows.

Ed looked after the bus a bit wistfully. "I'll bet those fellers get good pay driving those things."

But Lettie knew you couldn't get jobs like that. Her cousin Phil, who'd once made a special trip to Chicago to try it, had returned to report in disgust that there was a waiting list a mile long.

She said, "You wouldn't like driving a bus, Ed. *I* wouldn't, anyhow, having you away all the time. Gee, I'd never get to see you!"

"Guess you're right, at that," he chuckled. "I sure want to stay close to you, kid."

"Wait till we get to Sun Valley," predicted Lettie. "We'll get the *pick* of jobs!"

They rounded a long bend in the gray concrete, and Ed saw a very fat little man in a white suit standing beside a very flat tire still on his car. The man had lifted a Panama hat and was scratching his head. Probably cursing, too, for the mouth of the woman looking out at him from the front seat was tightly disapproving.

Ed passed the car and swung to the side of the road in front of it. With a wink at Lettie he said, "Here's where I make a half dollar, anyhow. It's worth it to him to keep that suit clean."

When he stepped out of the jaloppy he was thinking cheerfully that for a half dollar he and Lettie could each have a hamburger, a slab of pie, and a cup of coffee. It meant supper without cutting into the seventeen dollars in his pocket, rolled tightly and kept together by a rubber band.

In an amiable mood Ed walked back to the fat man.

"Like me to change it for you, mister?" he asked.

The man looked at him, and suddenly the look became a glare. It was as if his manhood had been challenged. He began to strip off his coat.

"No, thanks!" he said. "I can do it."

"You'll ruin that suit."

"Needs a cleaning anyway." Then he snapped to the woman, "Come on, get out of there, Madge. You don't expect me to jack her up with you inside, do you?"

Ed watched a moment, hoping there would be a change of mind. But the man no longer noticed him. So presently he went back to the jaloppy. On the way he bent to pick a blade of grass, and he was chewing it when he slipped into the seat beside Lettie.

"No dice," he said. "No half dollar."

They ate at the counter of a lunch wagon on the outskirts of Dover, just before five. It proved a lucky choice because the hamburgers were only a nickel, and they could each have two, and the counterman practically refilled the coffee cups without charge. Afterward, when they came out, they felt a lot better. Ed, chewing a toothpick, leaned against the side of the jaloppy in the sheer luxury of doing nothing and gazed at a distant hilltop that blazed in the golden glory of the western sun. Lettie put her arm through his, and for a moment they watched the hill together.

"Pretty out there, isn't it?" she said.

"Yeah." He was thinking, hardly hearing her words. Then he stared up the length of Dover's Main Street, and its lines of stores seemed to run half a mile. "I'll bet," he said slowly, "a feller could find some kind of odd job for a week or so in a town big as this."

"I'll bet I could find something, too, Ed. Maybe in a restaurant or some place."

He said, "I'd sure like to fatten our bank roll a little. It's got to take us a long way." He turned his eyes to Lettie's. "Look, kid. We're in no hurry. Got weeks to make Sun Valley. Suppose we stay over, and I'll hunt me a job in the morning?"

Lettie was still admiring the sunlit hill as she nodded.

Ed went on, "We'll go to those overnight cabins we passed a way back. The sign said only seventy-five cents a head."

At that, Lettie abruptly forgot the hill and frowned down at her toes. "Gee, Ed, that's a dollar and a half." She raised her head to eye him earnestly. "Honest, I'd just as soon sleep on the back seat of the car tonight."

"What're you talking about?" He widened his eyes and sounded outraged. "Say, what do you think I am, anyhow? Me let you sleep in the *car?*"

"What of it, Ed? Folks who camp out—"

"Nothing doing! Forget it. We ain't camping out."

He opened the jaloppy's door and pushed Lettie into it. She could see, in the tight lines of his face, that it was better to say nothing more about sleeping in the car. A dollar and a half wasn't worth the things it would do to his pride, having his bride sleep like that on her honeymoon.

Ed himself didn't get much sleep for his seventy-five cents. When Lettie lay breathing regularly and deeply against his shoulder, her hair tickling his jaw, he looked up at the dark ceiling and thought. He thought for hours. The price of their supper and the cabin had left him with only fifteen dollars. And he'd have to fill the gas tank before leaving Dover; it was just about empty.

Suddenly, lying there, Ed felt scared. The fear clawed at his stomach. Gee, he thought, I just *got* to find some kind of job! Can't stretch fifteen bucks over four weeks for the two of us. And they don't even start dusting out Sun Valley hotels before four-five weeks. If only I could work a while, raise a bank roll of maybe forty-fifty bucks to travel on with. Gee, I *got* to! There

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OLD DRUM
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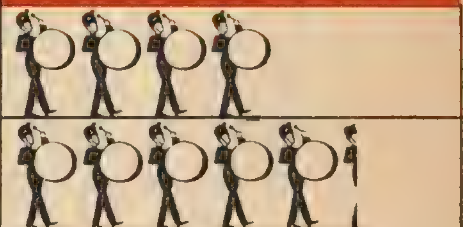

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ought to be something here in Dover a feller can do. . . .

In the morning they walked to the wagon for coffee and doughnuts, and when they came out Ed grinned encouragement at his wife.

“If I don’t get back before five, kid,” he said, “it’s because I’m earning money. You hold the bank roll and buy yourself lunch. The cabin’s ours till five tonight. So make yourself at home.”

Lettie said indignantly, “Think I’m just going to sit and wait? I’m hunting a job, too.”

“Now, listen, kid—”

“I’ll be working in Sun Valley, won’t I? So why not now?”

“This is your honeymoon, kid.” Ed sounded awkward. “You don’t have to — so soon—”

“But I am. We’ll meet here at five, Ed—unless we’re still working.”

They met at five all right. Ed looked a little drawn as he sat down with her at the wagon’s counter. “Doughnuts and coffee,” he said. Doughnuts were filling; no sense wasting a nickel on a hamburger.

“Same here,” said Lettie.

He spun his stool around so that he faced her. “Look, hon. Why don’t you have a sandwich or something?”

Lettie smiled as she patted his arm. “I would if I was hungry, Ed.”

“You eat anything today?”

“Sure.”

Ed’s searching eyes became suspicious. “What?”

“Well, there’s a woman runs a laundry near town. I walked over. Thought she might need help, only she didn’t. She had a nice peach tree in the yard. They were all ripe. I admired them, and she said to taste some. . . . How about you, Ed?”

“Oh, I’m all right,” he said quickly. “Just not hungry. Tired, sort of.”

She said calmly, as though it were not at all unexpected, “Nothing much doing here in Dover, is there?”

“Not a thing.” Ed’s voice got tight. “Tried every place. Funny, these days. When a man’s got odd jobs to do, he does ’em himself. If there’s a regular job, he’s got a dozen nephews waiting for it.”

They ate the doughnuts in silence. Finally Lettie sent him an oblique look.

“Listen, Eddie. Honest I don’t mind sleeping in the car.”

“Oh, forget it.”

“We could use that dollar and a half for gas.”

“You’re tired. You been walking all day. The hell with the dollar and a half.”

“I tell you I won’t *mind*, Ed.”

“Well, I will. Drop it, hon.”

When they left the wagon, Ed put his hands into his pockets and they walked down the road to the overnight cabins. The jaloppy stood parked beside their place. It was a barren spot at the roadside, but it was restful to sit on the doorstep and watch cars and buses roar by on the concrete. Ed leaned back against the door, stretched out his legs comfortably, and put an arm around his wife.

“No place like home, is there, kid?”

She smiled thoughtfully, and her gaze went far beyond the strip of concrete. “I’ll bet we have a real nice one some day, Ed.”

“Sure we will.”

“Ma cried a lot before we left, but I said to her, ‘You just wait a year or two, till we ask you over to *our* place. You won’t be crying *then*,’ I said.”

SILENCE
BERRY

"We have been asked to make the following announcement: 'John Jones, come home. All is forgiven!'"

From the corners of his eyes Ed watched the owner of the cabins come toward them. A huge man whose stomach dangled over his belt in a great damp blob. He wore a collarless shirt, wet with sweat, and a shapeless cap lay on the back of his head. His smile, however, was affable.

“Figurin’ to stay over again, folks?” he asked.

Ed nodded.

“Glad you like it,” the man chuckled. He became very friendly then. “It’s kind of historic spot—did I tell you last night? They say pioneers used to camp around here, travelin’ west in their covered wagons. Down by the brook a ways back. Sometimes I look at them cars whizzing by on the road, and I think of the tough going those old pioneers had—coming through with nothing in the world except what was in their wagons, and maybe no money at all. . . .” That reminded him of his mission, and he sighed.

“The cabin’ll be a dollar an’ a half, folks.”

Ed got out his money and paid. Then he peered up at the big man a bit quizzically.

“You couldn’t use a helper around the place, could you?”

“A helper?” The man stared a moment before he tilted back his head and laughed. “Brother, my old woman bawls me out ’cause I don’t find enough to do to keep *myself* busy. Says I’m gettin’ fat as a slob, just lazyin’. What would I need a helper for?”

Ed sighed. “Well, I just thought I’d ask.”

The big man looked at him a while, more seriously. He looked at Lettie too. When he spoke again, he wasn’t laughing.

“If I was you,” he said, “I’d get out o’ this part of the country. There’s no jobs. You got no idea how many are on relief. I got a son’s been huntin’ work—any kind of work—ever since the printer’s shop burned down, an’ that was eight months ago. . . . Yeah, I’d push along if I was you.”

When the man had gone, Lettie waited a long time, staring at the road. Then she put a hand on Ed’s knee.

“Don’t let him worry you,” she said softly, patting the knee. “You’ll find something, Ed.”

“It’d better come pretty quick,” he answered, trying to keep the tightness out of his voice. They had just over thirteen dollars now, and he still had to buy that gas.

In the morning they traveled on, and now Ed pressed the red jaloppy for speed. He was becoming afraid of this flat country which offered no work at all. The quicker they reached new lands the better he’d like it.

Late in the afternoon he began to make stops. At gas stations, at a mill that seemed to be operating, at a hotel in a small town. But there weren’t any jobs there, either. Once he saw a woman chopping firewood beside her house, and he stopped and offered to chop as much as she had around the place. But she waved him on, not even bothering to answer, and he returned slowly to the car.

Gee, he thought, gee, what’ll I *do?*

They continued toward distant Sun Valley, and after a couple of days they could see the green hills ahead and the hazy blue mountains far beyond them, like low storm clouds gathering in the heat.

It wasn’t until then, when they were down to four dollars and eighty cents, that Ed consented—a bit desperately—to spend a night in the car.

It wasn’t going to be bad. Not, at any rate, if you judged by Lettie’s cheerfulness. When it was dark, they drove down a wooded side road and stopped by a stream. He had to move the two grips off the back seat, of course, but when Lettie cuddled down on it experimentally, bringing her knees up high, she laughed, “Why, this is *fun*, Ed!”

He didn't speak. He went down to a rock and sat beside the stream for a while, watching moonlight flicker on the water. Once he took the money out of his pocket and stared at it. Four eighty. Two fillings of gas and some oil and a couple of meals—maybe four meals if they stuck to doughnuts and coffee, without hamburgers. . . . After that he didn't know what was going to happen. He put the money back in his pocket and looked down at the stream, but he didn't see anything.

Then he felt Lettie's hand on his shoulder. She sat down beside him on the rock.

"We're going to be all right, Ed. I know we are."

"Gee," he blurted with sudden bitterness, "if they'd only give a guy a *break!*"

"They will," she said, her hand still tapping his shoulder. "Somebody will."

"Yeah? Who?"

She argued defensively, "You don't think we're just going to shrivel up and blow away, do you? Folks go through all sorts of troubles. We're getting ours early, that's all. But we'll come through all right. You watch."

He began miserably, "Gee, Lettie, it was easier for you home. Being on relief, even. If I'd thought it was going to be like this, I wouldn't have—"

She pressed a quick slim hand against his mouth, and the words were stifled. With a kind of decisiveness she pulled his arm around herself and nestled in it, so that his cheek lay in her yellow hair. In silence now they looked at the shimmering stream, with moonlight pouring on it through leaves. She seemed *contented*, Ed thought in amazement. She really did. Contented, happy, confident. . . .

"Gee—" he whispered in awe, and stopped.

"What is it, Ed?"

Suddenly his arm tightened around her with fierceness that was like rage. She was wonderful, Lettie was. Gee, she was grand! He squeezed so hard that she gasped.

"Something's *got* to turn up for us!" he drove out savagely. "It's just got to! I ain't going to let you starve like this an'—an' sleep in a jaloppy!"

LATE the next afternoon they stopped in Somerville, with high blue mountains looming somberly ahead of them, and Ed bought gas. Twice that day they'd had doughnuts and coffee; and now, when he'd paid for the fuel, he had two dollars and forty cents left.

He didn't even ask the attendant about a job. He'd tried too many places around here during the afternoon. Besides, he was feeling too grim to talk; too sick of hearing people say no. He opened the jaloppy's door and was about to step in when somebody asked:

"You driving through Chester by any chance?"

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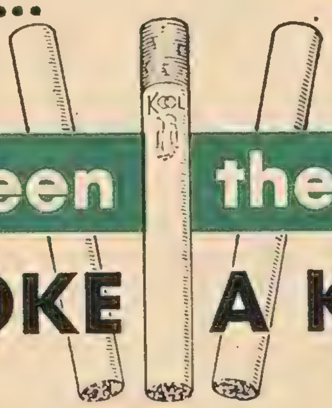

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Ed turned. A stout man in a wrinkled gray suit was standing between two suitcases. He had a pleasant grin, and perspiration was dripping down his forehead from under a tilted hatbrim.

"Missed the bus," he explained. "There isn't another till morning." He nodded to the back of the car. "I could pile in with the grips, if you don't mind." And after a questioning glance from Ed to Lettie, he added, "I'd certainly appreciate it."

When Ed looked at his wife, she shrugged as if to leave the decision to him; so he told the stout man, "Sure. Go on, hop in. It'll take about two hours, though, in this bus."

"That's all right," the man said. "Thanks."

So they drove on to Chester with a passenger. He was a pleasant enough fellow and talkative. He offered Ed a cigar, and when Ed refused, he lit it himself, leaned back as comfortably as the grips permitted, and surveyed the rising country about them while he smoked.

He was, he said, a salesman. Traveled with a line of dry goods. Had a car to cover this territory, of course, but the blamed thing had burned a bearing in Chester. Ought to be ready by morning, though. He hadn't wanted to waste the day waiting, so he'd taken the bus to call on an account here in Somerville.

"Nice of you to run me back," he finished. "I didn't want to spend the night in this burg."

Ed studied the man's face in the windshield mirror. An affable face, middle-aged, heavy about the jowls, but creased by a genial smile. The salesman had taken off his hat, and the breeze disarrayed his thin gray hair.

"You know these towns pretty well?" Ed asked.

"Been covering the state for fourteen years," the man chuckled.

ED hesitated, almost afraid of the question in his mind because of the answer it might bring. But he had to ask it.

"Wonder if you'd know where a feller might hunt a job?"

The man looked from the back of Ed's head to the back of Lettie's. He took the cigar from his lips and seemed about to reply. But, reconsidering, he shook his head slowly.

"Brother, if I were you I'd get about five hundred miles out of this territory. You don't stand a chance in a place where thousands are out of work and on relief. I get around. I know what I'm talking about."

Ed wearily nodded. "Kind of figured so." Same as Dover, he thought. Same as Minton. Same as everywhere.

They dropped the stout man in front of the Castle House in Chester, and then they rode on. They were fifteen miles beyond the town when Lettie, glancing back at the two grips, uttered an exclamation. She half rose and reached suddenly to the back seat. Her voice caught when she spoke:

"Ed, look! Look what he dropped!"

Ed glanced down at her hand. She was holding a wallet. It gave him such a jolt that he swung the jaloppy to the roadside and jammed down on the brakes. He gaped at Lettie's hand.

"Well, what do you know about that? . . . What—what's in it?"

She opened it quickly, though her fingers fumbled. Under a strip of celluloid there was an automobile owner's license. It gave the man's name—Herbert C. Davis—and his home address in Denver. There were a few cards, too, and folded papers. But Lettie ignored these. She looked into the billfold.

Ed stared into it too, and his lips parted. He saw Lettie's fingers go stiff on the wallet.

After a time she counted the money slowly, bill after bill, in awe.

"Fifty-five dollars!" she whispered.

Ed echoed in a strange tone, "Gee, fifty-five bucks—"

HE looked at his wife and saw her gaze rise to meet his. A gaze full of wonder.

Then Ed quickly jerked his head away. He stared across the road at a high bank covered with brush. He stared blindly, not daring to meet Lettie's eyes again. His heart beat fast and his face felt flushed.

The break, he thought. *This is the break!* How can that feller be sure he lost his wallet in my car? He can't. He couldn't prove it, anyhow. Not in a million years. I could throw the wallet away and just keep the money. Fifty-five bucks. Boy, oh boy, *fifty-five bucks!* Plenty to get us to Sun Valley. And no more worrying. No more watching her go hungry and saying no, she don't want to eat. No more sleeping in the jaloppy, her on the back seat, me in front, getting up cramped and stiff and grinning like maybe it didn't matter. . . . Gee, it could be a honeymoon again, with some fun to it. Maybe Lettie'd laugh again, her eyes all shiny, like the way she did when we pulled out of Minton. . . .

Something reckless and defiant pounded in him. His grip hardened on the steering wheel and his jaws became tough.

It was the break all right. It had been a long time coming, but here it was. Fifty-five bucks tossed into the jaloppy as if the hand of God had tossed it there when they needed it most.

Lettie was still staring at the money, her eyes wide, her lips parted, as though she couldn't believe what she saw.

Fifty-five dollars. . . . She lifted her head in a spell and gaped through the windshield.

They could have a meal now. A real meal. Soup and roast beef and coffee and even ice cream. She wouldn't have to force the stiff smile any more to pretend she wasn't hungry. She wouldn't have to hide hunger pangs that came gnawing at her again and again. . . .

And there would be a nice clean room, too, with a wide bed. She'd stretch out her legs again when she slept, instead of keeping them bunched up on the jaloppy's back seat. It would be a room with a bath where you could get into a tub and soak for hours if you liked. And she wouldn't wake up in the night and see Ed on the front seat, his legs sticking out the open door, his head down on folded arms. She wouldn't sit there in the darkness, feeling the choking lump in her throat and fighting back the sobs that wanted to come while tears ran down her face. And she wouldn't have to sit silent while he drove, pretending to look at the mountains ahead, while her scared mind prayed and prayed desperately, ending its prayers only when she tried to figure out some way of stretching two dollars and forty cents over the weeks ahead. . . .

Then she realized that Ed had turned back to her. He was pale under the sunburn.

"What do you think we'd better do, hon?" he asked.

She said uneasily, "There—there's an address here. We could—mail it to him."

Their eyes held each other. They could turn one way or the other now for fifty-five dollars. Back to doughnuts—maybe not even doughnuts by tomorrow—and the terrible fear of what was going to happen to them. Or on to roast beef and . . .

"Yeah," Ed said slowly, "I guess we could mail it."

Lettie's hand was nervously rubbing the seat.

"Maybe he'll need it in Chester, though," she stammered. "To—to pay for his car tomorrow."

"Yeah. . . . I hadn't thought of that."

She studied Ed's strained face, then cried in desperation, "Oh, Ed, what do *you* want to do?"

"I—I don't know—"

"You want to *keep* it?"

He didn't answer. He frowned down at his feet for a long time, holding the wheel hard and thinking. Lettie kept watching him in a sort of agony, almost afraid of what he'd say. . . . In the end she caught his hand.

"I guess we'd better take it back," she whispered. "If we're going to feel so—so scared and bad about it now, it'll be worse later. I guess we'd better take it back, Ed."

Even then he didn't immediately speak. But he nodded and released the jaloppy's brake and turned back toward Chester.

"It's only fifteen miles," he said huskily.

WHEN Ed entered, the gray-haired man was sitting in the lobby of the Castle House, reading a newspaper and smoking a cigar. He lifted his head in surprise. Then he put the paper aside and pulled his glasses off his nose.

RING IN THE Holidays BY LONG DISTANCE

"What a world of happiness their harmony foretells," wrote Poe a century ago in his famous poem, "The Bells."

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"Well!" he said. "Thought you'd traveled on long ago."

"We came back," said Ed. He held out the wallet. "You dropped this in the car."

The man blinked. Then he clutched wildly at the back pocket of his trousers.

"Well, I'll be damned! Didn't even know—" He gaped up at Ed, and there was wonder in his voice. "Why, thanks, son, thanks! Mighty nice of you to bring it back—"

Ed felt awkward and embarrassed by the man's amazement, and he wanted to get away as quickly as possible. So he nodded and turned to the door. But the stout man jumped up and caught his arm.

"Wait! Just a minute. You can't walk off like that. I—I feel as if I ought to do something—give you something—"

"Forget it," said Ed. Then he halted, remembering, and changed his mind. "You could give me fifty cents."

"Fifty cents?"

"Yeah. I figure I used about that much gas and oil returning this."

The stout man drew a long breath. And then he laughed. "Say, son, what kind of heel do you think I am? Here—" He pulled a bill out of the wallet and stuffed it into Ed's hand. "You take that and buy your wife something . . ." A thought checked him. He studied Ed intently. "Wait," he said after a pause. "Sit down a minute, will you?"

Ed was uneasy. "What for?" he asked.

The man pulled him toward a leather settee. When they had sat down, he crossed his legs, put his thumbs in his lower vest pockets, and appraised Ed more closely. The grin came back to his plump face slowly.

"Back in the car," he said, "you asked about a job. I almost talked up, son, but I didn't know anything about you then. Not enough, anyhow."

There was lilting good humor in his voice. It made Ed stare.

"Look," he went on. "Can your wife cook?"

Ed stiffened, and his mouth opened. "Why—why, sure—"

"I got a cousin owns some tourist cabins over near Waterville. About a hundred and twenty miles from here. Fifteen cabins and a lunch counter that goes with 'em. He's over there himself now, though generally he keeps a couple to run the place. He's got a business of his own to tend to in Denver, see? Trouble is, he never yet hired a couple that didn't rook him. With him away, it's easy. So he's been swearing he won't hire anybody else unless they come with ace-high references. . . . That's the story, son. The place pays fair wages, and you get good living quarters behind the lunchroom. Think you and your wife would be interested?"

Ed felt so queer and tight he could hardly talk. "Gee, mister—*gee*—"

His eyes held all the answer the stout man needed. He rose, laughing a little as he slapped Ed's knee, and said, "Sit here while I go phone him, will you, son? I don't think you'll ever rook him."

THEY were driving through darkness now. Ed's heart beat hard, but it was a good feeling, like the rhythm of a song. Presently Lettie's arm slipped under his. She leaned against him, and he reached for her hand.

"How you feeling, hon?"

"Fine, Ed!"

Then he saw that her eyes were shining. She cuddled against him in sheer delight.

"Oh, Ed," she whispered, "it's wonderful to have a job!"

He said, "Yeah, we seem to be getting along." And because he suddenly felt important, he teased her a little. "Looks like you won't get to see Sun Valley, though."

Lettie straightened. "You know what I think about Sun Valley?" she said earnestly. "I—I was always a little scared about that place. I think most of the people who worked there last year will be back for their jobs. There must be hundreds of others heading there, too, Ed. And maybe there won't be enough jobs to go around."

"Yeah," Ed thoughtfully nodded. "Me, too. Lettie, I was scared stiff. . . ."

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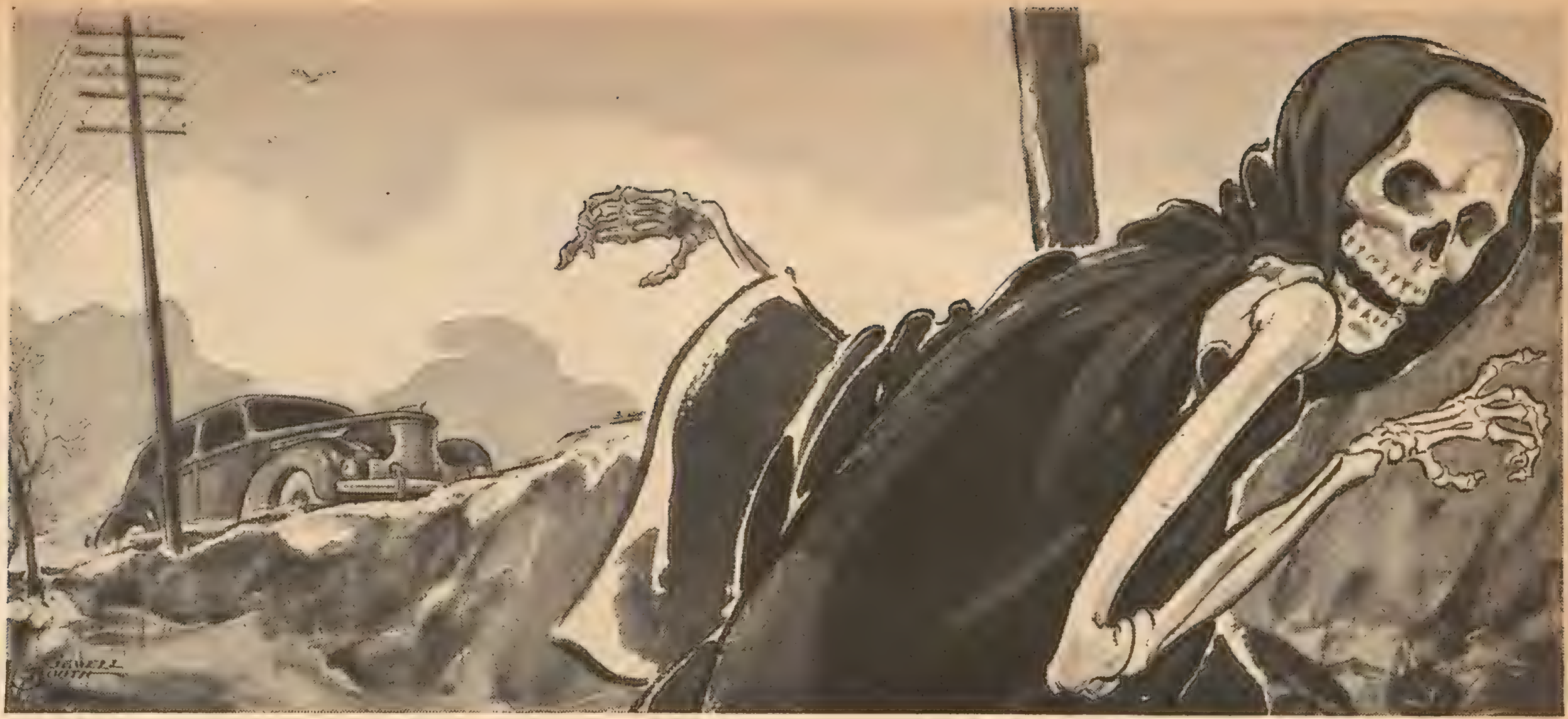


For every driver of a car . . Here's a grim warning from experience

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

BY BERNARR MACFADDEN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MORE than thirty years of safe driving and then . . . asleep at the wheel. That was a personal experience, and, due to the prevalence of this fault among drivers, this subject should be weighted with deep interest.

Nearly every driver, after spending several hours at the wheel, will occasionally find himself falling asleep. Fortunately he usually awakes in time to avoid serious accidents.

On a long drive, when the road is fairly clear of traffic, riding along with ease and comfort, the hum of the engine is often like a sleeping draft, and quite frequently one has to shake himself or adopt some other means of trying to keep awake.

I am astonished, now that I have had a chance to think the matter over in the light of the thoroughly frightening thing that happened to me, that in all the warnings issued to the public about safe driving, so little mention is made of falling asleep at the wheel. Few realize how great is the danger, or how insidiously sleep can creep up on a drowsy driver in spite of all his resolves to stay awake.

Thousands of narrow escapes result from this foolishness. Most of them go unrecorded. As for the actual accidents and fatalities that result, they are remarkably few in number, considering the risks involved. Nevertheless the available statistics on this point are pretty terrible, at that. Mr. R. L. Forney of the National Safety Council in Chicago informs me, for instance, that on the basis of factual reports from twenty-seven states, it is estimated that there were 650 fatal driver-asleep accidents in the United States in 1938, and 7,000 other driver-asleep accidents which were classed as nonfatal. It is also estimated that there were about 9,500 other driver-asleep nonfatal accidents which were not reported.

Generally speaking, accidents of this type are unreported. One reason apparently is that drivers hate to admit that they were asleep. They would rather blame it on something else. If the whole truth were known, according to Mr. Forney, the above totals would probably be considerably higher. He tells me sample studies indicate that the principal cause of falling asleep at the wheel is lack of sleep in the previous twenty-four hours. Other causes are carbon-monoxide gas, intoxication, heavy meals, drugs, and illness.

That matter of carbon-monoxide gas is particularly important in cold-weather driving, when windows are usually closed. Carroll E. Mealey, New York State Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, has recently issued a warning on that point. He estimates that 5 per cent of cars on the road in cold weather contain "a dangerous concentration of the gas."

Mr. Mealey reports also that in New York State from January to the end of August, 1939, there were 153 driver-asleep accidents, ten of them fatal. In 1938 New York State had 743 accidents that in one way or another resulted from impairment of the motorist's ability to drive, and sixty-four of them were fatal.

My first driving experience was with a two-cylinder Buick, more than thirty years ago. At that time I was conducting a health resort at Battle Creek, Michigan, and was moving the business to Chicago. Being compelled to make this 200-mile trip frequently, and feeling the need of some diversion at that time, the responsibility of driving a car was quite appealing. Therefore I bought a Buick, took a lesson of one hour, and started for Chicago the next day.

One's first experience in driving is usually quite thrilling. As boys, we have had the experience of coasting downhill, but to be able to coast uphill . . . that was new and indeed delightful.

During my first day of driving a very serious accident was avoided by a hair's breadth. New drivers always have difficulty in holding the car on a crowned, convex road when the speed is much beyond twenty-five miles an hour.

I was riding along on such a road with the joyful feeling of gliding through the air at railroad speed, when the front wheels of the car began to wobble and, notwithstanding extraordinary efforts, the car turned into a gully at the side of the road . . . then up an embankment, and for one horrible split second I saw a telegraph pole on one side and a fence on the other. How I managed to steer that car between those two objects, missing each one by a few inches, will always remain a mystery to me, but I went safely through, then down into a shallow ditch, and back on the road. Then I had an opportunity to look at my two passengers. Their faces were drained . . . as white as a sheet. They had been scared speechless.

I like to do my own driving, and my own piloting when flying. It adds greatly to the interest of a journey. For many years I have been bothered occasionally with an inclination to go to sleep at the wheel. I have often reprimanded myself after having escaped danger by a small margin, and fully realized that serious penalties might be incurred for neglecting these warnings. Consequently the punishment I received on this occasion is probably justly deserved.

On the morning of the accident I had arranged to fly from New York to Liberty. After spending two or three hours there, I had expected to fly to Dansville, New York.

The night before, I was informed that the weather the following morning would be dangerous for flying. I awakened quite early and decided to drive my car. The journey was started at five o'clock, and after driving two and a half hours I noticed drowsy inclinations. Realizing my destination was but half an hour ahead, I ignored the warning. But about five miles from my destination, I had apparently fallen asleep . . . veered to the roadside, knocked down a rod or so of fence, back again into a ditch, hit a post, and the collision apparently threw the car over on its side.

When I hit the first obstruction I was thrown violently against the steering wheel and then forward, with the left side of my head against the instrument board, which made me unconscious for the moment. A large gash was cut over my eye and my lower lip was split, requiring several stitches in both wounds, and as I was thrown forward, my right leg sustained serious bruises from the gearshift.

CONSCIOUSNESS returned when I was helped out of the car. I was assisted into the bedroom of a near-by home, and a doctor was called. He examined my wounds and mended them temporarily with some adhesive tape, and suggested he drive me to the hospital. I insisted that I should proceed to my destination. There I was put to bed, and the doctor said I should remain there for at least a couple of weeks. I said nothing at that time, but I knew that "bed rest" would not hold me for that prolonged period. However, any movement for the first two or three days was a source of severe pain, and I had to be satisfied with lying on my back.

One of my objects in relating this experience is to describe the methods I used for self-treatment.

I informed the doctor I held him responsible for the stitches that repaired the gashes in my eyebrow and lip, but I would personally take charge of all other phases of my treatment. The serum that is ordinarily used on such occasions, to avoid lockjaw, I naturally refused . . . much to his surprise.

The first day I had neither hunger nor thirst. I drank one glass of water only. The second day I had two glasses of orange juice and two or three glasses of water. The third day about the same, with one or two glasses of milk, although about this time the bed was becoming monotonous, and I sat up for a very brief period. The fourth day I was up nearly all day, and was moved by automobile to New York City.

PATRIOTIC CARTOON CONTEST—$1,800 IN CASH AWARDS

Sponsored by Liberty Magazine and Town Hall, New York

RULES

1. Any one, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, the Town Hall, New York, and members of their families.

2. Cartoons must depict the ideal of "How the Town Meeting Idea Can Best Preserve American Liberty and Democracy."

3. Cartoons must be approximately 14 x 16 inches and should not exceed this size. They should be drawn on white Bristol board, in India ink, pencil, or charcoal, suitable for published reproduction and exhibition.

4. Signatures must be placed on back of cartoons, not on face. Prize winners will be given an opportunity to sign on face before reproduction.

5. Cartoons will be judged for aptness, originality, power, simplicity, and draftsmanship. Judged on this basis, the best entry will be awarded a cash first prize of $1,000. The second best entry will receive a cash second prize of $300. The five entries next in order of excellence will receive cash prizes of $100 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. A competitor may submit as many cartoons as he desires, but only one prize will be awarded to any competitor.

6. Prize-winning cartoons will become the property of Liberty Magazine and the Town Hall, New York, for reproduction wherever desired. All entries may be exhibited at a special showing in New York after the contest closes. The right is reserved to purchase for publication, at usual rates, any entries in addition to the prize winners.

7. Entries should be addressed to Patriotic Cartoon Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and should be postmarked on or before February 21, 1940, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned unless accompanied by return postage when submitted.

8. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty Magazine and announced by broadcast over America's Town Meeting of the Air.

9. The judges will be Bernarr Macfadden and Fulton Oursler for Liberty, George V. Denny, Jr., and Arthur E. Bestor for the Town Hall, and a nationally recognized personality to be announced later. By entering the contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Watch Liberty for further developments

The fifth day I took an exclusive milk diet, drinking five or six quarts. The following day I took two regular meals. The seventh day I went on a milk diet again . . . after which my diet followed the ordinary routine, although I adopted a tissue-cleansing process each morning which I have found throughout the years to be very valuable. Before taking any food, drink five to eight glasses of water as hot as can be taken comfortably, after adding a few drops of lemon juice to each glass. This water to be taken the first hour or two after rising . . . taking no food until noon.

The X-ray showed that there were no broken bones, which clearly indicated I had only severe bruises to remedy. More than a week elapsed before I could use my right leg with any degree of comfort, although at the end of two weeks I was nearly normal. The effects of the blow I received in contact with the instrument board are still noticeable, but throughout all this period there was but little deviation from my office duties. My editorial work was carried on as before, after the fourth day of the accident. I was in my office on the fifth day, though nearly two weeks were required to remove the color from my two black eyes.

NOW what must be done to avoid the serious danger that lurks ahead when you fall asleep at the wheel? Some recommend chewing gum. One driver who has had a great deal of experience sings as loud as he can. Another stops the car and walks around it a few times and resumes his journey.

One of the most effective remedies I have found is to go to a near-by field, lie on my back, and take the exercise, a dozen or more times, of rolling back until my feet touch the ground behind my head. That thoroughly stretches the spine throughout its entire length.

Another idea is to carry some dates and when sleepy inclinations appear put a date in your mouth and use it as you would an all-day sucker. Do not chew it but let it gradually dissolve. This is diverting, and dates contain a lot of nourishment, and they add energy and at the same time help to keep one awake. Ordinary sweets do not seem to be so effective, although they are helpful.

Steelworkers who ramble around on the steel supports of tall buildings, sometimes hundreds of feet in the air, become careless after a while, and they frequently drop off into eternity.

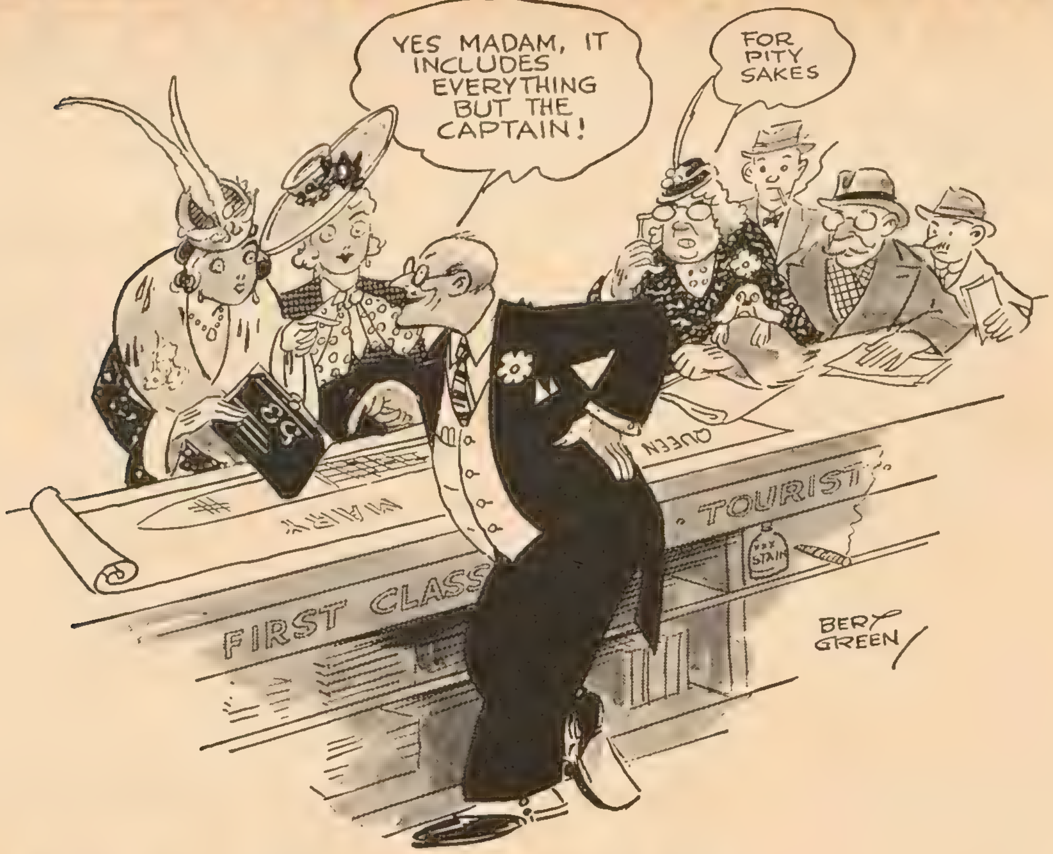
Going to sleep at the wheel is almost as dangerous, more so in some cases. At the first sign of sleepiness at the wheel, stop then and there. Don't wait, as I did, and as many others have done, until serious injury is the penalty. You may be crippled for life, or death may be the penalty of this carelessness.

This subject is so important we would be glad to hear from drivers who have other methods of keeping awake than those mentioned here. Such advice, if broadcast, might be very valuable in saving other careless drivers from serious accidents.

Remember, death lurks ahead when you are asleep at the wheel.

THE END

THE GOLD RUSHERS



Now!—The author of Free Air from a Taxi Pilot launches another whirlwind of hilarity

Words and picture by

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WELL, you must admit that if you received a telegram stating you had won a fortune you would be some surprised, or am I still in a dither? That's exactly what happened to me and if you don't believe me, give a listen!

Last Tuesday I was sitting at my manicure table in the Arcade Barber Shop tweezing my brows and wondering how I'd pay my apartment rent, when who flopped on the white stool opposite me but Benjamin Dokes. Now this Mr. Dokes, if you please, is a very important person—in his own estimation. He happens to be the president of the Dokes Midget Corset Company and doesn't think any more of himself than Joe Louis does of his left arm. Well, while I was busy pushing back this bozo's cuticle, he tees off as per thus:

"Listen, cutie-bug. You're about the neatest little job I've ever hung my lamps over. Why wrinkle and age in this talcum-powder emporium when *I* can bury you in sports coups and sables and matinees, you silly? What say, will you play?"

Well, I was just about to crown this idiotic tomato with the finger bowl when Tony, the head barber, hollers:

"Hey, Miss West, here's a telegram for you!"

Honestly, you could have knocked me over with a grand piano when I heard that, because the last time I received a wire it informed me that my uncle had been stretched. So, without paying the slightest bit of attention to Mr. Dokes, I tore the cover off the message and what I read just about floored me. On the level, I let out a yell that could be heard the length and breadth of Manhattan and halfway to Albany.

"What's the matter?" hollered Tony.

"I *won* it! I WON it!" I yelled, waving my arms like a cheer leader.

"Won what?" asked Dokes, the picture of stupidity.

"A *sweepstake prize!*" I screamed.

With that, I grabbed my hat and coat, kissed Mr. Dokes with the finger bowl, and lined it for the door.

For the life of me, I don't know *how* I got home. All I know is, I was sitting in a 20 & 5 urging the taxi pilot to hop curbs, flatten cops, and ride like mad. Brother, the trip seemed endless.

Now, I'm not one to get excited as a rule, boys and girls, but I want to tell you right here and now that I was ample ga-ga. I couldn't wait to spill the good news to my roommate.

When the driver dropped me off at my de luxe apartment—whata laugh, I mean my four-story walk-up—I took the steps at four a jump. As I flung open the door, there was my roommate, Lenora Glenn, sprawled out on the day bed in her black silk panties reading Man the Unknown, by Alex Carrel, the heart specialist.

Now, this gal Lenora is one of those phlegmatic creatures who takes life philosophically and never lets anything bother her—except men. Personally, I think she's a knockout. She's popular, petite, and perfect. She stands five feet four in her runs, tips the Toledos at a hundred and twelve, and features more curves than a Turkish lamp. Moreover, she has big brown eyes, hair the color of a grapefruit, and features a devastating smile that would Reno-vate a bank president. Right now she's on an extended vacation from the 5 & 10. It seems the boss got peeved at her for reading Racy Stories when she should have been selling mousetraps.

How the soever, when I burst into the room with my buck-ten hat over one lamp and my waves every which way, she eyed me like I had just escaped from a slaphappy hatch.

"Good grief!" she exclaimed. "What's wrong? Why home so early?"

"I'm *rich!*" I hollered, snubbing her question. "I'm RICH!"

Then I rushed into our half-pint breakfast nook, grabbed all the dishes and smashed them on the floor.

"What's the big idea of wrecking the joint?" she gasped, her eyes the size of service plates.

"Listen, kid!" I yelled. "I've put *my hands* in dishwater for the *last time!* We're going *traveling!*"

"Traveling! Where?"

"To England—France!"

"Hey, wait a minute!" she shot back with veiled sarcasm. "Have you gone wacky?"

Instead of replying, I threw her the Clarence Mackay. Having read it, she made a beeline for the gin and gulped a shot that would floor an ironworker. She then made a one-point landing on the couch and was speechless.

"JUDAS creepers!" she finally exclaimed. "Is this wire *on the level?* Do you really mean *we're going abroad?*"

"And how!" I laughed. "It just occurred to me that there's nothing like an ocean voyage to further one's matrimonial ambitions."

"Oh, so that's the set-up," she chuckled, raising her well plucked brows. "So we're going to win a couple of husbands, eh?"

"You said a mouthful—and *millionaires!*"

"Beverly," she said, as serious as a broken leg, "I think you have the right hop, but how are *we* going to get away with it? Remember, we've never been east of Brooklyn, west of Hoboken, or south of the Battery. Besides, what do we know about the Social Register?"

"Don't be ridic!" I blurted out. "Show me a pair of Park Avenue chumps *we* can't *take* and I'll show you a lakeful of turtle soup!"

Lenora lit a gold-tipped cigarette and eyed me thoughtfully.

"You know, Beverly," she said,

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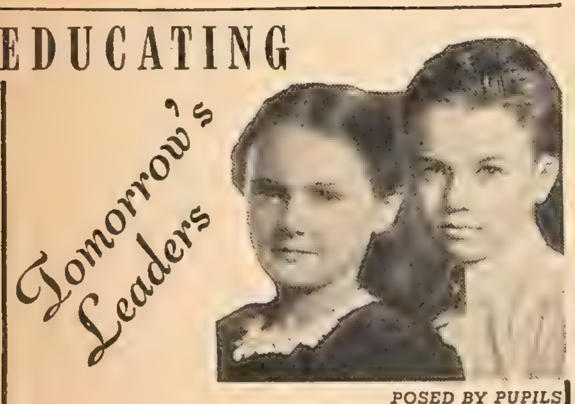

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"there are times when you show great wisdom."

Well, after kicking the details of our proposed trip around for a few days, we decided on a matrimonial campaign that would tie the silly sex in knots.

"By the way," asked my pal, "what boat do we sail on?"

"Why, the Elegantia," I told her. "You don't expect to find a millionaire on a ferryboat, do you?"

FOR the next few weeks us girls were busier than a case of rye at a cops' banquet. Having collected the seventy-five grand—or what the federal boys left me—we barged into the snooty Fifth Avenue shops and went absolutely haywire. Never in our lives did we have such a wonderful thrill. We bought everything imaginable. Flimsies, afternoon prints, sports clothes, and enough beautiful shoes to stage a Follies. I blew myself to several gorgeous evening gowns. One in particular. It's the darlingest emerald-green creation you ever looked at. It's cut very low in front, is vacant in the back, and, if I do say so, it's very daring.

Speaking of swank, you would have died if you could have seen my girl friend trying to put on the dog. She discovered some fancy pearl-handled lorgnettes in a window and darned if she didn't choose a pair. The tip-off was, she ankled into a Madison Avenue blouse shop and tried to affect a Windsor Castle accent. Oh, and was it a pip! It was one third English and two thirds Joisey. The salesgirl gave her one look and whispered to her pal: "Pipe the Tenth Avenoo dowager putting on the lug with the shatter-proof cheaters!"

When we had finished our shopping, we beat it over to the steamship company to get our tickets. The clerk—a Mr. Sidney Cook who was very dignified—brought out a map of the Elegantia that looked like a hall runner. He asked us very politely if we wanted to go "First Class, Second Class, or Tourist?" Lenora looked at him with her soft-boiled eyes and said very sweetly: "Now, what do *you think, Cookie?*" Then she told him we were related to Mr. Cunard and said: "If you can give us a nice quiet suite where we can snag a couple of railroad presidents, it would be just ducky."

Don't you love it?

Well, Cookie certainly was hep. He slipped us a choice spot and told us it was just what we wanted. He mentioned it was on the Sun Deck, close to the Royal Suite and we could have it for the small sum of fifteen hundred smackers F. O. B. Detroit. He further stated that it included everything but the captain. He then sent us over to the Treasury Building to get our passports.

Listen, boys and girls. Did you ever get a passport? No! Well, there's nothing to it. All you need is a doctor, a corporation lawyer, an act of Congress, and your birth certificate. You can be President of the U. S. and A. much easier. When we arrived, a bald-headed guy handed us a piece of paper the size of a bed sheet and told us to fill it out. The questions went something like this:

Were you born? If so, why? Are you white, colored, or Eskimo? Married, single, or divorced? If not, when? Are your tonsils in or out? State number of operations . . . major, minor, or E flat? Are you troubled with the gout? Where does your next meal come from? State parents' names, if any. Do you play the sax, etc., etc.

We had hardly gotten this mess straightened out than the guy shot us over to Bowling Green to have our pictures taken. When we reached the street, Lenora said to me: "It seems ridiculous that we should have to go through all this bunk just to get a husband."

Will our two dizzy fortune-hunting dames get what they're after? Join them aboard the Elegantia! Follow their cockeyed adventures in coming issues of Liberty!

On arriving at the passport photographer's, I thought we'd pass out. It was an old tumbledown shack under the El, covered in dust.

A goofy-looking foreigner with long black hair and an infra-red nose placed us before a Brownie, climbed under a horse blanket, and squeezed a syringe on the end of the hose.

Good heavens above! When we got our photos I thought they'd soured in the camera! From my picture, I couldn't tell whether I was Captain Bligh or the mother of Frankenstein's monster. As for Lenora, she looked like a toss-up between Barney Google and something that lives in a tree.

We then returned to the passport office to have the valentines pasted on the questionnaire. The guy took one look at the portraits and promptly made us hold up our right hands while he recited Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

I guess that he took us for aliens. After that, they put the bite on us for ten bucks the each and sent them to Washington to have them passed by Congress.

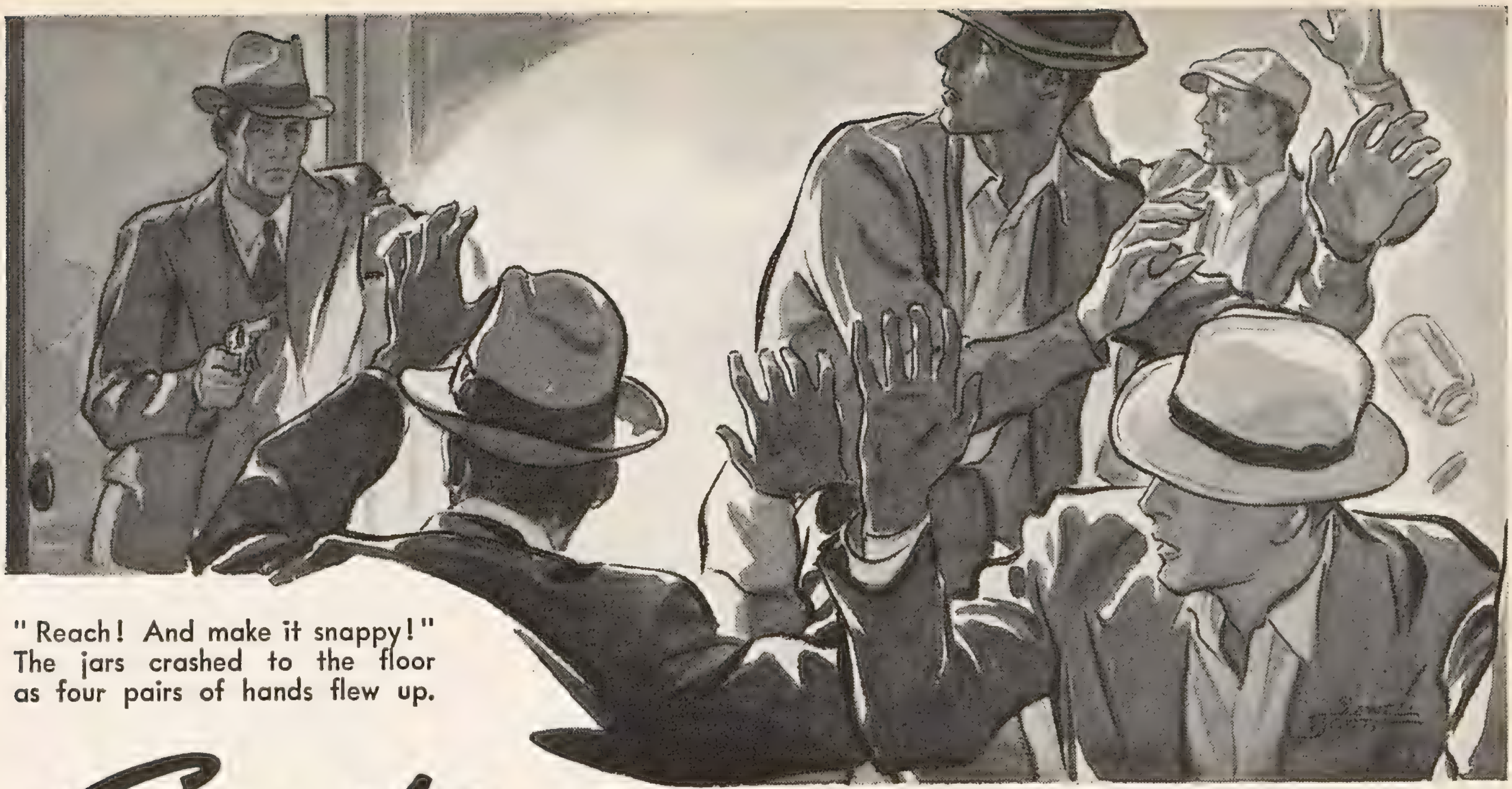
Four days later we were presented with the passports signed by the President, the Secretary of the Navy, J. Edgar Hoover, and Joe Humphreys. They contained enough red and gold seals to incorporate a Nevada gold mine.

Our last errand was to a bookstore, where we bought a copy of Emily Post to check us from using the wrong forks should some millionaire fill our laps full of tablecloth.

Well, tonight we sail. You'd better come along, boys and girls. If we don't hand you a few laughs en route, we're crazy!

Bon voyage, as the Greeks say.

THE END



"Reach! And make it snappy!" The jars crashed to the floor as four pairs of hands flew up.

Secrets OF A HOLLYWOOD PROPERTY MAN

A close-up of one whose everyday job is to do what can't be done—and how he does it

BY KENNETH L. WATT

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IT was nearing midnight as the police car slid darkly and silently to a stop behind the suspected house. Five right hands went to shoulder holsters and five long-barreled .38s slithered out.

"They're still in the house, all right," muttered the sergeant. "See! They're using flashlights! You guys surround the place and I'll try to get in the front way."

Nodding agreement, the other four scattered quickly. The big sergeant tiptoed up the front steps and turned the knob of the door. It was unlocked. Gently, noiselessly, he pushed it open. Inside, a flashlight winked again. He snapped the switch of his own light, and in its beam were—four men, each holding a glass jar!

"Reach! And make it snappy!" he commanded. The glass jars crashed to the floor and broke as four pairs of hands flew up. A blast on the whistle brought the other officers, who manacled and searched the culprits.

"Not a gun on 'em, sergeant!" Surprise was evident in the policeman's voice.

"You, over there, with the green shirt," barked the sergeant, "who are you and what are you doing in this vacant house?"

The man grinned at him. "I'm Harry Edwards and I'm a movie property man. These men are my assistants and we're looking for mosquito hawks."

Of course no sensible police officer would believe a tale like that, and Harry Edwards and his aides were arrested by one of the most sensible detectives of the Los Angeles Police Department. They were locked in cells until 4 A. M., when the irate producer-director of Yellow Jack arrived to identify them.

The sergeant attempted to mollify him: "I'm sorry, sir, to have gotten you out of bed, but—"

"Who cares whether you're sorry or not?" was the scathing response. "Those mosquitoes are all gone, and here it is daylight and we won't be able to get any more until tonight."

Yellow Jack, the story of the heroic and victorious fight against yellow fever, occupies a prominent niche in the memory of Harry Edwards, dean of Hollywood property men, because it brought about this experience, his only one inside a real-life jail.

Back in 1919, Harry's future, like many another young man's who was discharged from the army or the navy at the end of the war, was more than a bit uncertain. Jobs were scarce, and apparently there was no demand for the services of a dependable subchaser deckhand. But his buddy had been a Hollywood prop man before the war, and he thought he might as well go to California. "If I'm going to starve," he reasoned, "there's no sense in being cold at the same time."

Two days after his arrival in Los Angeles he was working. Thanks to his buddy, he was taken on as a prop man in the old Brunton studio—where the big Paramount studios now stand.

In those days the duties of a prop man included such items as building fires in the big coke-burning "salamanders" which heated the barnlike stages, ordering box lunches for the cast, assisting the players to dress and make up, moving furniture from one set to another, and acting as first-aid man when some one was hurt—which was often. He also did such incidental jobs as spraying perspiration on the hero's face and supplying the heroine with glycerin tears.

Although since then the prop man has ceased to be a jack-of-all-trades, he remains the one man in the motion-picture studio from whom mistakes, delays, accidents, or lapses of memory are neither expected nor condoned.

Harry's first big picture as a prop man was Robin Hood, in which Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, was the star. A prop man had to be good to work on a Fairbanks picture because Doug's motto was — speed! He thought rapidly and moved rapidly. Between scenes, when most of the other actors in the picture were resting, he would run foot races, broad-jump, or play baseball with members of the crew. By the time Fairbanks had finished The Three Musketeers, His Majesty, The American, and The Mollycoddle, Harry Edwards was a well trained property man as well as champion broad-jumper of the studio.

But to get back to Yellow Jack:

The script called for close-ups of mosquitoes in flight. Mosquitoes were not hatching at that time of the year, and days of frantic search resulted in failure. Finally Harry went down into the Imperial Valley, where the seasons are advanced, and stripped larvae from the shoots of reeds. Returning to the studio, he hatched them out in warmed water—only to discover that they were too tiny to be caught by the camera.

But a good property man is never stumped. Harry sought out an entomologist; learned that the mosquito hawk looks like a mosquito but is several times as large, breeds in untenanted houses, and flies at night. His arrest occurred a few hours later.

In 1924 Harry was assigned to Ben-Hur—the biggest prop job in Hollywood history until The Wizard of Oz—and was sent to Italy for seven months. Arriving in Rome, he was handed a script and told that shooting would begin in four days. His knowledge of the Italian language was zero, yet within that time he secured hundreds of horses, chariots, harnesses, spears, and thousands of smaller items from all over Italy. It occurred to no one to ask, "Can it be done?" It *had* to be done.

THEORETICALLY the prop man receives the shooting script at least one week before production is scheduled to begin. Actually, as a rule, he considers himself very fortunate to have it in his hands three or four days ahead of shooting. Then he tackles his first job—"breaking it down." Line by line, action by action, scene by scene, he goes through the script, making notes of everything that will be needed.

For example, when Harry Edwards was handed the script for The Wizard of Oz, the script writers described the opening scene merely as "Exterior of Gale Farm," and he had to study the dialogue and action to ascertain what would be required. When he finished breaking down that first scene, he had made this list of requirements:

Schoolbooks with strap; incubator, coal-oil type; 12 sitting hens; 12 crates for sitting hens; 200 baby chicks; flour for Aunt Em's arms; wagon, to be lifted to put on wheels, patched with old boards; hammer; bolt to drive in wagon; wind machine; tools and wires; oil to shoot in Tin Man's eyes (chocolate syrup and water); hogs; sow in pen with little pigs; little pigs; stick for Lahr (Cowardly Lion); hanky for Lahr; bowl of crullers on pie pan (plenty of extra crullers); bicycle for Margaret Hamilton; basket on back of bicycle (large enough for dog to escape by means of trick latch; get latch); umbrella, strapped to handle bars of bicycle; bell (must ring); bucket of whitewash; brushes for whitewash; bales of hay; 12 live crows; cat; ducks; cow; 4 horses; food for chickens, ducks, horses, cow, cat, hogs; hay, leaves, dust (to be blowing).

When Harry and his assistants finished checking that imposing list, they looked at each other and smiled contentedly—everything was easily obtainable.

"Not like working on Marie Antoinette," they agreed, "where we had to design everything and then have it made."

But they had not counted on the ways of chickens. The scene was being shot in January, and hens do not sit at that time of year. Days of fruitless search followed. Finally they took the matter up with the owner of a chicken ranch in Indio—in the desert, well below sea level—and he agreed to produce the twelve sitting hens.

Frequently the prop man has to show an animal trainer how to make his own pets work. In Stronger than Desire, the script called for a cat to keep trying to get through a doorway while Walter Pidgeon kept brushing it aside. But the cat had other ideas, and turned a deaf ear to its owner's pleas and blandishments.

"Take that cat home and keep him hungry," ordered Harry, "and when you bring him back, bring along plenty of liver and shrimp. I'll bet he'll go through the door after *that*."

The trainer followed instructions and the scene was shot the next day. Mr. Pidgeon had to be on the alert to brush the cat aside fast enough. It was a very realistic performance.

FOR The Wizard of Oz the script writers decided that a scene in which Toto, the dog, would roll a huge pumpkin down a hill would be effective. The pumpkin, of course, was easily constructed. But Toto was not enthusiastic about the pumpkin-rolling idea—he wanted no part of it. Edwards and Director Victor Fleming devised a simple trick to avoid hanging up an all-time cost record for dog shots. A rubber ball of which Toto was extremely fond was held on top of the big pumpkin while the trainer held the dog. The camera started to grind; the ball was snatched away just as Toto leaped on the pumpkin. Away rolled dog and pumpkin and the scene was made.

Then there were the twelve live crows. Harry needed eleven assistants for that scene. Each man held a crow which he released on signal to go flapping around the cornfield. Tell any of those men that a crow is not a man-eating bird and you will have a full-size argument on your hands. Fortunately, no retakes were necessary.

The special-effects men and prop men make common cause against the script writers in Hollywood. The writers have only to think up queer tricks and effects; the others have to execute them. In The Wizard of Oz, Judy Garland removes the ruby slippers from the feet of the dead Wicked Witch, whereupon the feet curl up and disappear. That bit of action caused the Edwards family some sleepless nights, until Harry hit upon the scheme of having prop feet made of rubber and pumped full of air. When the time came for them to curl up, it was simple to let the air out.

Then there was the script writer—perhaps the same one—who thought it would be nice to have Jack Haley, the Tin Man, cry rusty tears. A little doodad had to be invented to accomplish that. Haley held in his hand a small rubber bulb filled with a mixture of chocolate syrup and water. When he was supposed to cry he put his hands to his eyes and squeezed the bulb. When his hands came down, there were the rusty tears.

The chief bugaboo of the prop man is the fear that one of his gadgets will injure a player. This is especially true when either fire or firearms are used. For Treasure Island, Harry searched the country for scores of genuine flintlock pistols and rifles—then had to make them fire. No casualties resulted, fortunately, but Harry claims that he worked throughout the picture under the handicap of having four fingers out of service—firmly crossed. The Oz script specified that great spouts of fire must shoot up from the urns at the sides of the Wizard's throne, and obtaining this effect without roasting Frank Morgan was a neat problem. To the script writer's great joy, Harry accomplished it. Air hoses were used to shoot sprays of gasoline past pilot lights in exactly the right direction.

Ray Bolger, playing the Scarecrow, looked dubious when he learned that he was to be set on fire by the Wicked Witch. Fixing up the Witch's torch was simple—she used a burning broom—but Ray's arms had to be thoroughly covered with asbestos. Everybody on the set was understandably nervous, and none more so than prop man Edwards.

IF a script calls for a hot meal, the prop man must supply one. For The Bride Wore Red, Harry planned and ordered a complete dinner and had a chef on duty to keep it hot and edible. Sometimes, however, the food called for in a script is not obtainable or would not be eaten by the actors if it were. For example, in Northwest Passage, according to Kenneth Roberts' story, the Rangers were forced to boil lizards and eat them. No director—not even the hardest-boiled—would attempt to play that scene with genuine props, so Edwards made lizards out of sponges. When the scene was shot, the director declared that "it lacked something." It did. No one was eating a lizard. A near riot among the Rangers was avoided when Harry produced a lizard made from bread dough.

Most drinks are not so difficult. Soda pop can double for virtually any wine, and cold tea for whisky or cordials. Beer is a different matter. Near beer was satisfactory but is no longer available, and the studios are adamant in their refusal to permit real beer on the lot. So when next you see the actors in a picture drinking "beer," don't envy them; they are imbibing a mixture of apple cider and effervescent salts. If "beer" is to remain on a table or bar under the hot studio lights for any length of time, a special trick is needed: a handful of cotton wool, placed on top of the liquid, looks like foam on the screen.

Despite all the care and thoroughness with which a script is studied prior to shooting, emergencies are constantly arising. The director may change a sequence or add a bit of business or combine certain scenes—all of which affect the props to be used. That is why the prop man has his famous kit constantly with him. Most of the old-timers started assembling their kits twenty years or more ago. Different prop men's kits may differ in details, but all are essentially the same: A wooden box, about five feet high, two feet wide, and six feet long, containing an amazing assortment of odds and ends, ranging from scissors, needles, nails, playing cards, wearing apparel, and pins to cigarettes, blankets, pillows, adhesive tape, and tools.

If you are ever tempted to compete in one of those quiz programs on the radio and find that you have a Hollywood prop man as an opponent, you will be wise to withdraw from the contest. For there will be few questions to which he cannot give the right answers. Ask Harry Edwards or any other experienced prop man what articles would be found in a railroad station, a bank, a print shop, a five-and-ten-cent store, even a Buddhist temple, and he will rattle them off as quickly as the alphabet.

BUT in spite of the changes the years have brought in the prop man's duties, there is one chore and responsibility which has been his since the earliest days of motion pictures. It still remains his duty to see that every set is in perfect order for shooting. Floors must be spick-and-span, furniture dusted, no visible spots on rugs, draperies, upholstery, or clothing. Years of training and concentration on these details have made him an uncomfortable husband to have around the house and a disconcerting guest to invite to one's home. In fact, he is definitely a social problem child, for if he does not control himself rigidly, he may whip out his handkerchief to remove some dust from his host's furniture or begin to polish the glassware with his napkin. And should you, in a moment of bravado, suggest an evening of bridge to a Hollywood prop man, please go over your rugs carefully. Let there be a stray thread to be seen, and you will have a very miserable guest.

But if you wish to offer a Hollywood woman the highest possible compliment upon her housekeeping, just say to her: "You're good enough to remain married to a prop man for twenty years."

THE END

MORE ENDURANCE FOR THOUSANDS. Overwhelming evidence that Knox Gelatine does promote endurance—*combat fatigue.*

FILE PROOF NO. 281

MORE FUN—HIGHER SCORES

Utilities executive. Was "so tired something had to be done about it." Now says "more rested—ready to get up and go in the morning." Reports bowling, squash, other exercise definitely more pleasure—"bowling score improved." Business men tested in same group all report "feel more full of life, have much more zip"—due to regular Knox Gelatine feedings.

FILE PROOF NO. 196

BEAUTICIAN SAYS: "MORE ALIVE."

On feet all day. Formerly so nervously exhausted she slept restlessly—woke frequently. Was so tired by mid-afternoon wanted to "curl up on the floor and go to sleep." Now enjoys sound sleep. Handles more customers than before. Does work easily. "Alive" in the morning—able to make social engagements after work. Other beauticians in group tested unanimous in praise of Knox Gelatine for more endurance.

NO MORE "STAY-HOME-ITIS"!

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Fight Fatigue With

KNOX GELATINE

KNOX
SPARKLING
Nº 1
GELATINE

THIS WAY: Empty 1 envelope of Knox Gelatine in a glass ¾ filled with cold water or fruit juice, or ½ water and ½ fruit juice. Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Then stir briskly and drink rapidly or it will thicken. Take 4 envelopes a day for 2 weeks, then continue with 2 a day. Take faithfully for 1 month. Then if you wish, discontinue, and resume when you feel the need.

CAUTION: Be sure to use Knox. Only Knox was used in the scientific experiments. Only Knox is proved to have the necessary elements. Write for Bulletin E, Knox Gelatine Company, Johnstown, New York, Dept. 74.

MERCY DEATH?

This stark and poignantly simple query from a man who foresaw his own death came to Liberty in the regular run of a day's manuscript receipts. The editors were so impressed that an offer to buy it was sent the author by wire—to which his son replied that as the wire was on its way his father had died "exactly as he predicted." The article is published now with the hope that perhaps somewhere he knows his contribution was accepted.

BY

H. D. KEMPER, M. D.

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

I AM going to mention some of what may be considered good reasons, in some cases, for ending the sufferings of incurables. To do this, I am going to use my own condition as an illustration. I feel, to give the proper perspective, I should give a brief outline of my life.

I was married and had one child a few months old when I started to study medicine, nearly thirty-five years ago. I worked my way through school and graduated with honors in the usual four-year period. I started practicing thirty years ago in a small village, the center of my territory, which included the country for eight or ten miles around.

The majority of my patients were tenant farmers with large families who made a precarious living raising cotton. I charged ten dollars for obstetrical cases, and frequently would get nothing; pulled teeth for fifty cents; and was called on quite often to look after a sick horse or cow, for which there was no charge.

I followed this routine for ten years and managed to buy a home, then moved to a town of about one thousand, where I have been since. I made more money, but it has cost more to live. I have raised three boys and put them all through high school.

It has been necessary for me to do a lot of work in the country under unfavorable conditions. Once, a few years ago, I was called on a maternity case where a midwife was in attendance. She was unable to deliver the baby. They only had a small tin washpan and an old coffeepot. The coffeepot was used to heat water, which was done in an open fireplace. I made an examination of the woman and found that she had a transverse or shoulder presentation. The baby was dead, and it was absolutely necessary that it be turned and delivered without delay so as to save the mother's life. I tried to do this without the aid of an anesthetic but was unable.

I then gave chloroform and had a Negro girl, about seventeen, watch me so she could give the anesthetic while I was delivering the baby. The mother went through the normal recovery after childbirth.

I got sick in 1937. I had no distinctive symptoms and continued to work until December of that year, then I went to a gastroenterologist. After about three days spent in fluoroscopic, X-ray, and other examinations, he decided that I had a tumor of the colon and called in a surgeon. I immediately went to the hospital and was operated on. They found a tumor a little larger than an orange which had about closed up the lumen of the bowel. This tumor was brought outside of the abdomen and the intestine was attached to the abdominal wall.

After ten days the tumor was removed and was found to be cancerous. An opening was left in the intestine and I remained in this condition for about three months. I then went back to the hospital and the intestine was loosened from the abdominal wall and the ends sewed together. This operation was a success and in a few months I was back at light work, at which I continued until the middle of May, 1939. At this time X-rays showed an enlarged spleen and a greatly enlarged liver. There is no doubt but what there is a cancerous condition of the liver.

There has been a steady loss in my weight for several months. Weakness is getting very marked. I can't find anything that I like to eat and nothing agrees with me.

Now comes the time when I become a burden on my family. Notwithstanding, they are making every effort to alleviate my suffering and doing everything they can think of to make me comfortable. As time goes on, I will require more care and I will be less able to wait on myself. Then will come the day-and-night vigil. There will not be a single murmur or complaint, but still there will be a great burden to carry.

In a few weeks or months there will be extreme emaciation in which the bones about the hips will almost protrude through the skin, and perhaps, in spite of all precautions, there will be big ugly bedsores on the hips and lower part of the backbone. Then will come the weary hours, days, and possibly weeks when the family will walk about with bated breath and whispering voices, waiting for the inevitable, when I go into a coma, with the rattle in the throat and a clammy sweat, the pinched nostrils, while the struggle for breath goes on and the heaving of the chest gradually wanes until it finally stops, with perhaps a few more heartbeats—and the end.

Should I be relieved of the last few weeks of this ordeal? At the best, there will only be a small amount of insurance when I am gone. Should money be used on me in an attempt to accomplish the impossible, or left to my wife?

THE END

WAR AS IT REALLY IS

Hauntingly, the screen brings a plea from the dead in a picture of memorable horror

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ THAT THEY MAY LIVE

THE PLAYERS: Victor Francen, Jean Max, Marie Lou, Renée Devillers, Delaitre, Georges Saillard, Paul Amiot, Andre Nox, Rollin. Directed by Abel Gance. Scenario by Abel Gance. Dialogue by Steve Passeur. English titles by Pierre van Paassen. Produced by Forrester-Parant. Running time, 75 minutes.

EVERY mature intelligent American should see this brave uncompromising attempt " to visualize the revolt of men against senseless death," as its maker, Abel Gance, puts it. It is not a war picture as we have come to know war pictures but a plea that the millions of dead in the last catastrophe be heard.

Gance takes you into the trenches. His soldiers are dirty, tired, hopeless men existing amid filth and vermin, waiting their turn to die. You will find none of the nobility, courage, and humor that decorate the usual celluloid fabrications of war. Gance tries to show it for what it is, a useless sacrifice overtoned with the groans of the dying and the shriek of shrapnel, honeycombed with madness and lice, reeking with the stench of human flesh fouled in mudholes.

It isn't a pretty picture, this study of a scientist who comes out of the trenches a madman, who sees the world drifting back into another bloody mass insanity. He finds man priming himself for a new and more sacred crusade, and the bitter veteran summons the dead of Verdun to come from their graves to stop the new holocaust.

Now that war pounds at our ramparts, America should see this film. You should be forced to remember the cinematic horror of the phalanxes of the mutilated marching from their graves, hoping to be heard. And the shock is none the less when you know that these maimed marchers are Les Gueules Cassées, the living dead of the last war.

VITAL STATISTICS: Produced in France two years ago and released as J'Accuse in 1938 at the time of the Munich conference. Attracted wide attention. . . . Abel Gance first produced a silent film with the same message after the war. This silent celluloid is said to have inspired Hans von Chlumberg's 1931 drama, Miracle at Verdun, done by the Theater Guild over here. Gance felt that the message would carry new power with sound and dialogue and did it over. The film was purchased for American release before the break of the new war. Attempts were made to keep it back, but it slipped through just as hostilities started. Every actor who participated was a soldier in the first World War. . . . Victor Francen is one of France's outstanding character actors. Early success in Henri Bernstein's plays. He appeared in another French film, Crime in the Maginot Line. Francen, newly wed, was in America when war broke. Flew back on the Clipper; is in the trenches now. Wonder what he thinks of film messages and their value. His bride followed him later to France. . . . Abel Gance, born in Paris in 1889, has been called the French Griffith. Has acted, written poetry, made films. His first scenario was Paganini. His biggest celluloid successes were La Roule, in 1922; Napoleon, in 1926. Also did Cyrano and one quaintly called Moonlight Under Richelieu. Gance says he got the idea of utilizing the mutilated first World War veterans—Les Gueules Cassées—from the fact that Clemenceau had a group of them stand by, with their smashed faces and battered bodies, at the signing of the Versailles treaty. Now the veterans are hidden away in a remote French town, it is said. Might sway public opinion.

★ ★ ★½ WE ARE NOT ALONE

THE PLAYERS: Paul Muni, Jane Bryan, Flora Robson, Raymond Severn, Una O'Connor, Henry Daniell, Montagu Love, James Stephenson, Stanley Logan, Cecil Kellaway, Alan Napier, Ely Malyon, Douglas Scott, Crauford Kent, May Beatty, Billy Bevan, Holmes Herbert, John Powers, Colin Kenny, Ethel Griffies. Screen play by James Hilton and Milton Krims from the novel by Mr. Hilton. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 112 minutes.

ANOTHER shot at the injustice of mass thinking in wartime. Paul Muni stops in his parade through history to play the simple, gentle doctor of a sleepy little English town, Calderbury. He never realizes the emptiness of his life, dominated by a conventional stupid wife, high-lighted by brief spare moments with his lonely, sensitive, neurotic little boy. Then into his home comes a little Austrian dancer, given a makeshift job as the child's governess. Suddenly they are caught up

Victor Francen in That They May Live—a war picture devoid of the usual nobility, courage, and humor.

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OF A COLD . . .

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America's Favorite Nasal Medication

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in the whirl of tragedy when the wife mistakes poison tablets for headache pills. The two—the doctor and the Austrian newcomer in the grim house—are tried and convicted of her murder. Hemmed in by narrow-mindedness, caught up in the bitterness of the last World War, the two have no chance. Then and then only does the doctor dimly realize that he cares for this lonely stranger who came into his loveless household. And it is too late. There is nothing left for them but the scaffold.

This James Hilton novel makes grim film fare. I am not at all sure you will like it, streaked as it is with the gray bigotry of a dull provincial English town. And Muni's performance of the simple-souled doctor, a vague, preoccupied little man living in a strange world of his own, is a difficult figure for an audience to sentimentalize about. Still, here is excellent acting. Fine, too, are the imaginative little dancer of Jane Bryan and the dull methodical wife of Flora Robson.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Muni's first modern role in five years. Doesn't want to get known as a "biographical actor." Muni's contract calls for him to do two pictures a year, if he wants to. And he has final approval or disapproval of all scripts. Right now Muni, on leave of absence, is appearing in a stage play, Key Largo, by Maxwell Anderson. That Muni mustache was home-grown for this part. Paul studied the violin as a boy. Which came in good stead for this role. Max Rabinowitsh, concert pianist, worked with Muni during rehearsals. Mrs. Muni sits by and watches. Except during love scenes. Then she stays away—by mutual agreement. . . . Jane Bryan got this role after Dolly Haas, originally signed for it, withdrew. And, as a result of her performance, Jane is to be starred. She came to the Warners three years ago, fresh from playing stage roles in Jean Muir's Theater Workshop. Jane is a native daughter of Hollywood, real cognomen Jane O'Brien. As Leni, the dancer, in this she wears no lipstick, eye shading, mascara, or eyebrow penciling. Just a very light shade grease paint. . . . Author James Hilton, who screen-adapted his own novel, is now writing a celluloid play around the Brontë sisters for the Warners. Says he marveled to watch the visionary little town he had imagined take shape in the studio. . . . Eight buildings cost the studio $40,000. Built so that walls could be moved and scenes shot at will. . . . Director Edmund Goulding is getting a reputation as a tear producer. Witness his Dark Victory and The Old Maid. Says Goulding: "It's a science. You plant tears. Then you dig for them." . . . Although trained for the stage from girlhood, Flora Robson once quit acting and tried social work. Took up the job of building the morale of workers in a British cereal factory. With this experience, Flora went back to acting, sure of herself.

★ ★½ THE PHANTOM STRIKES

THE PLAYERS: Wilfrid Lawson, Sonnie Hale, Alexander Knox, Louise Henry, Patrick Barr, John Longden, Patricia Roe, Peter Croft, Charles Eaton, George Merritt, Arthur Hambling. Screen play by Sidney Gilliat based on Edgar Wallace's The Ringer. Directed by Walter Forde. Released by Monogram. Running time, 58 minutes.

A TIGHT, compact, English-made thriller, of a dangerous hunted criminal who warns his victim of his exact demise time and then proceeds to kill, even with British police inspectors scattered all about the premises. There are secret passages and all sorts of jolly chill-producers. And you'll be surprised when you discover the identity of the murderous gent who calls himself The Ringer.

There is an excellent cast. In particular you will be interested in the victim, a shady criminal lawyer, who is sharply done by Wilfrid Lawson, the man who played Wendy Hiller's dad in Pygmalion and the alcoholic Scot in Allegheny Uprising.

VITAL STATISTICS: Author Edgar Wallace was one of the world's fastest writers; could turn out a novel in two days. Never outlined his stories; just started with a set of characters and an incident and let the yarn ride. His books often sold five million copies a year. Once he had six plays running simultaneously on the London stage. . . . Notice Louise Henry as The Ringer's wife. She's a Syracuse, New York, gal, is a graduate of Marymount Convent at Tarrytown, New York. . . . Director Walter Forde was once a vaudeville pianist and comedian; was the star of a series of silent British comedies in the old days.

★ ★ THE MILL ON THE FLOSS

THE PLAYERS: Geraldine Fitzgerald, Frank Lawton, Victoria Hopper, Fay Compton, James Mason, Griffith Jones, Sam Livesey, Pauline de Chalus, Mary Clare, Athene Seyler, Martita Hunt, James Roberts, Phillip Frost, Anna Murrell, Amy Veness, Felix Aylmer. Scenario by Garnett Weston, Austin Melford, and Tim Whalen, based on George Eliot's novel. Dialogue by John Drinkwater. Directed by Tim Whalen. Produced by Standard. Running time, 75 minutes.

THE chief interest here is the first big role played by Geraldine Fitzgerald. The George Eliot novel of 1860 was filmed in England over two years ago. Queen Mary carried her umbrella to the London opening back in 1937. The film has just filtered through to America.

This is a typical robust novel of its era, presenting the feud between a miller and those he thinks are oppressing him. Miss Fitzgerald is Maggie Tulliver, the honest miller's daughter who loves not wisely but too well, innocently gets herself talked about by the narrow-minded villagers and dies—alas!—in a storm and a flood that carries away the old mill and, in fact, the whole plot.

VITAL STATISTICS: Geraldine Fitzgerald got her first break as Maggie. Up to that she had played minor roles in films and on the stage. Got her training with the Gate Theater in Dublin, where she was a student actress just after Orson Welles left. But Welles gave her a chance in New York later when his Mercury Theater produced Shaw's Heartbreak House. That role led to a contract with the Warners. . . . That destruction of the mill cost $100,000, big money for a British film.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

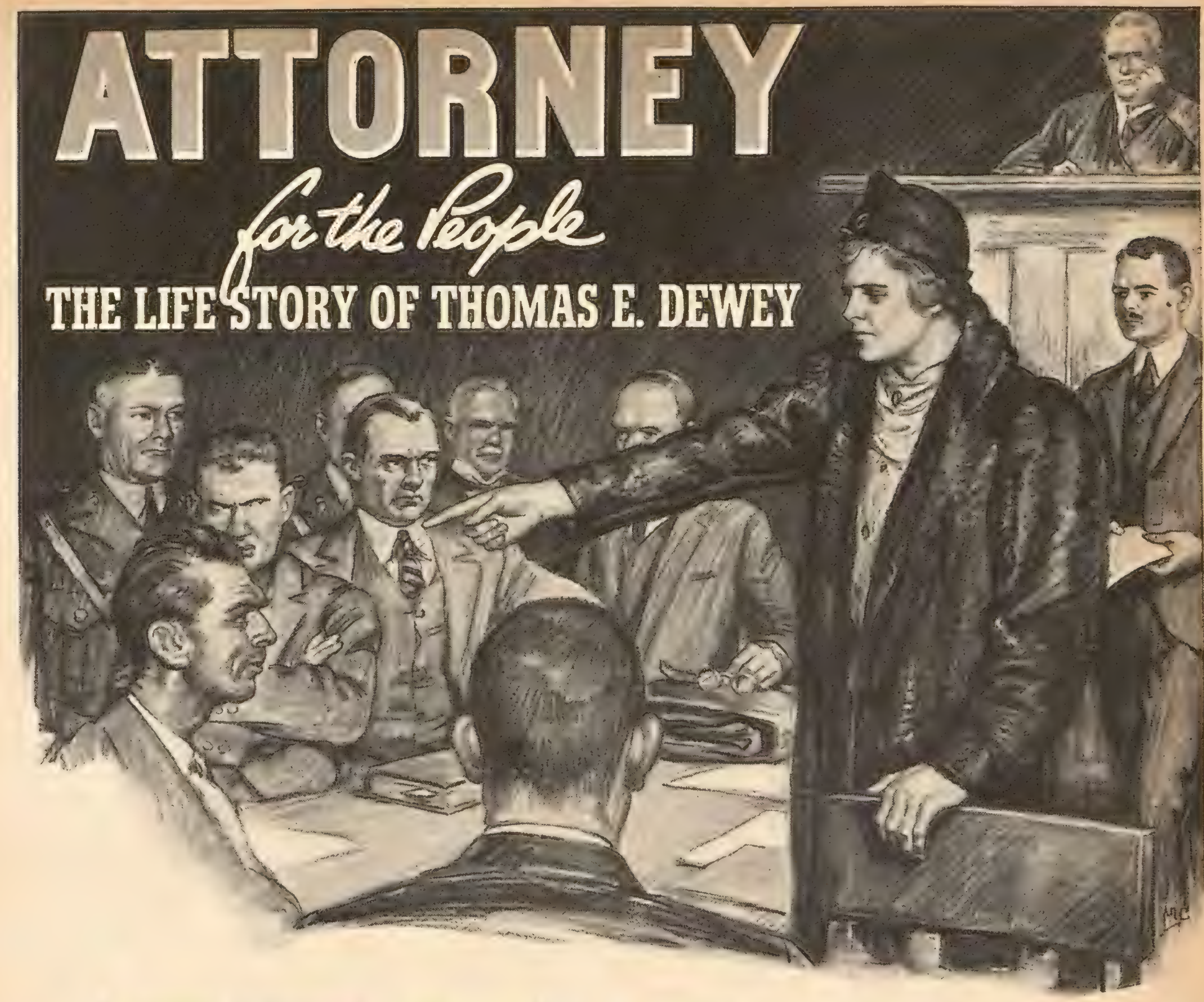
★★★★—Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone.

★★★½—First Love, Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy, Young Mr. Lincoln.

★★★—Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley.

ATTORNEY *for the People*

THE LIFE STORY OF THOMAS E. DEWEY



Calmly she told how she had seen one after another of the gang go into the room of the boss for long conferences day after day.

A great biography ends—Will it prove to be the story of our next President?

BY RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

JUDGE PECORA was ill for a long while, and it was not until March 22, 1939, that he recovered sufficiently to sentence Dixie Davis to one year in the penitentiary and Schoenhaus to two years. This latter sentence he suspended.

In pronouncing sentence on Hines, Judge Nott said there was no excuse for shortening his term except his age, sixty-three; so the judge fixed the sentence at from four to eight years, and announced that if any witness in the case were annoyed or attacked, he would recommend to the Parole Board that Hines be deprived of any time off for good behavior.

After being sentenced, Hines was sent to cell 230. The next day the policy players, with unshakable devotion, played 230. And had their usual success.

Lloyd Stryker withdrew from the case, giving way to Martin W. Littleton, who on April 4 won for Hines a certificate of reasonable doubt from Supreme Court Justice Peter Schmuck. Pending appeal, bail was set at $35,000. Hines was able to furnish this amount, and was released to await the decision of the higher court.

Thus a case in which Dewey ran across the first suspicious item in a federal prosecution in 1931, which developed with the policy-racket investigation launched in 1935, and which came to a head with Hines' arrest in 1938, is still pending. If it is carried to the highest courts, it will not be concluded until some time in 1940. Such is the patience one must exercise in the arduous task of smashing organized crime and its political protectors.

Hines left jail after twelve days' incarceration, and as he came forth with his counsel Littleton, three hundred members of his Monongahela Club greeted him with cheers.

The conviction of Hines stirred the nation as no trial had excited it in living memory. The mistrial, followed by Dewey's defeat for Governor, had actually lifted him higher in public esteem and trust. His return to his unfinished task and his final triumph in it sent him to the peak of national favor.

In his speeches Dewey had assailed the Democratic machine that upheld the respectable Governor and the revered President; he had called it a monopoly destructive of freedom and efficiency, pointing out that several of its local organizations were solidly controlled by bosses allied with racketeers. The feeling was general now that it was the crooks who had cheated Dewey out of the governorship.

A further result of Dewey's disclosures was that the Appellate Division ordered an investigation of

Copyright, 1939, by Rupert Hughes

Magistrate Capshaw and appointed the eminent jurist Thomas D. Thacher to make a report, which has not yet been made public. The Court ordered Capshaw to explain why he should not be removed. With Weinberg dead, the only evidence against him was his own testimony under Dewey's cross-examination. The decision of the Court will be rendered following the decision on the Hines appeal.

Now came the sudden resignation of Martin T. Manton, senior judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, one of the highest members of the national judiciary. He had been accused by Dewey of accepting nearly half a million dollars in bribes for decisions in cases involving vast sums. Though the New Deal authorities rushed in to save its face after the judge's overthrow, it was Dewey whose two-year investigation and unprecedented charges filed with the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives exposed Manton's betrayals of his high trust and drove him from the bench.

© Harris & Ewing

The Deweys at home with their sons, John (left) and Thomas E., Jr.

For years Judge Manton had had a bad name among lawyers, and his receivership appointments had looked suspicious. But there was no evidence, and he was a fearsome personage to criticize. He had wide influence, and his host of friends included James J. Hines.

It was to Manton that Dewey owed all the frustration he met in dealing with Lepke and Gurrah. In connection with the garment racket investigation, Dewey's accountants had found that Manton had borrowed $25,000 from a garment manufacturer, and questioning had revealed that the money had been repaid by the judge in cash. This set Dewey thinking. Why should a federal judge have borrowed $25,000 from a comparative stranger? Why should he have repaid such a sum in cash? Had he kept it in a safe? Or in a tin box? After Dewey became District Attorney he came upon other leads concerning Manton. He directed Murray I. Gurfein, now chief of the Rackets Bureau, to assign two assistants to develop those leads.

During all the preparation and trial of the first and second Hines trials, as well as the governorship campaign, the work had gone quietly forward. In the midst of the second Hines trial the New York World-Telegram had begun to publish a series of articles based on its discovery that Judge Manton was engaged in big business incompatible with his high position on the bench. The chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, Hatton W. Sumners, announced publicly that he was going to look into the matter.

Dewey was ready with the evidence of that and very much more.

Immediately he called his assistants into conference, and they agreed that it was their duty to lay before the Judiciary Committee the evidence they had accumulated proving that Manton had accepted separate bribes aggregating $435,000.

Four men in the Rackets Bureau worked all Saturday night and Sunday. Dewey telephoned Chairman Sumners and explained what he was preparing. During the fever and stress of this Sabbath, suddenly word came that George Weinberg had shot himself. Still they worked on the Manton letter. It was finished at 4 P. M. Dewey signed it and sent it, and later gave a copy of it to the press. Of this letter Dewey says:

"If a single count had been false, it would have been the most libelous charge a lawyer ever made against a judge."

Closing the staggering detail of corruption, Dewey's letter credited his assistants — Gurfein, Frank S. Hogan, Aaron Benenson, and Lawrence E. Walsh—as well as the accountants who had worked on the case, and tendered their services to Congress in presentation of impeachment charges.

The charges were published in the morning newspapers of Monday, January 30, 1939. That afternoon the highest ranking jurist in the United States, next to the Supreme Court, resigned from the bench. There was to be no impeachment. The President accepted his resignation.

The beleaguered administration at last stepped in. The newly appointed Attorney General Frank Murphy asserted that his office, too, had been looking into the matter—even indicating that he had secretly negotiated with Manton for his resignation.

Inasmuch as criminal jurisdiction rested with the federal courts, Dewey's job was finished; so he turned all of his evidence over to the Department of Justice, which proceeded to try and convict Manton.

There was a bit of much needed comedy relief in Dewey's next case.

He stated that employees of the city's Independent Subway, humble station agents and horny-handed repairmen, had been calmly purloining petty cash to the equivalent of 25,000,000 nickels.

The newspapers hooted at the figures, and the chairman of the Board of Transportation, John H. Delaney, ridiculed the charge as preposterous. He said the entire thefts would not exceed $1,000. He proved only how preposterous the subway accounting was.

On January 14, 1939, a metropolitan newspaper carried a story concerning the alleged theft of $250,000 by employees of the city's Independent Subway System, and stated that the Board of Transportation planned to hold departmental trials for the accused employees, while the District Attorney's office would hold off possible criminal action pending their completion.

Dewey read this story. It was not his policy to sit by and hold off criminal action if a crime was indicated. He sent at once for Delaney, who assured him that it was all a minor matter and that at the most a thousand dollars was involved. Dewey minimized the story to reporters, but he insisted that the records and material gathered by the subway's police officers be turned over to his office.

Over the week-end, Robert H. Thayer, chief of Dewey's Indictment Bureau, scrutinized the reports and talked to the police officers. He stated in a memorandum summarizing his findings concerning some of the culprits:

"A conservative estimate of the amount of money taken by these five men with the co-operation of these thirty agents is an average of at least $1,000 a week per maintainer."

That afternoon forty employees or former employees of the subway system were brought in for questioning. Thayer and the other assistants assigned to the case worked all night.

It was then that Dewey called in the reporters to explain that he had unwittingly deceived them. The less than $1,000 should have been more than $1,250,000. He also announced the arrest of eight men. The newspapers figured this out as 25,000,000 nickels, and found the figure ridiculous.

Next day Dewey announced the arrest of seventeen more employees of the subway system. Eventually the total reached thirty-six, of whom twenty-nine pleaded guilty.

The investigation had been managed cautiously, lest it start a stampede of flight. One of the arrested agents had two homes, two automobiles, two bank accounts, and made hundred-dollar bets at the race tracks. He surrendered $2,700 in cash, which he had hidden in gelatin boxes.

Evidences were now beginning to appear that a new ring of ambulance-chasing lawyers was growing up. It was loosely organized as yet, but of large proportions, extending through all five boroughs of the city.

The newly created Fraud Bureau of Dewey's office was then headed by Barent Ten Eyck. Instead of making an arrest or two on a complaint or two, he co-operated with the Headquarters Squad of the Police Department for six months. Then, on March 10, 1939, at five o'clock in the morning, the police swooped. They arrested twenty-four lawyers and runners and charged them with conspiracy.

DEWEY made the first use of a measure called the "anti-strike-breaking law," passed April 1, 1938. It barred the use of ex-convicts on such forces. He arrested fourteen men with criminal records on charges of perjury. He said:

"These arrests will put teeth in the law and should serve to stop the use of murderers and gunmen in industrial disputes."

The Cardinal Newman Foundation at the University of Illinois had voted him its award for 1938, a medal conferred annually on a person who "has made an outstanding contribution to the enrichment of American life." When this great Catholic society thus honored a Protestant, three thousand persons packed the hall. Hundreds sat or stood in the aisles to hear Dewey's speech of acknowledgment:

"I accept the Newman Award with deep gratitude and humility. For any man must be humble as he contemplates another who lives on after death in the minds and hearts of mankind. There are many whose names are recorded in history for the things they have done, but their deeds have ceased to be living things. Like the Pyramids, they are barren monuments to a dead past. There are others—a few—who live on because the thoughts they expressed and the ideals they lived have become part of the thinking and living of succeeding generations. Cardinal Newman was such a man. . . .

A MAN'S GIFT that belongs on EVERY WOMAN'S LIST!

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR Gift Set
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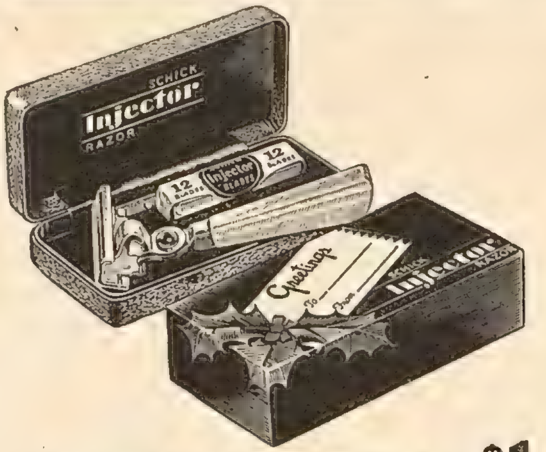
THE SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR GIFT SET $2.50

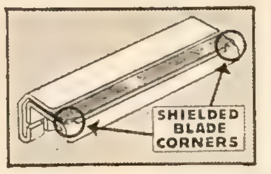
The famous Schick Injector Razor with an Injector cartridge of 12 *double-thick* Schick Blades, in smart, pigskin-grain case . . . together with two *extra* Injector cartridges of 20 blades each, making a total of 52 Schick Blades . . . all grouped in a stunning red and gold holiday box that will make this a prized gift on Christmas morning.



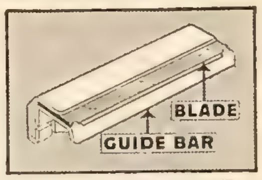
THE "POPULARITY" GIFT KIT $1

The trim "Popularity" Kit complete with famous Schick Injector Razor in pigskin-grain box, with 12 blade Injector cartridge, packed in gay, holly-trimmed "Merry Christmas" package.

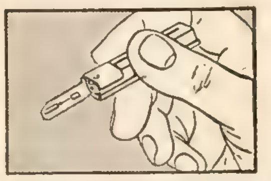
SOME REASONS WHY MORE THAN ~~3,000,000~~ 5,000,000 MEN HAVE SWITCHED TO THIS RAZOR



No Nicks... Sharp blade corners are *shielded* by metal guards at ends of Schick Guide Bar. Guards prevent nicks, scratches. Keep blade in perfect alignment.



Solid Guide Bar... Designed to flatten and s-t-r-e-t-c-h the skin taut ahead of the blade edge. No "teeth" to rake ridges that often get nicked and scraped.



Blades are Sealed in Oil ...Blade edges are actually suspended in space ...sealed in a bath of oil in metal Injector cartridge. No paper covering to dull their edges.

Instant Blade Change... A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *automatically!* Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble.

If the MAN you are buying for "rates" the most amazing razor development in 30 years be sure to give him a Schick Injector Razor.

It's the razor that more than 5,000,000 men have chosen because of the remarkable new COMFORT, speed and thoroughness it brings to shaving. It's the *only* razor with the four outstanding features shown at the left!

So . . . if you want to make a certain man happy on Christmas morning . . . if you want to *keep* him happy *every* morning for many years to come (razor is guaranteed for 20 years) . . . write "Schick Injector Razor Christmas Set" on your gift list right now! Your druggist has it!

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This Schick Injector Razor is intended to give at least 20 years shaving service to the purchaser. If it gets out of order within that time, no matter what the cause may be, it will be reconditioned or replaced free of charge when returned to:

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn., and Niagara Falls, Ont.
(*Made and sold at same prices in Canada*)

"In your citation tonight you call attention to the renewed confidence of our people in their institutions and in the power of government under law to protect itself from enemies within. I should like to accept the Newman Award, not personally, but as a tribute to the thousands of citizens who made that renewed confidence possible by their faith and by their courage. I refer to thousands of grand jurors, petit jurors, business men and workers who dared to stand up and fight. They fought against deadlier enemies from within than our society had ever known before."

He told the story of one courageous girl who had given him vital aid in the Luciano case:

"There was a chambermaid in a leading New York hotel. On trial was probably the most vicious gangster who ever dominated the underworld. His codefendants were eight gunmen and thugs. His defense was that he didn't even know these men, his own henchmen, and that he had never seen any of them in his life. Into the tense atmosphere of that crowded courtroom came Mary Brown. That is the name we called her by because it was not her name. Calmly she told how she had seen one after another of the gang go into the room of the boss for long conferences day after day. She well knew the character of the men on trial. Yet she walked down from that witness stand and put her hand on the shoulder of each one of them. The whole defense collapsed. The courage of Mary Brown and others like her did the job."

He paid tribute to the brave jurors who sometimes had to be shielded by bodyguards and who made great financial sacrifices in neglect of their business.

He protested that he took no pleasure in prosecution, and that punishment is not a cure but "only half of the job." He upheld the fundamental truths of religion and decried the worldliness and paganism of the times.

He called for a return to divine guidance, while emphasizing the right to differences of creed and their expression.

He gave another more informal talk to the law students of the university, and, remembering his own long, hard, and profitable apprenticeship, advised: "Don't try to practice law independently for at least two years after you graduate—if you can get a job with a good law firm."

He had previously written, in response to a request from the League of American Writers, an article on anti-Semitism for a book they were publishing on that subject. In the course of his article he had said:

"Any discrimination based on religion or race amounts to the destruction of freedom. The issue far transcends the protection of the Jew. Oppression against any minority group, however designated, strikes at the heart of democracy and opens the door to oppression of all other minority groups. . . .

"We have no room in this country for the kind of politics that judges a candidate by his race or religion. The fact that he is Jewish, Catholic, or Protestant, white or Negro, has nothing to do with his qualification or ability. . . .

"In dealing with anti-Semitism, we must be realistic and face facts. We must recognize the growing circulation of scurrilous propaganda but we must also recognize that to combat such propaganda we cannot ourselves interfere with free speech. . . .

"We must seek coolly to shame those whose bigotry exceeds their intelligence and good will. Every act in that direction is an act in the defense of America and the fundamentals of our democratic form of government."

The New York Civic Center Synagogue had been established in which some of Dewey's aides had assisted. They also had presented the temple with a holy scroll of the Hebrew law. On June 27 Rabbi Max Felshin visited Dewey's office—and presented him with a miniature Torah, saying:

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 28

1—Cordell Hull, Secretary of State.
2—They grow on other plants.
3—Bay of Bengal; Gulf of Bothnia, Finland; west of the Alaskan peninsula.
4—Folio.
5—Ammunition.
6—Indiana.
7—By payment.
8—A circular letter.
9—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler; Dr. Robert M. Hutchins.
10—The fiftieth.
11—It is a member of the mink family found only in Japan.
12—To enable the pilot to roll the plane on its longitudinal axis.
13—Salt.
14—In 1844, when a mission to China obtained commercial rights.
15—3.14.
16—William Henry Harrison, ninth President.
17—A rudimentary tail.
18—Dr. Clement C. Moore.
19—Arizona, February 14, 1912.
20— Wortman

"You have lifted up your potent voice against outrages to the holy scroll of our divine laws, which is the most precious heritage of our people. As a champion of tolerance and justice, and a liberty-loving American, it is fitting that you should receive this scroll as an eternal remembrance from the House of Israel for your valiant espousals of the cause of justice, tolerance, and brotherly love."

On May 31 Dewey made his report to the people on the record of his office for his first year as District Attorney from January 1 to December 31, 1938. No District Attorney had made such an accounting to the people since 1915. It was a mathematical statement of the cold statistics concerning the work of eighty lawyers and one hundred and fifty clerks, stenographers, and others, and showed the highest percentage of convictions in the history of the office. But the spiritual and social achievement was beyond calculation.

An international situation now lifted itself into notice; for even propaganda had taken on a questionable form in the gigantic national propaganda conducted by certain leaders of the German Bund movement. Its insolent and defiant leader, Fritz Kuhn, like so many others, had been using the American reverence for free speech and free press as a cloak for activities in behalf of his master, to whom free speech was a nightmare to be punished with death, concentration camp, or, for the luckier ones, exile.

When, on May 10, 1939, Dewey's office subpoenaed the books of the Bund, its own newspaper, the Deutscher Weckruf und Beobachter and the Free American, gave its own version the next day in scareheads and hammered home its fixed idea that everything American is Semitic.

Learning of Kuhn's reported plan to leave the country and return to Germany, the Mayor had his passport held up and asked Dewey to investigate the Bund for some sales-tax flippancies. But Dewey replied that he had been investigating it for some time and was prepared to charge Kuhn with "substantial felonies." He was also after "bigger game."

On May 18 the grand jury called Kuhn to appear. Announcing his willingness to testify, he came right to the door of the grand jury, but had a sudden change of heart or cooling of the feet. He refused to waive immunity or appear before the jury. Suddenly he started westward, only to be caught in Pennsylvania three hours after Dewey had secured an indictment against him for grand larceny and forgery. Kuhn waived extradition and returned to New York, where he was arraigned and released on posting $5,000 bail.

After Dewey had indicted Kuhn the latter was called before the Dies Committee of Congress. The outbreak of the new World War and the attack on Poland did not enhance Kuhn in public favor, and renewed reports that he planned to flee the country for the land of German freedom caused Dewey to ask for the increase of his bail to $50,000, and he was put in jail. Later, on October 7, 1939, his friends turned over to the court $50,000 in cash, and he was released to await trial.

The Rackets Bureau's investigation of the electrical monopoly had reached the stage of indictment a year before, when wealthy contractors were charged with making collusive bids on city and private contracts involving more than twenty-five million dollars' worth of business in five years. Heretofore such cases generally had been handled in the federal courts under the antitrust laws, and the results usually had been a mere injunction or consent decree.

The contractors were brought to trial now, and nine of the ten wealthy electrical contractors pleaded guilty of conspiracy in restraint of trade. Each of them was fined the maximum of $500 and given a suspended sentence of three years, with a commitment to the court that the practices would never again be revived, under penalty of going to prison for the suspended term.

On June 16 fruits joined electricity when Dewey secured the indictment of Albert Manganaro, secretary-treasurer of a local of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Stablemen and Helpers, for extortion in a contract he had forced on thirty-four fruit merchants with the usual threats. He was held in $5,000 bail.

DURING this period of 1939 another statesman fell beneath Dewey's ax. This was Edward S. Moran, Jr., who had been an assemblyman from Brooklyn for seven years until Dewey indicted him just a year before on the charge of accepting bribes to the amount of $36,000 from two large taxicab companies. He was tried now, charged with receiving bribes in connection with two pieces of legislation, the first affecting the regulation of taxicabs and the second affecting the emergency gasoline tax, which was naturally of great interest to taxicab companies.

Moran had become chairman of a committee of state senators and assemblymen to investigate the taxicab industry. The committee had appointed a young lawyer to act as its counsel. He testified later that, while he received his salary regularly for seven months, he had never been allowed to do anything to earn it. When he protested, Moran had told him:

"Don't bother me! If you want to work, lick postage stamps."

It was investigator Moran's custom to show the taxicab companies the legislation that was being proposed and permit them to rewrite it. One witness testified that Moran was a double-crosser even in his double dealing, for he had taken a bribe to defeat a bill and then voted for it. He had privately urged others to vote against it, but saved his own face for the public record.

After a ten-day trial, the jury, on June 10, brought in the severest verdict allowed, finding him guilty on the two bribery counts. His lawyer pleaded for mercy, since Moran had come from a poor family, had "arisen from the sidewalks of New York," and had worked and studied hard to become a lawyer and a legislator.

But this had been true also of Dixie Davis and of Hines and many another malefactor. The judge imposed on Moran a sentence of from two and a half to five years on the first bribery count and suspended the sentence on the other. He denounced the corporation officers for "the cynical way they had purchased legislation

PAY ENVELOPE

ASK FOR A CORONA FOR CHRISTMAS!...
SPEEDLINE CORONA

"A $2.00 RAISE!

...yet my Corona cost only $1.00 a week"

Plus small down payment

Stuck in a low-paid job? Get a Corona and learn to type. Then watch the raises come.

Are you looking for a job? Then type your application... it helps. Are you on the road? Send in typewritten reports, and see the difference. Thousands of young men and women are earning more because they bought a Corona.

Yes!—it has Floating Shift

Eight years ago we introduced Floating Shift... *today* it's the big portable feature. It makes shifting for capitals easier. You save time and energy.

Go to your dealer for free demonstration. Also see the 9 lb. wonder—Corona Zephyr $29.75.

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I'm thinking of buying a Corona.
Please mail free illustrated folder.

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MORE WINNERS! Liberty's $2,000 Funny Fill-Ins Contest

(Continued from December 16 Issue)

200 PRIZES, EACH $5

Kathryn Alexander, Arkansas City, Kan.; John N. Anheuser, Minneapolis, Minn.; Dorothy Baird, Birmingham, Ala.; L. E. Barnett, Hastings, Mich.; L. L. Beckham, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. George A. Beecher, Marshalltown, Iowa; Betty Jane Belshe, Kansas City, Mo.; Joseph Benak, Lansford, Pa.; Fred M. Black, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Dora H. Blackington, Keene, N. H.; Bruce Blezard, Champion, Mich.; Elizabeth D. Bolander, Indianapolis, Ind.; Eleanor Bond, Erie, Pa.; Dwight A. Boyce, Ludlow, Mass.; Norma Boyker, Houston, Tex.; H. Eliot Branch, Cambridge, Mass.; Harris A. Brightly, Richmond, Va.; Frank S. Brown, Elsmere, N. Y.; Loraine M. Brummeler, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Helen Bullock, Dallas, Tex.; Lynn Burt, Lansdowne, Pa.; Joe Callahan, Jr., Kansas City, Kan.; Wally Cameron, Winner, S. D.; Fred H. Carey, Whitesboro, N. Y.; Harold E. Carter, Noblesville, Ind.; Keith Chambers, Wheeling, W. Va.; Charles S. Chan, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. Marion H. Chapin, Chicago, Ill.; George P. Chapman, New Haven, Conn.; David Clark, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Ruth B. Clark, Takoma Park, Md.; Beatrice Clifford, Olney, Ill.; Mrs. Olive E. Cole, Oakland, Calif.; Frank B. Cook, Washington, D. C.; E. H. Cooper, Connersville, Ind.; J. F. Corcoran, Yonkers, N. Y.; Ella L. Crandall, Cleveland, Ohio; William D. Crooks, Indianapolis, Ind.; Walter Dahlgren, St. Louis, Mo.; Bill Damon, Kansas City, Mo.; F. Gruver Davis, Springfield, Ohio; Fred G. Davis, Augusta, Me.;

(Continued on Page 66)

ROMEOS

Don't let your love-making be spoiled by a cough due to a cold... Keep Smith Brothers' Cough Drops handy. Black or Menthol, just 5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.

HERE'S A REAL "MERRY CHRISTMAS" IDEA

Miami's brilliant early season climaxes with the gala Orange Festival — December 27 to January 7—a 10-day carnival of special features, free entertainment. Low early season rates in effect — plenty of room—it's a Christmas holiday you'll NEVER forget — yours with a little planning!

MIAMI

FREE: MIAMI "TROPI-QUIZ" BOOKLET with natural color photos and full information on costs, sports events, accommodations —answers to all your questions. The coupon will bring your copy. Mail it today!

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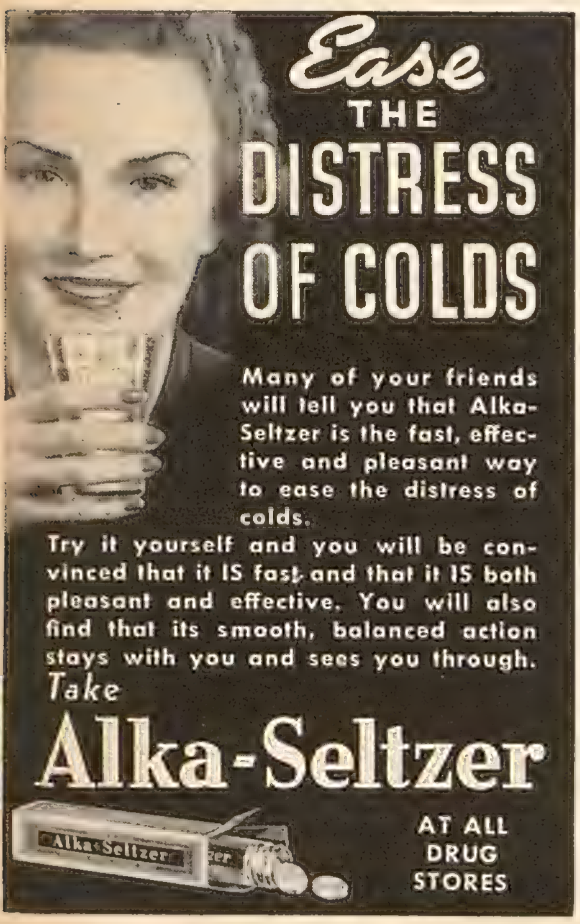
Ease
THE
DISTRESS
OF COLDS
Many of your friends will tell you that Alka-Seltzer is the fast, effective and pleasant way to ease the distress of colds.
Try it yourself and you will be convinced that it IS fast and that it IS both pleasant and effective. You will also find that its smooth, balanced action stays with you and sees you through.
Take
Alka-Seltzer
AT ALL DRUG STORES
Alka-Seltzer

as they would a pack of cigarettes." Moran later appealed the case, which is now pending.

The only large work of Dewey's that refused to be completed was the final dissolution of the ancient partnership of Lepke and Gurrah. Gurrah had long been serving time for his lesser offenses, with greater punishment for greater crimes to follow. But Lepke could not be found, though Dewey had a detail of twenty-five of the policemen attached to his office working for many months on the hunt for Lepke in co-operation with the F. B. I. and the Federal Narcotics Bureau. He had large rewards offered for Lepke by the city.

Dewey appeared in the newsreels and asked the public to help find the criminal. Portraits and measurements of Lepke were also thrown on the screen. This was another new idea that Dewey had contributed to the war on crime.

The federal authorities suddenly took a new interest in Lepke, under the command of Attorney General Murphy. Yet the federal grievances against Lepke could not compare with the charges Dewey held over his head; nor could the federal laws inflict comparable punishment. That fact must have had its effect on Lepke, because when he finally surrendered on August 25, it was not to any New York officer but to the F. B. I. by way of the columnist Walter Winchell, with whom he had cautiously communicated. Disguised by added flesh and a heavy mustache, Lepke walked past the F. B. I. men and, stepping into Winchell's car, asked to be taken as a passenger to J. Edgar Hoover, who was waiting for him.

It was to the federal authorities that Gurrah also had surrendered, preferring not to flirt with the more dangerous Dewey.

ON June 4, 1938, an elderly man and wife were burned to death in an early-morning blaze, and Dewey, without making any public announcement, set his Homicide Bureau to working on a case against the landlord. On September 21, 1938, the three owners of the building were indicted for first-degree manslaughter. Prolonged extradition proceedings in bringing one of them back have caused a delay in the trial.

In another fire three women and one man were burned to death, and Dewey's office had the owner indicted on February 3, 1939, for manslaughter in the first degree.

Late in June, 1939, a sixty-year-old building in Doyers Street caught fire. It was not authorized for residence but had been so used for nine years. It burned so rapidly that seven poor Chinese were smothered before they could get out of their beds and were incinerated with them. The photographs of those nine charred bodies are not pretty, and it is not pleasant to realize that the expenditure of a thousand dollars to "fire-retard" that building would have localized the flames and held them long enough for the Fire Department to rescue the inmates and extinguish the flames. The owners of this building have also been indicted.

These are the first criminal actions ever pressed against negligent owners of tenement firetraps. Dewey's punitive work has had a result that justifies it: a tremendous effort has since been made by countless landlords to make buildings comply with the laws.

New York attorneys give the name "Bible of the Criminal Courts " to an annual called Gilbert's Criminal Code and Penal Law. The edition for 1939 adds on the back of the volume, as on the title page, the words "Dewey's Indictments."

When he took office in 1938, the old redundant verbose legal forms were still in use. Under his supervision, Stanley H. Fuld, chief of the Indictment Bureau, now chief of the Appeals Bureau, revised the obsolete structure and simplified the language to easily understood phrases. Copies of the so-called Dewey Indictments were sent to all the district attorneys of the state and have come into growing favor. They are more than a hundred in number and cover every crime in penal law.

By developing the extraordinary technique of his deliberate and thorough preparation for the extraordinary velocity of his attacks, Dewey has shown the way for other prosecutors to redeem their own communities. He has, therefore, been recognized almost from the first as not merely a local figure but one of national interest and national influence. As the logical head of his party in the state, he has made no parade of power, yet has exerted his immense prestige, political experience, and good counsel in pacifying and reconciling warring factions, urging the wisest

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WHY NOT BUY A BOY?

by Anthony Abbot

Liberty's Crime Commentator

It costs, as we have often pointed out in Liberty, only $40 to buy a boy. That sum, contributed to any one of a number of excellent organizations, will save one underprivileged child from growing into a criminal. If you don't buy a boy for $40, if nobody buys for him his equal chance in life, then it may cost $10,000 to burn him in the electric chair ten years later. Yes, we know we said it before. We shall say it again and again as long as we can lift pen to paper: Buy a boy for $40! If you don't know where to go, write me a letter and I will tell you. The boy problem is the biggest riddle of crime prevention. Hear what J. Edgar Hoover has to say about this subject:

"Youth is often confused, disgusted, and rebellious in an ever-changing world; and this should not surprise us, as it would be astonishing were it not so. Where license has been substituted for liberty, and where moral responsibilities have degenerated in the home through a failure to exercise the duties and obligations of righteous citizenship, the law-enforcement officer must join forces with an intelligently planned and organized attack in which government, schools, and churches stand shoulder to shoulder with right-thinking citizens in a concentrated war on insidious influences contaminating youth. Without sane guidance youth alone cannot be expected to find a solution to its problems. It is there that the honest and enthusiastic officer can help youth separate the gold from the dross."

measures, and giving the best legal wisdom of his splendid lawyership.

During the campaign, when Lehman had declared that his budget was balanced and Dewey had questioned his bookkeeping, the Governor had accused Dewey of ignorance and incompetence. Two months after his reelection Lehman had to admit that his budget was off balance; there was a grave deficit.

He submitted a 1939-40 budget of about $411,000,000 and estimated the deficit at more than $33,000,000. He also called for an appropriation involving new taxes of $64,000,000, a part of which was necessary for relief and general expenses because the revenues had been diminished by the deepening recession.

The Republican majority in the Legislature set resolutely to work to save the public from any unnecessary increase of taxes. Without impairing relief or any other essential service, they cut $25,000,000 off the budget. The Governor declared part of the reduction unconstitutional. Many Republicans also felt that the form was inappropriate though the substance was right. The matter was taken to the courts, and the Court of Appeals voided part of the law, whereupon the Governor recalled the Legislature and demanded the restoration of his original budget. Instead, the Republicans revised and repassed the bill in constitutional form, and so saved the people the $25,000,000, after all.

In all this Dewey's influence and advice were invaluable, and he demonstrated statesmanship without claiming it.

THE County of New York gives its servants a month's vacation each year. In July, 1939, Dewey made his first attempt at a genuine outing, after a prolonged tour of duty day and night under incessant excitements and a variety of drudgeries that would have wrecked a more domitable will and a less robust constitution.

For the second summer he had rented an old farm near Pawling, something less than a hundred miles north of New York City by motor, but a hundred years away for peace and solitude. One might almost be back in the days when Revolutionary soldiers camped on near-by Quaker Hill, named for the old church of the Friends which is still standing there.

On a high hill among high hills, the old white house commands a scene of noble beauty. Off to the west the hills sweep up to a crest at whose feet the Hudson flows unseen from here.

The farm, which Dewey loves and has just acquired, is a real farm—an old farm with big barns and silos, plowed fields, pastures, and venerable trees.

When Dewey arrives from town, he dismisses the driver to his own vacation. From the house come running his wife and their two boys. The boys reach him first, with shouts of joy as if he had just landed from a long sea voyage. They clamber over

HEY! THAT'S "NO FAIR"! Hit the puck, not Jimmy's hand. And as for you, Jimmy: ask mother to treat that skinned knuckle and then to put on a Band-Aid to help protect it. Band-Aid is a ready-made bandage of gauze and adhesive. So quick and easy to put on! And once on, it *stays put.* Just the thing for hard-to-bandage places. Be sure you get the *genuine Band-Aid,* with the Red Cross on the box.

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BAND-AID
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ADHESIVE BANDAGES

Remember The Salvation Army
In Your Christmas Giving

Remember The Salvation Army
In Your Will

him with such warm affection that he can hardly reach past them to their mother.

After the first exchange of news he always wants to wander out past the vegetable garden, through an old sagging gate, to a hilltop meadow whose view of sky and land especially refreshes him.

If possible, before dinner Dewey likes to drive in his little car to another view to the east, whose serenity and suavity always give him a peculiar pleasure. After dinner he and his wife may have in a few friends—there are not many people of any sort hereabout.

On very rare occasions he and his wife may go to the piano and hunt among old books of music for duets. She plays the accompaniment and sings thereto, and he stands by, singing. He looks down and she looks up, and they smile as they note some slip of memory or some old vocal problem, once mastered, now lost again. The voices of both still show the thorough musicianship they acquired.

As always, he has brought up an armload of books, most of them on economic subjects, especially on the hard riddles of agriculture. He has strong ideas in that field, and he seeks to reinforce them as he always seeks to confirm or correct his theories in all things with all the evidence that can be found. And so to bed—early in the country to make up for prolonged vigils in town.

The next morning, after breakfast and the newspapers, he takes a horseback ride on the long, soft roads where motorcars rarely scoot or shriek. Then he talks with the farmer and the gardener, and perhaps takes a few jabs in the soil himself. After lunch he goes for an afternoon of golf, unless he takes the boys to the lake for a swim. In times of pressure, both afternoon and evening are given over to office work which he brings out in bundles—or to the reading of books on subjects important to his career or his curiosity. Now and then the neighbors meet at dusk for a picnic on the shores of the lake.

He is very fond of sailboating, and in the summer of 1939 he slipped away for a week's cruise along the Maine and Massachusetts coast. Though he kept in touch with his office by daily telephoning, he was forced to break off his cruise and return to New York in an official emergency that arose.

When that was settled, he felt that he had earned the right and the time to finish his vacation with his annual visit to his mother.

So he went back to Owosso for a few days' rest. In order to avoid the embarrassment of a formal reception, he asked his mother to meet him in Detroit and drive him home in her car. And so he returned to Owosso as quietly as he had gone away the first time. He visited the farm where he had worked as a boy. He tried to avoid speechmaking, but on the insistence of the president of the Owosso Improvement Association, Don Mitchell, he made one address. Thousands of his townspeople filled the Owosso stadium that night.

Following a glowing eulogy by Judge Joseph E. Collins, Dewey began in homely intimacy:

"Judge Collins, neighbors and friends, former playmates who taught me to use my fists, former teachers who tried to get me to study, business men who tried to get me to work, it is a joy to me to see in this gathering so many persons who taught so many things to one small boy."

It is the very perfection of a busy public life when a man can go back to his native town, where everybody has known him and watched him from his childhood, and take back with him a record of accomplishment.

Dartmouth College on June 18, 1939, gave him a citation including these stout words:

"As has been true of so large a proportion of men of outstanding public service, you too sprang from a small-town environment whence you have projected yourself to dramatic pre-eminence in the world's largest metropolis through conspicuous mastery of what had been previously organized crime.

"Devoted in spirit to the rebirth of ideals in the administration of justice, in hardly more than a decade you have made yourself influential in turning the tide of public cynicism and reviving the ancient concept of justice as a flaming sword."

In cleansing politics of crime Dewey has lived nine years of high statesmanship. He has had no rival in his unique combination of power to work long and hard in organizing and directing research for overwhelming evidence, and then striking like a thunderbolt with almost infallible accuracy and power. Any problem that may confront him is sure to be studied till he masters it; when he acts, there is likely to be an end of that problem.

What his future may hold for him it is not the business of this recorder of his past to guess. High as his destiny may call him, it will not find him unprepared or undeserving. It will find him unafraid.

His creed is that before there was government on this earth there was man, the individual depending for his livelihood, his family's safety and property, on his own energies and theirs. Government arose later, in order that many families might unite and by surrendering little freedoms make the great freedoms safe. In time the governments themselves became the greatest danger to those individual rights, and civilized history has been one long battle to keep a man's own government or a hostile government from destroying his freedom.

He has used the laws of the government for their original purposes, to restore and safeguard the lives and liberties of all the citizens.

In his own words: "I put the rights of the individual ahead of the duties of government. Man lived on this planet first and government grew after his arrival. It grew in response to his needs. The duty of government to respond to man's needs continues and shall continue.

"We must never forget the most important function of government—to preserve by orderly, well conducted processes the right and dignity of the individual.

"Many of these rights are still denied to our people. For these we must maintain our vigilance. First among them is the right to freedom."

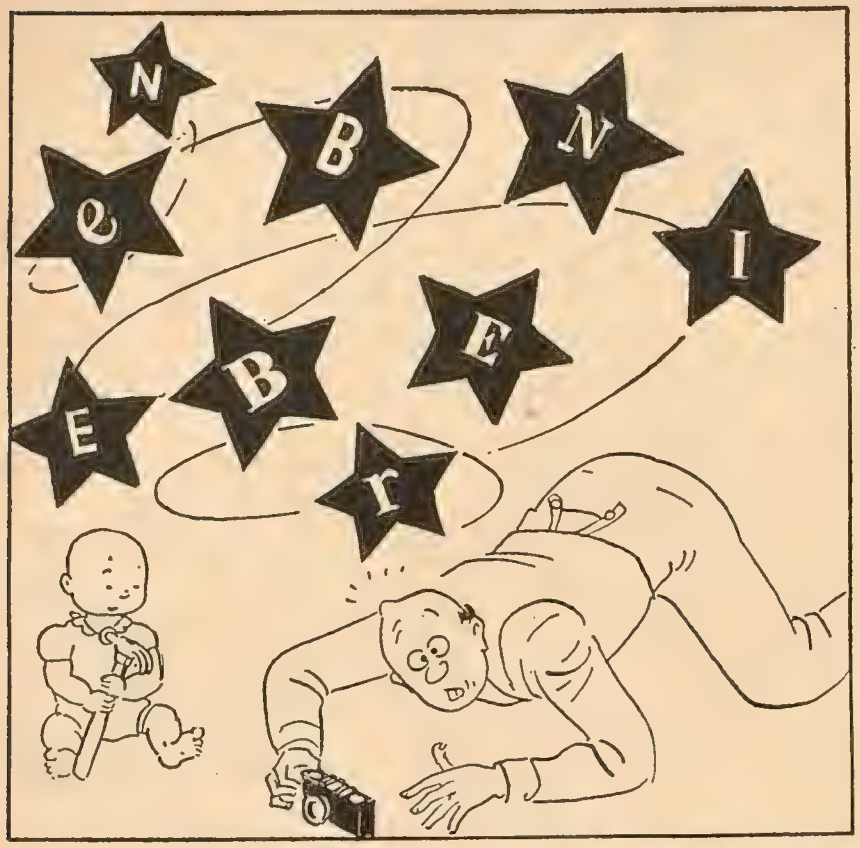
THE END

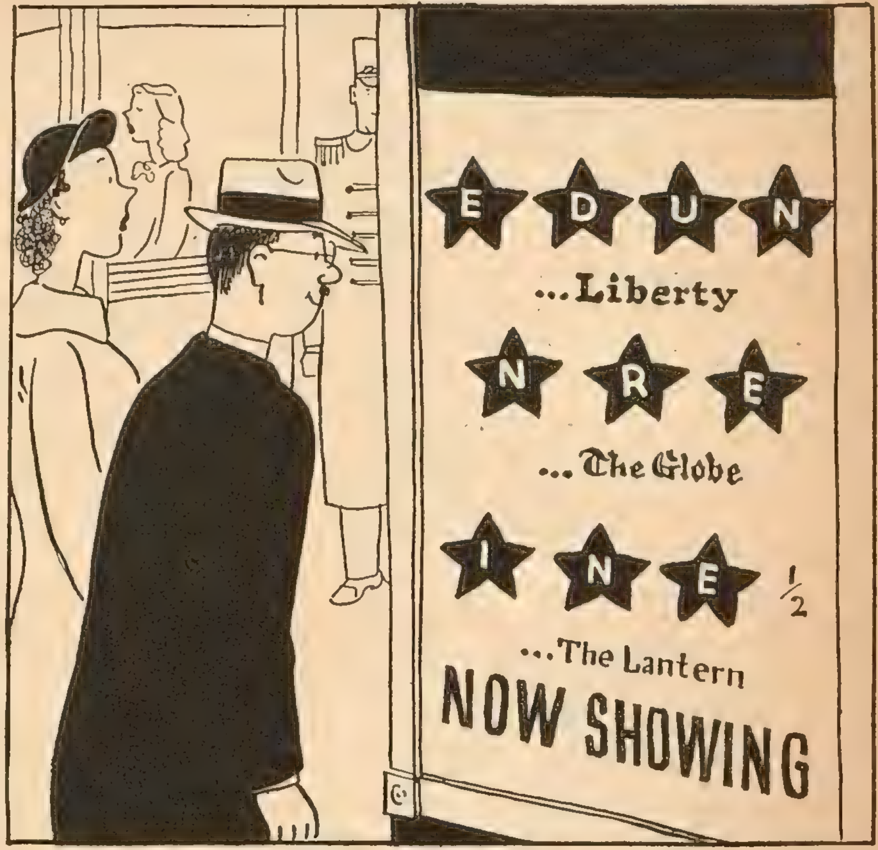
(Continued from page 63)

Wallace Davis, Minneapolis, Minn.; Jack Dederick, Los Angeles, Calif.; Ferdie Deering, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Edgar E. Delevan, W. New Brighton, N. Y.; Dom De Nicola, West New York, N. J.; John De Paris, Long Island City, N. Y.; Thomas P. Deupree, Greensboro, N. C.; G. B. Dexter, Adams, N. Y.; Ethel Dickenson, St. Helena, Calif.; Rene W. Ducharme, Boston, Mass.; Mildred DuHamel, Indianapolis, Ind.; Wayne DuQuoin, Cheyenne, Wyo.; J. E. Edwards, Little Rock, Ark.; Joseph E. Edwards, Dallas, Tex.; Henriette Elliston, Tulsa, Okla.; D. O. Endicott, Chattanooga, Tenn.; John Engelfelt, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bert Engleman, Asheville, N. C.; Virginia I. Enoch, Bethlehem, Pa.; Miss K. E. Errington, Louisville, Ky.; Joseph Fallat, Garfield, N. J.; Fern Ferneau, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; T. S. Ferree, Jr., Raleigh, N. C.; Salome Fertig, Bronx, N. Y.; Raymond Fitzgerald, Brewster, N. Y.; E. Flagg, Jr., Scranton, Pa.; R. B. Fouch, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Nell Gainer, Columbus, Ohio; A. W. Giberson, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. E. Lamar Gibson, Wagram, N. C.; George W. Glenn, Jr., Wollaston, Mass.; Mrs. G. B. Green, Coffeyville, Kan.; J. D. Halgren, San Diego, Calif.; John Hamilton, Natick, Mass.; Jack Harman, Allentown, Pa.; Carlos Harrison, Cincinnati, Ohio; Carl C. Hartman, Indianapolis, Ind.; Walter B. Harwood, Dunmore, Pa.; Ronald Hesselgrave, Madison, Wis.; W. R. Hill, Chanute, Kan.; Clara M. Hoffman, Melrose, Mont.; J. D. Holbrook, San Francisco, Calif.; C. W. Holder, Pueblo, Colo.; Mrs. James C. Holman, Birmingham, Ala.; James J. Horan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Wilma Jeary, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Noel Jewell, Rapid City, S. D.; Bud Johnson, Chicago, Ill.; Joanne Johnson, Hyattsville, Md.; Vera L. Jones, Basin, Wyo.; Alyce Jordan, Long Beach, Calif.; Kenneth H. Keefer, Hutchinson, Kan.; Mrs. John B. Keim, Altoona, Pa.; Alvalin Keller, Springfield, Ill.; Edward B. Kitts, Flushing, N. Y.; J. M. Kneece, Columbia, S. C.; V. A. Lambert, Chicago, Ill.; William E. Lawton, Middletown, Conn.; Dr. L. M. Legatski, College Station, Tex.; H. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; S. P. Lewis, Easton, Pa.; Dr. Rudolph G. Liszt, Long Island City, N. Y.; Ray E. Logan, Minneapolis, Minn.; E. J. Mack, Jr., Albany, N. Y.; Ted Maddock, Cleveland, Ohio; George Mannel, San Francisco, Calif.; Phil Mansfield, Washington, D. C.; Ray Manus, Chicago, Ill.; W. N. Markey, Jackson, Mich.; Louis Martin, Louisville, Ky.; Paul J. Martin, Detroit, Mich.; M. Martindale, Oregon City, Ore.; Mrs. J. A. McCalley, Washington, D.C.; Dan C. McGown, N. Baltimore, Ohio; Mrs. M. H. Mentendiek, Richmond, Ind.; Joseph Morall, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Leo Munch, Toledo, Ohio; James R. Naiden, Middlebury, Vt.; Mrs. John Neff, Kansas City, Mo.; Andrew Neill, Chicago, Ill.; Bernice Nelson, Wilton, Conn.; Philip Nelson, Norfolk, Va.; William Nice, New York, N. Y.; Sherman T. Nichols, Los Angeles, Calif.; Charles Nolte, Jersey City, N. J.; Horace Notte, Providence, R. I.; Ralph S. Osborne, Lakewood, N. J.; Charlotte Osmola, Lehighton, Pa.; Kelton Ostrander, Baltimore, Md.; John R. Pate, Dallas Tex.; Ted Pearson, Jr., Milford, Mich.; Hiram Powers, Winter Park, Fla.; Earl J. Rafter, Duluth, Minn.; Mrs. Eugene Ramos, New York, N. Y.; Stanley Rayon, Beaumont, Tex.; E R. Rearick, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Carleton H. Reed, Somerville, Mass.; C. H. Rinks, Boston, Mass.; Fred Ristrim, Des Moines, Ia.; Elma S. Ritter, Norristown, Pa.; H. H. Robertson, Salina, Kan.; Bert Rodgers, Hershey, Pa.; Charlotte Roth, St. Louis, Mo.; Maurice Rothstein, Detroit, Mich.; Bette R. Sandbourne, Omaha, Neb.; Ted Schlief, Hood River, Ore.; J. D. Schmunk, Napoleon, Ohio; Leonard Schreiber, Jr., Norwood, Ohio; Alda Scott, Kalamazoo, Mich.; F. W. Searcy, Philadelphia, Pa.; Peter B. Searcy, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Mrs. W. G. Sheppard, Snow Hill, N. C.; Elliott Sherman, Denver, Colo.; Norma E. Sigmund, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Maud Simmons, Drew, Miss.; Ruth H. Solie, Waukesha, Wis.; Forest J. Sorenson, Ames, Ia.; Mary T. Souther, Wilmington, Del.; Carl Stamwitz, Aberdeen, Wash.; Arthur A. Starin, Cilfton, N. J.;

(Continued in an early issue)

What Do the Stars Hold for You?





WATCH NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY FOR THE FIRST TWO DRAWINGS IN THE NEW

$2,000

CASH PRIZE

STARGAZING CONTEST

YOU'VE AN EXCELLENT CHANCE TO WIN!

PREPARE to find your fortune in the stars! Beginning next week Liberty will present a ten-week Stargazing Contest in which the names of stars of the screen and microphone will be revealed to the keen-eyed observer. To compete in this new cash prize game you will simply need to take the various starred letters in each drawing and arrange them to spell the names of entertainers prominent wherever broadcasts are received and film is projected.

The two drawings on this page are reproduced from a former contest by way of illustration. *They are not a part of this contest* and need not be saved. But perhaps you will find them interesting practice. That constellation above the recumbent photographer resolves, upon study, into the name of one party to a famous radio controversy. And those stars on the billboard! Whose name do they reveal?

Come now. "I" is the first letter of the first name. You carry on from there.

Next week Liberty will publish Drawings 1 and 2, the Rules, and the schedule of cash prizes for the Stargazing Contest. Watch for them.

BE SURE TO BEGIN YOUR ENTRY NEXT WEEK!

SOWING HATE AGAINST GERMAN-AMERICANS

COVINGTON, KY. — Never was a catch phrase employed with greater success than that of "pro-German" before and during our participation in the last war. Never was a weapon of stigma more ruthlessly used. I know the full extent of the havoc it wrought. It struck close to home. My own grandfather was one of its victims.

Any of our older citizens here can cite endless examples for you. Most of them could tell you how the dreaded brand was used to coerce, terrorize, intimidate many a citizen into subscribing to the bond issues far beyond his means. They will relate cases where the same ruthless weapon was employed to make fathers of families, sons who were the only support of widowed mothers, prove their loyalty by enlisting for the service when they were sorely needed at home. (This because they happened to drink beer with a few German-American friends, or happened to voice a sentiment that wasn't tinged with the predominating emotion, *hatred.*) The trick soon became a common tool of cranks and grudge nursers who thought it excellent vengeance to have a fellow citizen sit in jail until he could prove that he was not a German spy.

Will history repeat itself in this present time of heated controversy and clash of national issues? The mere thought of it fills me with a heavy anxiety.

I don't want it to happen again. I don't want to see it wreak its vengeance upon those millions of innocent citizens, that overwhelming majority of Americans of German descent who are substantial, faithful, hard-working, bill-paying American countrymen, who wouldn't think of dividing the smallest part of their allegiance with any foreign government, but who nevertheless prize the right of holding their own views and opinions as highly as their fellow Americans of different lineage.

If you think the conditions aren't just as ripe for the same thing today, you haven't been getting around much—not in our part of the country. Let me tell you what happened a few weeks ago to me.

At one of the offices where I call in the course of my business, a minor executive drew me into conversation about the current problems of Europe. After I had listened to his very emphatic statement of his interpretations, he asked my views. I told him that I agreed with him in most of his opinions. But since he had seemed obviously opinionated and interested in only one side of the question, I said:

"Don't you think there is another important factor that might be considered?"

"What's that?" he asked.

"The old problem," I said, "of feeding, clothing, and housing eighty million German souls on the meager resources of an allotment of land scarcely greater than twice the size of our own State of Ohio."

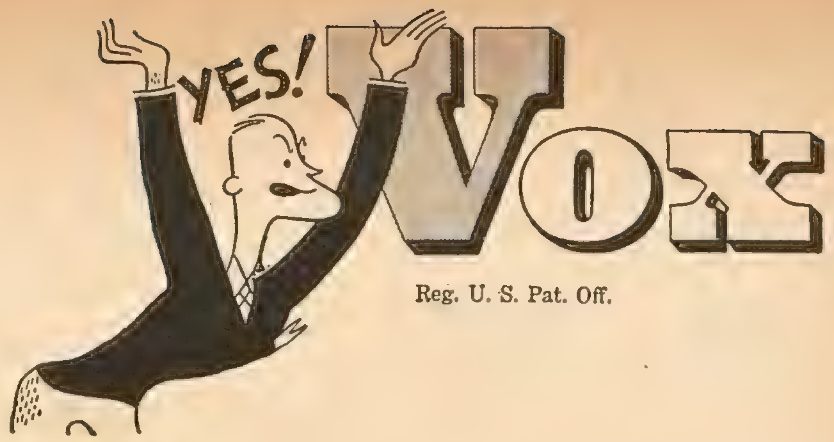
He bristled immediately.

"You'd better be careful how you talk," he warned. "Those views certainly won't do you any good."

I laughed that off, but an acquaintance who works in the same office has tipped me off to the chilly sort of welcome I may expect on my next visit there. The opinionated chap has seen to it that I am branded throughout the office as a pro-Nazi. That is the current equivalent of pro-German.

Another fellow circulated the impression among acquaintances of mine that I belonged to the Bund. What had I done to elicit such a detestable accusation? I had once told him that I thought Germany's political ideology was an internal problem; that its approval or condemnation is up to the people who have to—or want to—live under it. I have elicited shocked expressions for explaining—as a one-time student of the German language—that no German placed the ominous meaning upon the phrase "Deutschland über alles" that certain hate breeders, through inaccurate translation, have tried to impart to it for our benefit. "Germany above all," "Germany first." ("America above all," "America first.")

What less could you expect from any loyal national?—*Gregory J. Meier.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SHOULD MARRIED MEN WORK?

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—Should married women work? Certainly, according to September 30 Liberty.

Should married men work? Certainly not, according to my way of thinking.

For the sake of their own health, happiness, and comfort, married men might better remain at home, cooking, sewing, taking care of the children, sweeping, mopping, gossiping, and generally taking life easy.

After a careful perusal of your article by two ladies, I came to the conclusion that it is a poor woman who can't support a man nowadays.—*John J. Lynahan.*

DOC'S CHRISTMAS TURKEYS

ON THE ROAD, U. S. A.—For twenty years Big Bill compelled his ward leaders to give each poor family in their districts a free turkey at Christmas. Such generosity, although it never cost Big Bill a dollar, always brought a rich return in votes.

Always? Well, there was one year when the Sixth Ward voted for the opposition party. Big Bill was furious. He swore that the district must be punished. He ordered the Sixth Ward leader not to give out any turkeys.

Old Doc felt miserable when he heard it. He strolled into the Sixth Ward, saw the poverty of this section, and visualized the sadness of a Christmas dinner without a turkey.

Three blocks away was the railroad siding. Poultry for the New York markets filled the refrigerated cars. Old Doc took the name of the shipper and wired him the story. Within two hours Old Doc had an answer. The shipper gladly turned over a carload to Old Doc. Word spread around the district. Shawled mothers brought paper bags; youngsters with soapboxes on wheels hurried to the scene. Old Doc handed out the turkeys.

Big Bill drew up in his limousine. Four inspectors from *his* Board of Health hopped out. "This poultry is condemned," they ordered. "It's unfit for human consumption."

Old Doc smiled. "I thought, Bill, you might try some such low trick. So I asked these two men to come over. They are government inspectors. See, Bill—every fowl has the government stamp."

"Even if the poultry was not A 1," chuckled Old Doc later, "I doubt if it would make much difference. For the primary question of life is not What shall we eat? but rather When shall we eat?"—*Ambrose.*

TAKES 2/3 MAJORITY

DEER CREEK, MINN.—Your answer to Question 14 in November 4 Liberty is wrong. It takes a two-thirds majority to nominate a President in a Democratic Convention, not a majority vote, as you state.—*B. A. Hompe.*

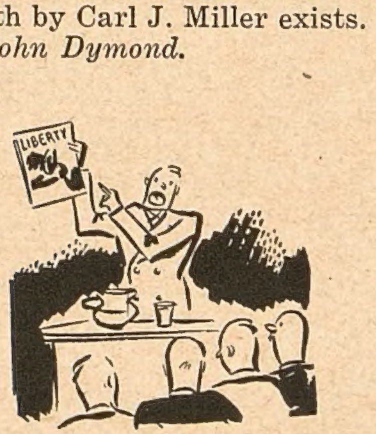
YOUR BOW, MR. WIRE

EL PASO, TEX.—I have read all of your Short Short stories and they have all been good. But Faith, by Harold Channing Wire (November 4 Liberty), is by far your best one. I just had to tell you this.—*Fred Cornelius.*

CECIL RHODES' FUND

San Francisco, Calif.—Referring to the letter of Carl J. Miller (October 21 Vox Pop) stating that Cecil Rhodes made a will on September 19, 1877, leaving a fund for the recovery of the United States as an integral part of the British Empire:

Mr. Miller has his facts twisted. Cecil Rhodes did make a will and leave a fund. But this fund was for the purpose of sending a selected number of students to English universities to finish their educations. And this will was not dated 1877. The exact date I don't know but it was probably twenty years later. I was in the early 1890s well acquainted with Cecil Rhodes, Barney Barnato, Dr. Jameson, and many others connected with the Rhodesian Chartered Co. I was in the Rhodesian Mounted Police at the time of the Matabele war and was present when their king was pulled out of his cave by his heels. His name was Lobengula. He was taken to London, fêted and given a white wife, and returned to South Africa. I was given my discharge after the Jameson raid on the Transvaal Republic and returned to the United States. So I am sure that no such will as that set forth by Carl J. Miller exists. —*John Dymond.*



WRIGHT BROTHERS MONUMENT IN WRONG SPOT

Baltimore, Md.—Paul Bass gave us a 'Tisn't So in October 7 Vox Pop, but I haven't seen others follow suit. However, I will.

The monument on Kill Devil Hill, placed to commemorate the Wright Brothers' flight, does not mark the exact spot of this flight. It is approximately one half mile from the actual site of the first flight. This part of the country consists, to a great extent, of sand dunes, and from 1903 (when the flight took place) to 1928 (when the monument was placed) the winds had shifted Kill Devil Hill about one half mile.—*John Trout.*

"WE ARE STILL NOT PREPARED"

New York, N. Y.—Just to say that two months after its publication I am still being called upon for copies of my Liberty article of August 26, We Are Still *Not* Prepared. —*R. L. Bullard, B. S., LL. D., D. M. S., D. S. M., Lieut. Gen. U. S. Army Rtd.*

"NOT SINCE FLOWER OF THE GODS—"

Minot, N. D.—The Shadow of the Master is superb. The writers are past masters of their art. Not any of your cheap trashy sentimental stuff! Not since Flower of the Gods have we had such a story.—*Rosamund Zlivor.*

DARES US ON CHICAGO

Omaha, Neb.—Is Chicago on your list of towns? Enjoyed Los Angeles, Dayton, Kansas City, and New Orleans exposés, but has Liberty the guts to explain the Chicago and Illinois set-ups?

Perhaps you sell too many copies in Chicago to expose them?—*Loophound.*

THE NATIONAL LEGION OF MOTHERS OF AMERICA

Hawthorne, Calif. — Mr. Macfadden's editorials on keeping our United States out of the present European war are the finest we have read.

I wonder if in some editorial in the near future he would mention the organization started in Los Angeles by three American mothers, Mrs. Mary E. Sheldon, Mrs. Frances Sherill, and Mrs. Mary Ireland? These ladies founded the National Legion of the Mothers of America to prevent their sons from having to fight a war on foreign soil.

The purpose of this organization is to oppose sending of American troops to fight on foreign soil, to support a strong program of adequate national defense, and to oppose all subversive groups whose object is the destruction of our form of government.—*Mrs. Fred M. Clark.*

DOHERTY IN LITERARY HALL

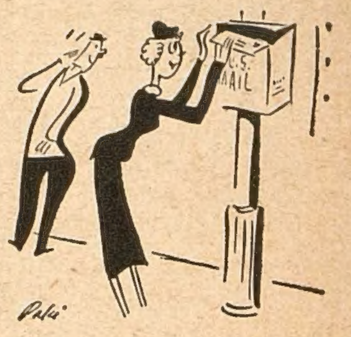
Chicago, Ill.—Please accept heartful thanks for having released the ace of masterpieces — Newspaperman, by Edward Doherty.

In a special niche in "Literary Hall" I place this most wonderful of word pictures, sketched by the pen of honesty that was dipped deep into the wells of pathos and joy.

From the opening chapter to the two last words, THE END, my interest and curiosity were tautly keyed.—*Jewel McCabe Brennen.*

HAWAII'S JAPANESE BABIES

Portland, Ore.—A let
from H. V. LaBombard on
Japanese in Hawaii (Oc
21 Vox Pop) holds a very
statement when the wri
says, "Every child born
Hawaii of Japanese pare

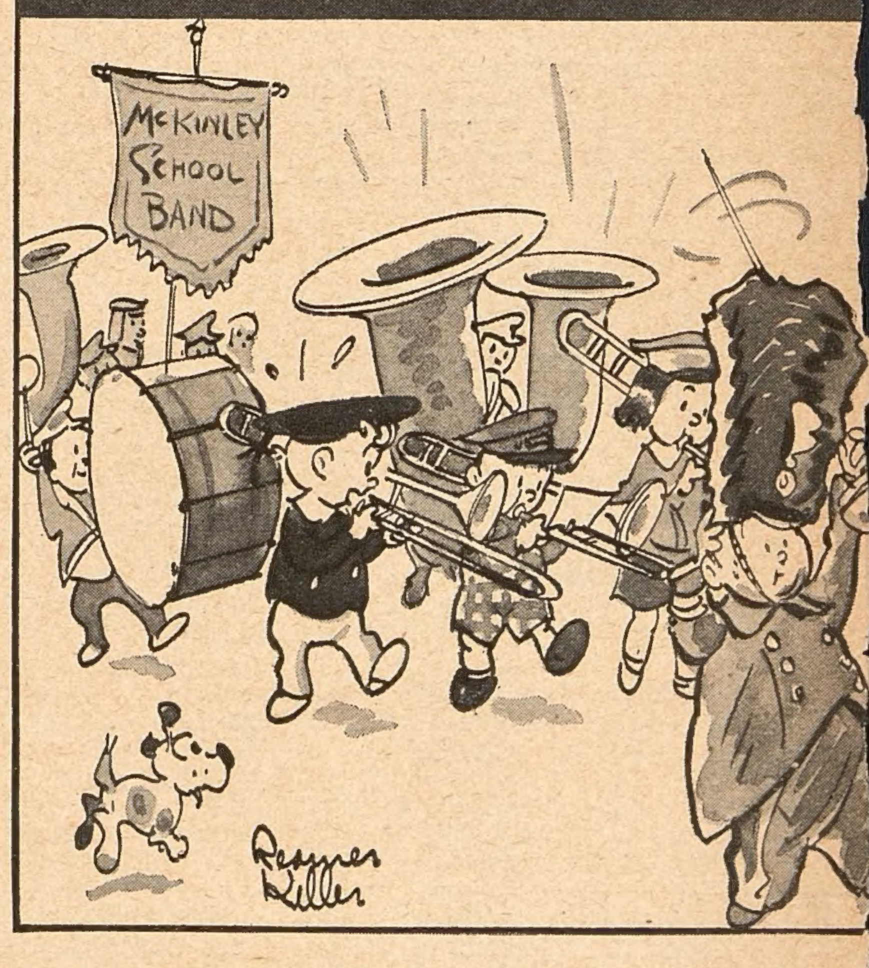


is a subject of the Emp
of Japan."

For thirteen years I wor
in the office of a physician
Oregon. Five and one ha
years of that time we handl
various nationalities of who
many were Japanese familie
Whenever a child was born
one of these Japanese fa
lies, we would be constan
urged to get the birth cert
cate off to Tokyo immediate

We frequently asked, "
this child not an Americ
citizen, and why the ru
to send the certificate
Japan?" The reply alway
was, "He is a Japanese cit
zen first and American se
ond."—*M. A. T.*

"HARDTACK"



"Sumpin's wrong, Norman. I shove my horn out when you do but it don't sound the same."

Thank You, Mayor Bowron

FULTON OURSLER
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

THE FOLLOWING telegram was received just as we were going to press with this issue:

Dear Mr. Oursler:

The series of articles The Lid Off Los Angeles has evoked much interest and created a profound impression upon the people of this community. It is he first time that the significant events n the history of Los Angeles during the ast fifteen years have been linked toether so that the people of our city might see what the picture looks like. Even actual characters in the drama either did not know all of the facts or ould not appreciate their meaning and ignificance. Hence the effect has been argely lost at close range.

It is not a pretty picture but one that in a fair way to being corrected, and e citizens of Los Angeles have needed proper perspective to help them dermine just how best to do the job. Whatever the impression may be to the utside world, to our own people these rticles are bringing a reaction which annot but be productive of great good the future conduct of the city's government and internal affairs.

Many of us can remember back thirty years ago when magazine articles which had the effect of "taking the lid off" certain American cities were classed as "muckraking" and resented by many persons who felt themselves good citizens. But, in the light of subsequent developments, these revelations created a moral and political awakening which resulted in cleaner and better government in American cities. The time has now arrived when we should again take stock, tear off the lid, permit the light of truth to shine in dark places and let the facts speak for themselves. We have no apology for what has been found under the lid in Los Angeles. Despite the amazing disclosures in these articles I do not feel that Los Angeles is any more an "unholy city" than any other large and fast-growing American community. It is the city of greatest potentialities in America. It is true that it stands at the crossroads, but it has taken the right course, and the uncolored recital of facts such as you have attempted to bring to us will more clearly show the good citizens of Los Angeles the highway that leads to a realization of good government.

Yours sincerely,
FLETCHER BOWRON, Mayor.

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN your small son comes home and informs you that the Constitution of the United States was framed by rich men to keep poor men out of their lawful rights? . . . That is not the only distortion of American history that is being taught as gospel to your children and mine in textbooks prepared by educators who do not like the American form of government and would like to change it to something else. . . . For a long time there has been evidence that a great many American educators are what might be called "Left-brained." They are not Communists. They have been called "fellow travelers." They consider themselves high-minded patriots who have seen defects in our civilization and mean to instruct a new generation that will correct those defects by changing our way of life. The influence of these educators, I am convinced, is profound. Almost a year ago, I asked George E. Sokolsky to look into the matter. Now, "looking into the matter" meant reading scores, perhaps hundreds, of textbooks used in American public schools. Mr. Sokolsky began that job with some skepticism. No man is more familiar with the operations of our Left-brained reformers than he. Yet he doubted the extent to which their doctrines had subtly been insinuated into apparently factual teaching. He read those books, and what he found there you will learn in next week's Liberty in his article, Treason in Our Schoolbooks.

PRAYERS FOR A PLAYBOY is the title of a beautiful Christmas story by Oscar Graeve in next week's Liberty, and there is another excellent short story by Frederick Nebel called Man-Crazy. Hermann Hagedorn, noted poet, novelist, and biographer, author of the inspiring Harvard Tercentenary Ode, contributes a poem, Manifest Destiny. Frederick Lewis has another factual story from the G-men's files called Gungirl—America's Female Public Enemy Number One, and other exciting features are Gentleman Unafraid, the story of Cole Porter as told by Elsa Maxwell; A Forecast of Sports for 1940, by Jerry Lewis; A Square Deal for Shirley Temple, by John Erskine; The Gold Rushers, by Bert Green; and many others.

FROM THE LADIES AND OTHERS: Blessings on Ruth McGinnis, 7439 Wentworth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, who writes: "I should like to take the poem sent in by a young lady to your desk and turn it around to make the lines read like this:

"I wish that I could ever tell
An editor that he is *swell!!!*
For that would ever be to me
A poem lovely as a tree.

"That expresses the sentiment of your present correspondent in regard to the way Liberty is so ably handled. I liked especially Eddie Doherty's Newspaperman." . . . And from Elizabeth Stanley-Fain: "I have long been trying to get up sufficient courage to write you. I want to tell you about my new rose, which I have named 'The Oursler.' Three years ago I grafted an American Beauty rose on an old Red Radiance bush, with the result that I have both red and white roses growing on the bush. Many came to see it, among them several florists and rose growers of note, and now it is going to be put on the market. This new rose is quite unlike the American Beauty and the Radiance in both form and texture, being a long narrow bud on a long stem, with delicate curling petals, very fragrant, the most exquisite rose I have ever seen."

I BLUSH AND STAMMER THANKS. Now here is what I have found out about Mrs. Stanley-Fain: She is a native Texan, the widow of a British army officer. She lives alone with her books and roses, and for years she has managed, without compensation, the Harris Free Milk Fund for destitute babies under school age. King Albert of Belgium decorated Mrs. Fain with the medal of service to Belgium in recognition of her work during the World War for the little children of that country. . . . And here is something else—one of the rose growers wanted Mrs. Stanley-Fain to call the new rose the Princess Elizabeth, but she said no, and that makes us blush all over again.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY STEPHEN J. VOORHIES

Macfadden-Deauville, Miami Beach, Florida

Come To Florida's Most Luxurious Winter Pleasure Resort

The Great Circular Swimming Pool

The Finest Cabanas in Florida

Luncheon on the Clipper Ship Deck

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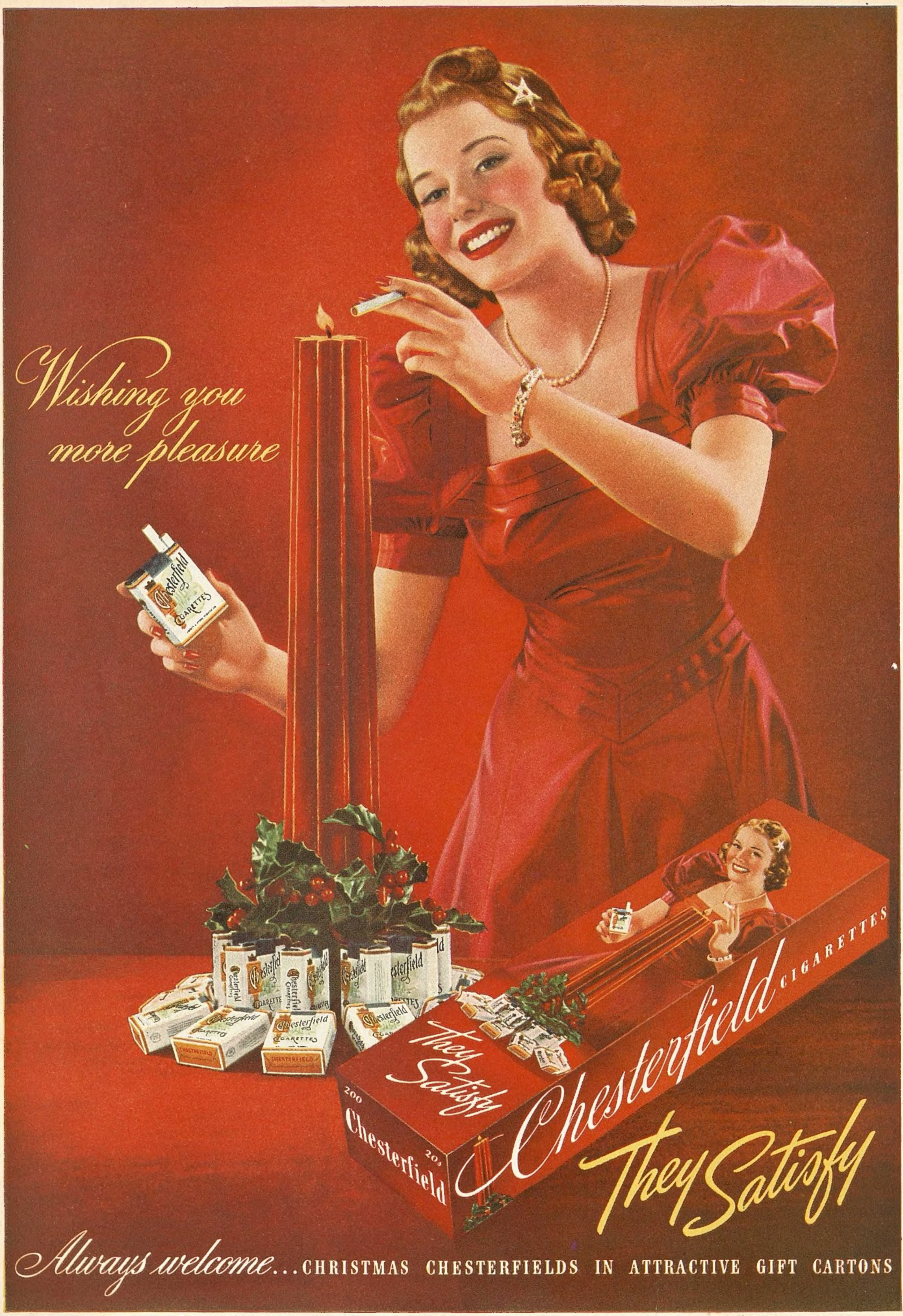
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